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THE

VISIONS

OF

DOM FRANCISCO

DE

Quevedo Villegas,

KNIGHT of the ORDER

OF

S^t JAMES.

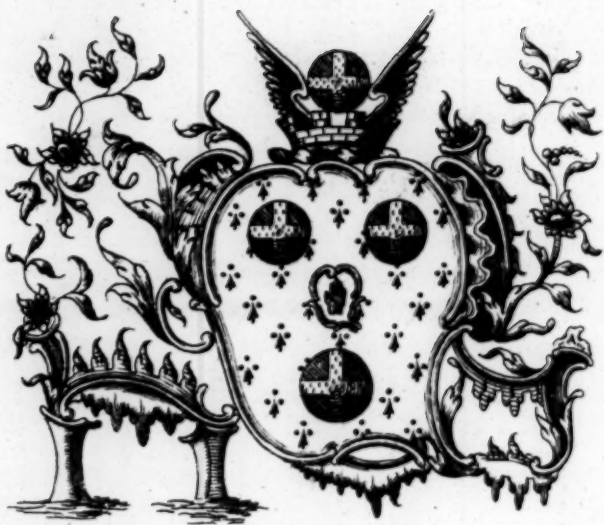
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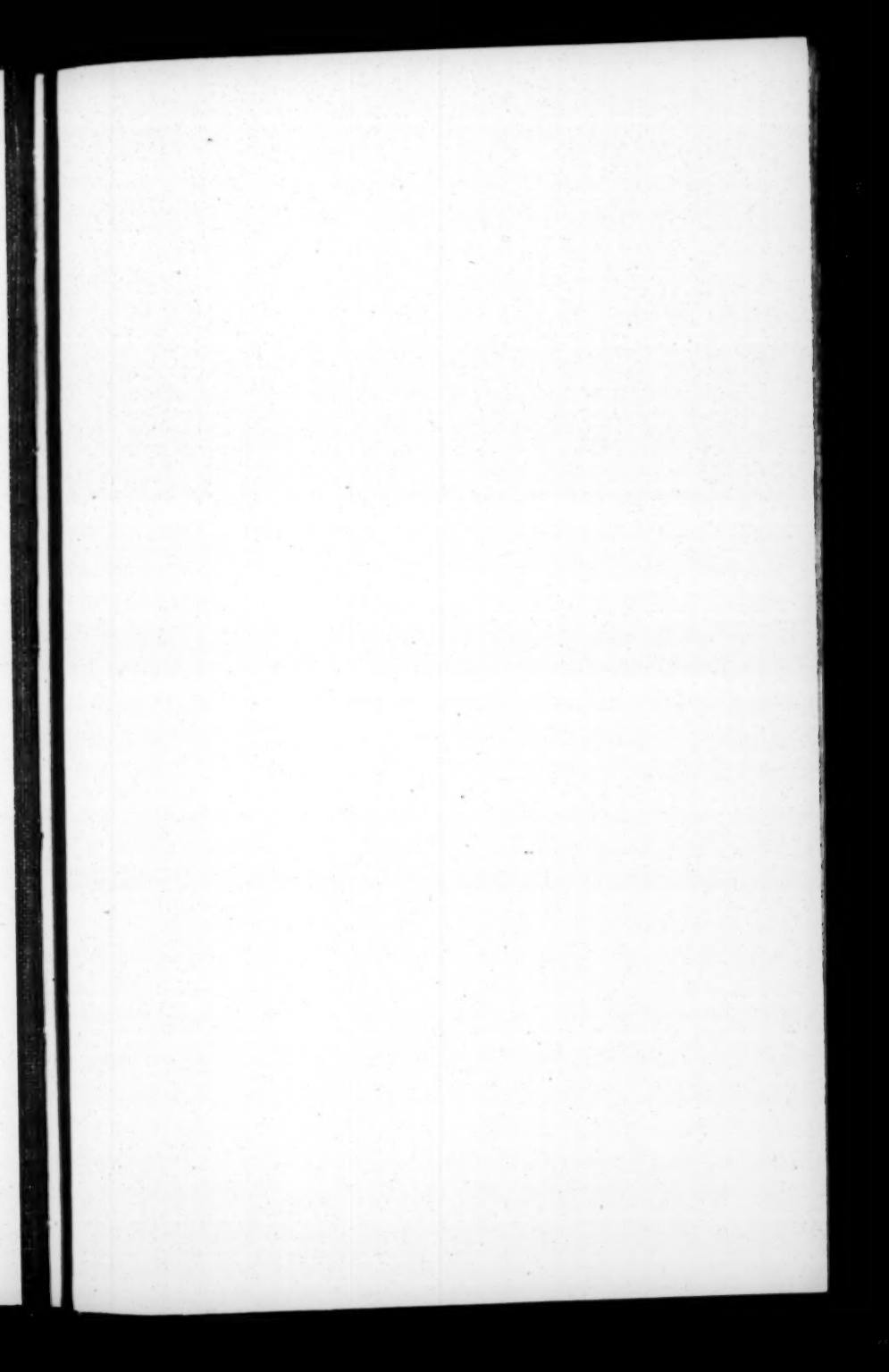
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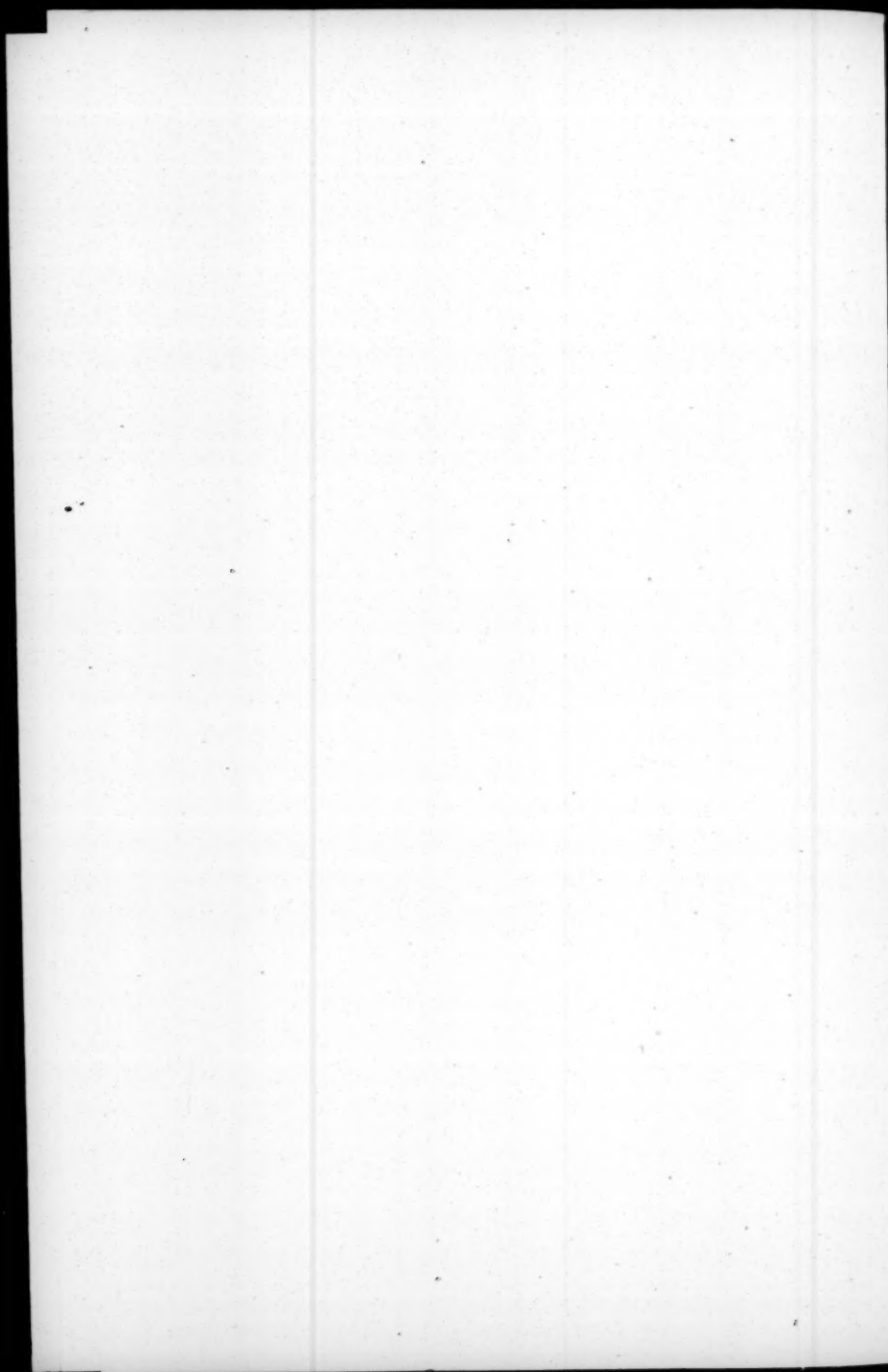
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TO THE
READERS
GENTLE and SIMPLE.

THis *Preface* is meerly for *Fashion sake*, to fill a *Space*, and please the *Stationer*, who says, 'tis neither *usual* nor *handsome*, to leap immediately from the *Title-Page* to the *Matter*. So that in short, a *Preface* ye have, together with the *Reason* of it, both under One: but as to the *Ordinary Mode* and *Pre-
sence* of *Prefaces*, the *Translator* desires to be excus'd. For he makes a *Conscience* of a *Lye*, and it were a damn'd one, to tell ye, that he has publisht This, either to *Gratifie* the importunity of *Friends*, or to *Oblige* the *Publick*, or for any other *Reason* of a hundred, that are commonly given in excuse of *Scribling*. Nor but that he loves his *Friends*, as well as any man, and has taken their *Opinion* along with him. Nor, but that he loves the *Publick* too, (as many a Man does a *Coy Mistress* that has made his heart ake.) But to pass from what had no effect upon him in this *Publication*, to that which over-ru'd him in it. It was pure *Spite*.

PREFACE.

For he has had hard Measure among the
Physicians, the Lawyers, the Women, &c. And
Dom Francisco de Quevedo in English, Re-
 venges him upon all his *Enemies*. For it is a
Satyre that taxes *Corruption of Manners*, in
 all sorts and degrees of people, without re-
 flecting upon particular *States* or *Persons*.
 It is full of *Sharpness* and *Morality*: and has
 found so good *Entertainment* in the *World*,
 that it wanted only *English* of being bap-
 tiz'd into all *Christian Languages*,



THE
FIRST VISION
OF THE

Algonazil (or Catchpole) possess.

GOing t'other day to hear Mass at a Convent in this Town, the door it seems was shut, and a world of people pressing and begging to get in. Upon enquiry *What the matter was*; they told me of a *Demoniac* to be exorcised; (or *dispossess*) which made me put in for one to see the Ceremony: though to little purpose; for when I had half smothered my self in the throng, I was e'en glad to get out again, and bethink my self of my Lodging. Upon my way homeward, at the streets end, it was my fortune to meet a familiar Friend of mine of the same Convent; who told me over again what I had heard before, and taking notice of my curiosity, bad me follow him; which I did, till with his *Passe-par-tout* he brought me through a little back door into the Church, and so into the Vestry: where we saw a wretched kind of a dog-look'd fellow, with a Tipper about his neck, as ill ordered as you'd wish; his cloaths all in ratters, his hands bound behind him, roaring and tearing after a most hideous manner. Bless me, quoth I, (cursing my self) what spectacle have we here? This (said the good Father who was to do the Feat) is a man that's possess'd with an *Evil spirit*. *That's a damned lie*, (with respect of the Company, cryed the Devil that tormented him) for this is not a *man* poss'd

B

with

with a *Devil*, but a *Devil* posselt with a *man*; and therefore you should do well to have a care what you say, for it is most evident, both by the *Question* and *Answer*, that you are but a company of Sots. You are to understand, that we *Devils* never enter into the body of a *Catchpole*, but by force, and in spight of our hearts; and therefore, to speak properly, you are to say, this is a *Devil Catchpol'd*, and not a *Catchpole bedevil'd*. And, to give you your Due, you men can deal better with *us Devils*, than with the *Catchpoles*, for we fly from the *Cross*, whereas *They* make use of it, for a Cloak for their villany.

But, though we differ thus in our *Humours*, we hold a very fair *Correspondence* in our *Offices*: If we draw men into *Judgment* and *Condemnation*, so do the *Catchpoles*; we pray for an encrease of wickedness in the world, so do *they*; nay, and more zealously than *we*, for it is their *livelihood*, and *we* do it only for *company*: And in this, the *Catchpoles* are worse than the *Devils*; they prey upon their own Kind, and worry one another. For our parts, we are *Angels* still, though *black ones*, and were turn'd into *Devils* only for aspiring into an equality with our Maker: whereas the very corruption of mankind is the generation of a *Catchpole*. So that, my good Father, your labour is but lost in plying this Wretch with *Reliques*; for you may as soon redeem a Soul from Hell, as a Prey out of his Clutches. In fine, your *Algonazils* (or *Catchpoles*) and your *Devils* are both of an Order, only your *Catchpole-Devils* wear *Shoes* and *Stockings*, and we go barefoot, after the fashion of this reverend Father, and to (deal plainly) have a very hard time on't.

I was not a little surprized to find the *Devil* so great

great a Sophister, but all this notwithstanding, the holy man went on with his *Exorcism*, and to stop the Spirits mouth, washt his face with a little *Holy water*, which made the *Demoniac* ten times madder than before, and set him a yelping so horridly, that it deafned the Company, and made the very ground under us to tremble. And now, sayes he, you may, perchance, imagine this extravagance to be the effect of your *Holy Water*; but let me tell you, that meer *Water* it self would have done the same thing; for your *Catchpole* hates nothing in this world like *Water*, [especially that of a *Graves-Inne pump*.] But to conclude, They are so reprobated a sort of *Christians*, that they have quitted even the very name of *Misins*, by which they were formerly known, for that of *Algonazils*; the latter being of *Pagan extractions*, and more suitable to their manners.

Come, come, sayes the Father, there is no ear, nor credit to be given to this Villain, set but his tongue at liberty, and you shall have him fall foul upon the Government, and the Ministers of Justice, for keeping the World in Order, and suppressing wickedness, because it spoils his market. No more chopping of Logick, good Mr. *Conjurer*, sayes the *Devil*, for there's more in't than you are aware of; but if you'l do a poor *Devil* a good office, give me a dispatch out of this accursed *Algonazil*; for I am a *Devil*, you must know, of *Reputation* and *Quality*, and shall never be able to endure the gibes and affronts will be put upon me at my return to Hell, for having kept this Rascal Company. All in good time, said the *Father*, thou shalt have thy discharge; that is to say, in pity to this miserable Creature, and not for thy own sake. But tell me now, what makes thee torment him thus?

Nothing in the world, quoth the *Devil*, but a contest betwixt him and me, which was the greater *Devil* of the two.

The Conjuror did not at all relish these wild and malicious replies; but to me the Dialogue was extremely pleasant, especially being by this time a little familiariz'd with the *Devil*. Upon which confidence, my *Good Father*, said I, here are none but Friends; and I may speak to you as my *Confessor*, and the Confident of all the secrets of my soul; I have a great mind, with your leave, to ask the *Devil* a few Questions, and who knows but a man may be the better for his Answers, though perchance, contrary to his intention I keep him only in the interim from tormenting this poor creature. The *Conjuror* granted my request, and the *Spirit* went on with his babble. Well, says he, maling, the *Devil* shall never want a Friend at Court, so long as there's a *Poet* within the walls. And indeed the *Poets* do us many a good turn, both by Pimping, and otherwise; but if you, said he, should not be kind to us (looking upon me) you'd be thought very ungrateful, considering the honor of your entertainment now in Hall. I ask'd him then what store of *Poets* they had? whole swarms, says the *Devil*; so many, that we have been forc'd to make more room for them: Nor is there any thing in nature so pleasant as a *Poet* in the first year of his probation; he comes, yea laden forsooth, with Letters of Recommendation to our Superiours, and enquires very gravely for *Charon*, *Cerberus*, *Rhadamanthus*, *Eacus*, *Minos*.

Well, said I, but what's their punishment? (for I began now to make the *Poets* case my own). Their punishments, quoth the *Devil*, are many, and suited

to the Trade they drive. Some are condemn'd to hear other mens works: (and this is the plague of the *Fidlers* too) We have others that are in for a thousand years, and yet still poring upon some old Stanzas they have made of *Jalouſie*. Some again are beating their foreheads with the palms of their hands, and even boring their very Noses with hot Irons, in rage, that they cannot come to a resolution, whether they shall say *Face* or *Viſage*; whether they shall write *Jayl* or *Goal*; whether *Cony* or *Cunny*, because it comes from *Cuniculus*, a *Rabbit*. Others are biting their Nails to the quick, and at their Wits end for a rime to *Chimney*; and dozing up and down in a brown study, till they drop into some hole at laſt, and give us trouble enough to get them out again. But they that ſuffer the moſt, and fare the worſt, are your Comick Poets, for whoring ſo many Queens and Princeſſes upon the ſtage, and coupling Ladies of Honour with Lacquies, and Noble-men with common Strumpets, in the winding up of their Plays; and for giving the Baſtonado to *Alexander* and *Julius Ceſar* in their Interludes and Farces. Now be it known to you, that we do not lodge theſe with other Poets, but with *Petty-Foggers* and *Attornies*, as common dealers in the myſtery of Shifting, Shuffling, Forging, and Cheating: And now for the diſcipline of Hell, you are to underſtand we have incomparable *Harbingers* and *Quarter-maſters*, inſomuch that let them come in whole caravans, as it happen'd t'other day, every man is in his quarter before you can ſay *what's this*?

There came to us ſeveral Tradeſmen; the firſt of them a Poor Rogue that made profeſſion of drawing the long Bow; and him we were about to put a-

among the Armors, but one of the company moved, and carried it, that since he was so good at draughts, he might be sent to the *Clerks* and *Scrivners*; a sort of people that will fit you with *draughts*, good and bad, of all sorts and sizes, and to all purposes. Another called himself a *Cutter*, we ask'd him whether in *Wood* or *Stone*? Neither, said he, but in *Cloth* and *Stuff*: (*Anglice*, a *Taylor*) and him we turn'd over to those that were in for *Detraction* and *Calumny*, and for cutting large Thongs out of other mens *Leather*. There was a *Blind fellow* would fain have been among the *Poets*, but (for likeness sake) we quartered him among the *Lovers*. After him, came a *Sexton*, or (as he styl'd himself) a *Burier of the Dead*; and then a *Cook* that was troubled in Conscience for putting off *Catts* for *Hares*: These were dispatch'd away to the *Pastry-men*. A matter of half a dozen *Crack-brain'd Fools* we disposed of among the *Astrologers* and *Alchymists*. In the number, there was one notorious *Murtherer*, and him we pack'd away to the Gentlemen of the Faculty, the *Physicians*. The *Broken Merchants* we kennel'd with *Judas*, for making ill bargains. *Corrupt Ministers* and *Magistrates*, with the *Thief* on the left hand. The *Embroylers* of *Affairs*, and the *Water-bearers* take up with the *Vintners*; and the *Brokers* with the *Jews*. Upon the whole matter, the policy of Hell is admirable, where every man has his place according to his condition.

As I remember, (said I) you were speaking even now concerning *Lovers*. Pray tell me, have you many of them in your Dominions? I ask, because I am my self a little subject to the itch of *Love*, as well as *Poetry*. *Love* (says the Devil) is like a great spot

of Oyl, that diffuses it self every where, and consequently Hell cannot but be sufficiently stockt with that sort of Vermine. But let me tell you now, we have several sorts of *Lovers*; some dote upon *themselves*; others upon their *Pelf*; these upon their own *Discourses*; those upon their own *Actions*; and once in an Age perchance, comes a fellow that dotes upon his *own Wife*; but this is very rare, for the Jades commonly bring their Husbands to repentance, and then the Devil may throw his Cap at them. But, above all, for sport, (if there can be any in Hell) commend me to those *Gawdy Monsieurs*, who, by the variety of Colours and Ribbands they wear, (*Fayours* as they call them) one would swear, were only dress'd up for a *Sample*, or kind of *Inventory* of all the *Gen Gaws* that are to be had for love or money at the *Mer-cers*. Others you shall have so overcharged with *Per-ruque*, that you'll hardly know the *Head* of a *Cavalier*, from the ordinary *Block* of a *Tire-woman*: And some again you'd take for *Carriers*, by their packets and bundles of *Love-Letters*; which being made combustible by the fire and flame they treat of, we are so thrifty, as to employ upon the finding of their own Tails, for the saving of better Fuel. But, oh! the pleasant postures of the Maiden-Lover, when he is upon the practice of the *Gentle-Leer*, and embracing the Air for his Mistress! Others we have that are condemn'd for *Feeling*, and yet never come to the *Touch*: These pals for a kind of *Buffon Pretenders*; ever upon the *Vigil*, but never arrive at the *Festival*. Some again have lost themselves with *Judas* for a *Kiss*.

One story lower is the abode of *contented Cuc-kolds*; a nasty poisonous place, and strewed all

over with the Horns of Rams and Bulls, &c. Now these are so well read in Woman, and know their destiny so well before hand, that they never so much as trouble their heads for the matter. Ye come next to the Admirers of old Women; and these are wretches of so depraved an Appetite, that, if they were not kept tyed up, and in Chains, they'd horse the very Devils themselves, and put Barrabas to his Trumps, to defend his Buttocks: For the truth is, whatever you may think of a Devil, he passes with them for a very Adonis or Narcissus.

So much for your Curiosity; a word now for your Instruction. If you would make an interest in Hell, you must give over that Roguy way ye have got, of abusing the Devils in your Shews, Pictures, and Emblems: One while, forsooth, we are painted with Claws, or Talons, like Eagles, or Griffons. Another while we are dress'd up with Tails, like so many Hickney-Jades with their Fly-flaps: And now and then ye shall see a Devil with a Coxcomb. Now I will not deny, but some of us may indeed be very well taken for Hermits, and Philosophers. If you can help us in this point, do: and we shall be ready to do ye one good Turn for another. I was asking Michael Angelo here, a while ago, why he drew the Devils in his Great Piece of the Last Judgment, with so many Monkey Faces, and Jack-Pudding Postures. His answer was, That he follow'd his Fancy, without any Malice in the World, for, as then he had never seen any Devils; nor (indeed) did he believe that there were any; but he has now learn'd the contrary, to his cost. There's another thing too we take extreemly ill, which is, that in your ordinary discourses, ye are out with your Parse presently to every Rascal, and calling

ling of him *Devil*. As for Example. Do you see how this *Devil* of a *Taylor* has spoil'd my Suit? how the *Devil* has made we wait? how this *Devil* has couzen'd me, &c. which is very ill done, and no small disparagement to our Quality, to be rank'd with *Taylors*: A company of Slaves, that serve us in Hell only for Brush-wood; and they are fain to beg hard to be admitted at all: though I confess they have possession on their sides, and *Custom*, which is another Law. Being in possession of Theft, and *staln goods*; they make much more Conscience of keeping your *stuffs*, than your *Holy-days*, grumbling and domineering at every turn, if they have not the same respect with the Children of the Family. Ye have another trick too, of giving every thing to the *Devil*, tho' displeases ye, which we cannot but take very unkindly. *The Devil take thee*, says one: A goodly present I warrant ye; but the *Devil* has somewhat else to do, than to take, and carry away all that's given him; if they'l come of themselves, let them come and welcome. Another gives that whelp of a *Lacquey* to the *Devil*; but the *Devil* will none of your *Lacqueys*, he thanks ye for your love; a pack of Rogues that are commonly worse than Devils; and to say the truth, they are good neither rost nor sodden. I give that *Italian* to the *Devil*, cries a third; thank you for nothing: For ye shall have an *Italian* will choose the *Devil* himself, and take him by the Nose like Mustard. Some again will be giving a *Spaniard* to the *Devil*; but he has been so cruel wherever he has got footing, that we had rather have his Room than his Company, and make a Present to the *Grand Signior* of his *Nutmegs*.

Here the *Devil* stoppt, and in the same instant, there

there hapning a slight scuffle betwixt a couple of conceited Coxcombs, which should go foremost: I turned to see the matter, and cast my eye upon a certain *Tax-gatherer*, that had undone a Friend of mine; and in some sort to revenge my self of this *Ass* in a *Lions* skin, I asked the *Devil*, whether they had not of that sort of Blood-suckers among the rest, in their Dominions (an informing, projecting Generation of Men, and the very bane of a Kingdom.) You know little (says he) if you do not know these Vermin to be the right Heirs of Perdition, and that they claim Hell for their Inheritance: And yet we are now even upon the point of discarding them, for they are so pragmatical, and ungrateful, there is no enduring of them. They are at this present in Consultation about an *Impos*t upon the *High-way to Hell*; and indeed payments run so high already, and are so likely to increase too, that it is much feared in the end, we shall quite lose our Trading and Commerce. But if ever they come to put this in execution, we shall be so bold, as to treat them next bout, to the tune of *Fortune my Fo, &c.* and make them cool their heels on the wrong side of the Door, which will be worse then *Hell* to them. for it leaves them no retreat, being expelled *Paradise*, and *Purgatory* already. This race of Vipers, said I, will never be quiet, till they tax the way to Heaven it self. Oh, quoth the *Devil*, that had been done long since, if they had found the Play worth the Candles: But they have had a Factor abroad now these half-score years, that is glad to wipe his Nose on his Sleeve Gilt, for want of a Handkercher. But these new impositions, upon what I pray ye do they intend to levy them? For that (quoth the *Devil*) there is a Gentle-

man

man of the Trade at your Elbow can tell you all ; pointing to my old Friend the *Publican*. This drew the eyes of the whole Company upon him, and put him so damnedly out of countenance, that he pluckt down his Hat over his Face, clapt his Tail between his Legs, and went his way ; with which we were all of us well enough pleased, and then the *Devil* went on. Well (said the *Devil*, and laughed) my Voucher is departed ye see ; but I think I can say as much to this point as himself : The Impositions now to be set on foot, are upon *Bare-necked Ladies*, *Patches*, *Mole-skins*, *Spanish-paper*, and all the *Mundus Muliebris* more than what is necessary and decent ; upon your *Tour à la mode*, and *Spring-Garden Coaches* ; excess in *Apparel*, *Collations*, *Rich Furniture*, your *Cheating*, and *Blaspheming*, *Gaming Ordinaries* ; and in general, upon whatsoever serves to advance our Empire : So that without a Friend at Court, or some good Magistrate to help us out at a dead lift, and stick to us, we may even put up our Pipes, and you will finde *Hell* a very *Desart*. Well said I, and methinks I see nothing in all this, but what is very reasonable ; for to what end serves it, but to corrupt good manners, stir up ill Appetites, provoke and encourage all sorts of Debauchery, destroy all that is good and honorable in humane Society, and chalk out in effect the ready way to the Devil.

But you said something even now of Magistrates, I hope (said I) there are no *Judges* in Hell. You may as well imagine (cried the Spirit) that there are no Devils there ; for let me tell you (Friend mine) your corrupt *Judges* are the great *Spawners* that supply our Lake ; for what are those Millions of *Catchpoles* ;

poles, Proctors, Attorneys, Clerks, Barristers, that come sailing to us every day in *Shoals*, but the *Fry* of such *Judges*? Nay, sometimes in a lucky year, for *cheating*, *forging*, and *forswearing*, we can hardly finde Cask to put them in.

From hence now (quoth I) would you infer, that there is no *Justice* upon the face of the Earth. Very right (quoth the Devil) for *Astrea* (which is the same thing) is fled long since to Heaven. Do not ye know the story? No (said I) then (quoth the Devil) minde me, and I will tell ye it.

Once upon a time, *Truth* and *Justice* came together to take up their Quarters upon the Earth; but the one being naked, and the other very severe and plain-dealing, they could not meet with any body that would receive them. At last, when they had wandered a long time like Vagabonds in the open Air, *Truth* was glad to take up her Lodging with a *Mute*; and *Justice* perceiving, that though her name was much used for a Cloak to Knavery, yet that she her self was in no esteem, took up a resolution of returning to Heaven; and in order to her journey, she bad adieu in the first place to all Courts, Palaces, and great Cities, and went into the Countrey; where she met with some few poor simple Cottagers, that gave her entertainment; but *Malice*, and *Persecution*, found her out in the end, and she was banished thence too. She presented her self in many places, and people aske her, *what she was*? She answered them, *Justice*, for she would not lie for the matter. *Justice*? (cryed they) *She is a stranger to us*; tell her, (*Here is nothing for her, and, shut the door*). Upon these repulses, she took wing, and away she went to Heaven; hardly leaving so much as the bare print

print of her footsteps behinde her. Her name how-
 ever is not yet forgotten, and she is pictured with a
 Scepter in her hand, and is still called *Justice*; but
 call her what ye will, she makes as good a fire in Hell
 as a *Taylor*; and for slight of hand, puts down all
 the *Gilts*, *Cheats*, *Picklocks*, and *Trepanners* in the
 World. To say the truth, *Avarice* is grown to that
 height, that men employ all the faculties of Soul and
 Body to *rob*, and *deceive*. The *Leacher*, does not
 he steal away the honor of his Mistress? (though
 with her consent.) The *Attorney* picks your Pocket,
 and shews you a *Law* for it; the *Comedian* gets your
 money, and your time, with reciting other mens
 labors; the *Lover* cotzens you with his eyes; the
Eloquent with his tongue; the *Valiant* with his arm;
 the *Musician*, with his voice and fingers; the *Astro-
 loger*, with his calculations; the *Apothecary*, with
 sickness and health; the *Surgeon*, with blood; and
 the *Physician*, with death it self; and in some sort or
 other, they are all cheats. But the *Catchpole* (in the
 name of *Justice*) abuses you with *his whole Man*;
 he *watches* you with his eyes; *follows* you with his
feet; *seizes* with his *hands*; *accuses* with his *tongue*;
 and in fine, put it in your *Letany*, From *Catchpoles*,
 as well as *Devils*, *Liberate nos Domine*.

But how comes it (said I) that you have not cou-
 pled the *Women* with the *Thieves*? for they are both
 of a Trade. Not a word of *Women* as ye love me
 (quoth the Devil) for we are so tired out with
 their importunities; so deafed with the *eternal
 clack* of their tongues, that we start at the very
 thought of them. And to say the truth, *Hell* were no
ill-winter quarter, if it were not so overstocked with
 that sort of Cattle. Since the death of the Witch
 of

of *Endor*, it has been all their business to improve themselves in subtlety and malice, and to set us together by the ears among our selves. Nay, some of them are confident enough, to tell us to our teeth, that when we have done our worst, they will give us a *Rowland* for our *Oliver*; Onely this comfort we have, that they are a cheaper Plague to us, than they are to you; for we have no *Exchanges*, *Hide-Parks*, or *Spring-Gardens* in our Territories.

You are well stored then with *Women* I see, but of which have you most? (said I) *handsome*, or *ill-favored*? Oh, of the *ill-favored*, six for one (quoth the Devil) For your *Beauties* can never want *Gallants* to lay their Appetites; and many of them, when they come at last to have their bellies full, even give over the sport, *Repent and escape*. Whereas nobody will touch the *ill-favored* without a pair of Tongs; and for want of water to quench their fire, they come to us such *Skeletons*, that they are enough to afright the Devil himself. For they are most commonly old, and accompany their last groans with a curse upon the younger that are to survive them. I carried away one, the other day, of Threescore and ten, that I took just in the nick, as she was upon a certain *exercise* to remove *obstructions*: And when I came to land her; alas for the poor Woman! what a terrible fit had she got of the *tooth-ach*! when upon search, the Devil a Tooth had she left in her head; onely she belied her chops to save her credit.

You have exceedingly satisfied me (said I) in all your answers: But pray ye once again, What store of *Beggars* have ye in H ll? *Poor people*, I mean. *Poor*, (quoth the Devil) who are they? Those (said I) that have

have no possessions in the world: How can that be (quoth he) that those should be damned, that have nothing in the world? when men are onely damned for cleaving to it. And briefly, I finde none of their names in our Books, which is no wonder; for he, that has nothing to trust to, shall be left by the Devil himself, in time of need. To deal plainly with you, where have ye greater Devils, than your flatterers, false friends, leud company, envious persons, than a son, a brother, or a relation, that lies in wait for your life, to get your Fortune; that mourns over you in your sickness, and wishes you already at the Devil. Now the poor have none of this; they are neither flattered, nor envied, nor befriended, nor accompanied: There is no gaping for their possessions; and in short, they are a sort of people that live well, and die better; and there are some of them, that would not exchange their Rags, for Royaltie it self: They are at libertie to go and come at pleasure, be it war or peace; free from cares, taxes, and publick duties: They fear no judgments or Executions, but live as inviolable, as if their persons were sacred. Moreover, they take no thought for to morrow, but setting a just value on their hours, they are good husbands of the present; considering, that what is past, is as good as dead, and what is to come, uncertain. But they say, *When the Devil preaches, the worlds near an end.*

The Divine Hand is in this (said the Holy Man that perform'd the Exorcism) *Thou art the father of lies, and yet deliverest truths, able to mollifie and convert a Heart of stone.* But do not you mistake your self, (quoth the Devil) to suppose that your conversion is my Business; for I speak these truths to aggravate your

your guilt, and that you may not plead ignorance another day, when you shall be called to answer for your transgressions. 'Tis true, most of you shed tears at parting, but it is the apprehension of Death, and no true repentance for your sins that works upon you. For ye are all a pack of *Hypocrites*. Or if at any time you entertain those reflections, your trouble is, That your body will not hold out; and then, forsooth, you pretend to pick a quarrel with the sin it self. *Thou art an Impostor* (said the Religious) for there are many *Righteous Souls*, that draw their sorrow from another *Fountain*. But I perceive you have a munde to amuse us, and make us lose *time*, and perchance your own hour is not yet come to quit the *body* of this miserable Creature; however, I conjure thee in the Name of the *Most High* to leave tormenting him, and to hold thy peace. The Devil obeyed, and the *good Father* applying himself to us, *My Master* (says he) though I am absolutely of opinion, that it is the Devil that has talked to us all this while, through the Organ of this unhappy Wretch, yet he that weighs what has been said, may doubtless reap some benefit by the discourse. Wherefore, without considering whence it came, Remember that *Saul* (although a wicked Prince) prophesied; and that *honey* has been drawn out of the mouth of a *Lion*. Withdraw then, and I shall make it my *Prayer* (as it is my hope) that this sad and prodigious spectacle, may lead you to a true sight of your *Errors*, and in the end, to amendment of *Life*.

The end of the first Vision.

THE
SECOND VISION
OF

DEATH and her EMPIRE.

Mean Souls do naturally breed sad Thoughts; and in Solitude, they gather together in Troops to assault the Unfortunate; which is the Tryal (according to my Observation) wherein the Coward does most betray himself; and yet cannot I for my life, when I am alone, avoid those Accidents and Surprizes in my self, which I condemn in others. I have sometime, upon Reading the Grave and Severe *Lucretius*, been seized with a strange Damp; whether from the striking of his Counsels upon my Passions, or some tacite reflection of shame upon my self, I know not. However, to render this Confession of my weakness the more excusable, I'll begin my Discourse with somewhat out of that elegant and excellent Poet;

"Put the Case (says he) that a Voice from Heaven should speak to any of us after this manner: What dost thou ail, O Mortal Man, or to what purpose is it, to spend thy life in Groans, and Complaints, under the apprehension of Death? where are thy past Years and Pleasures? Are they not vanish'd, and lost in the Flux of Time, as if thou hadst put Water into a Sieve? Bethink thy self then of a Retreat, and leave the World with the same content, and satisfaction, as thou wouldst do

"a plentiful Table, and a jolly Company upon a
 "full stomach. Poor Fool, that thou art! thus to
 "Macerate and Torment thy self, when thou may'st
 "enjoy thy Heart at Ease, and Possess thy Soul with
 "Repose and Comfort, &c.

This passage brought into my mind, the words of
 Job. Cap. 14. and I was carried on from one Medi-
 tation to another, till at length, I fell fast asleep over
 my Book, which I ascribed rather to a favourable
 providence, than to my natural Disposition. So soon
 as my Soul felt her self at Liberty, she gave me the
 entertainment of this following Comedy, my Phan-
 sie supplying both the Stage and the Company.

In the first Scene, enter'd a Troop of *Physicians*,
 upon their Mules, with deep Foot-cloths; marching
 in a very good Order, sometime fast, sometime slow,
 and to say the Truth, most commonly in a huddle.
 They were all wrinkled and wither'd about the
 Eyes; I suppose with casting so many sower looks
 upon the Piss-pots and Close-stools of their Patients;
 bearded like Goats; and their Faces so overgrown
 with Hair, that their Fingers could hardly find the
 way to their Mouths. In the left hand they held their
 Reins, and their Gloves roul'd up together; and in
 the right a Staff *à la mode*, which they carried rather
 for Countenance than Correction; (for they under-
 stood no other manage than the Hæel) and all along
 Head and Body went too, like a Baker upon his
 Panniers. Divers of them I observ'd, had huge Gold
 Rings upon their Fingers, and set with Stones of a
 large a size, that they could hardly feel a Patient's
 Pulse, without minding him of his Monument.
 There were more than a good many of them, and a
 world of Puny Practisers at their heels, that came

our *Graduates*, by conversing rather with the *Males* than the *Doctors*: Well I said I to my self; if there goes no more than This to the making a *Physician*, it is no marvel we pay so dear for their Experience.

After These, follow'd a long Train of *Mountebank-Apothecaries*, laden with *Pestles* and *Mortars*, *Suppositories*, *Spatulæ*, *Glisten-Pipes* and *Siringes*, ready charg'd, and as mortal as Gun-shot; and several *Titled Boxes* with *Remedies without*, and *Poysons within*: Ye may observe, that when a Patient comes to die, the *Apothecaries Mortar* rings the *Passing-Bell*, as the *Priests Requiem* finishes the business. An *Apothecaries Shop* is (in effect) no other than the *Physicians Armory*, that supplies him with Weapons; and (to say the truth) the *Instruments* of the *Apothecary* and the *Souldier* are much of a qualitie: What are their *Boxes* but *Pistards*? their *Syringes*, *Pistols*, and their *Pills*, but *Bullets*? And, after all, considering their *Purgative Medicines*, we may properly enough call their *Shops Purgatory*; and why not their *Persons Hell*? their *Patients* the *Damned*? and their *Masters* the *Devils*? These *Apothecaries* were in *Jacquets*, wrought all over with *rs*, struck through like wounded hearts, and in the form of the first Character of their *Prescriptions*; which (as they tell us, signifies *Recipe* (*Take thou*) but we find it to stand for *Recipio* (*I take*.) Next to this Figure, they write, *Ana Ana*, which is as much as to say, *An Ass*, *An Ass*; and after this, march the *Ounces* and the *Scruples*: an incomparable Cordial to a dying man; the former to dispatch the *Body*, and the latter to put the *Soul* into the high-way to the *Devil*. To hear them call over their *Simplets*, would

make you swear, they were raising so many Devils. There's your *Opopanax*, *Buphthalmus*, *Asaphyllis*, *Alectorolophos*, *Ophioscorodon*, *Anemosphorus*, &c.

And by all this formidable Bombast, is meant nothing in the world but a few paltry Roots, as Carrots, Turneps, Skirrets, Radish and the like. But they have the old Proverb at their fingers ends, *He that knows thee will never buy thee*; and therefore every thing must be made a Mystery, to hold their Patients in ignorance, and keep up the Price of the Market. And, were not the very names of their Medicines sufficient to fright away any Distemper, 'tis to be fear'd the Remedy would prove worse than the Disease. Can any pain in Nature, think ye, have the confidence to look a *Physician* in the face, that comes arm'd with a Drug made of *Mary Gresse*? though disguis'd under the name of *Mummy*, to take off the Horrour and disgust of it: Or to stay for a dressing with *Dr. Whachums Plaster*, that shall fetch up a man's leg to the size of a Mill-post? When I saw these people Herded with the *Physicians*, methought the old fluttish Proverb, that says, *There is a great distance between the Pulse and the Arse*, was much to blame for making such a difference in their Dignities, for I find none at all; but the *Physician* skips in a trice from the *Pulse* to the *Stool* and *Urinal*, according to the Doctrine of *Galen*, who sends all his Disciples to those unfavoury Oracles: from whose hands the Devil himself if he were sick, would not receive so much as a Glister. Oh these cursed and lawless Arbitrators and Disposers of our lives! that without either Conscience or Religion, divide our Souls and Bodies by their damn'd poysonous *Potions*, *Scarifications*, *In-*

sions, Excessive Bleedings, &c. which are but the several wayes of executing their Tyranny and Injustice upon us.

In the tail of these, came the *Surgeons*, laden with *Pincers*, *Cranes-bills*, *Catheters*, *Desquamatories*, *Ditators*, *Scissors*, *Saws*; and with them so horrid an outcry, of *Cut*, *Tear*, *open saw*, *Flay*, *Burn*, that my Bones were ready to creep one into another for fear of an *Operation*.

The next that came in, I should have taken by their *Min*, for *Devils* disguised, if I had not spied their Chains of Rotten Teeth, which put me in some hope they might be *Tooth-Drawers*, and so they provide which is yet one of the lewdest Trades in the world; for they are good for nothing but to depopulate our Mouths, and make us old before our time. Let a man but yawn, and ye shall have one of these Rogues examining his *Grinders*, and there's not a sound Tooth in your head, but he had rather see't at his Girdle, than in the place of its nativity: Nay, rather then fail, hee'l pick a quarrel with your *Gums*. But that which puts me out of all patience, is, to see these Scoundrels ask twice as much for drawing an old tooth as would have bought ye a new one.

Certainly (said I to my self) we are now past the worst, unless the Devil himself come next: And in that instant I heard the Brushing of *Guitars*, and the Ratling of *Cisterns*, Raking over certain *Passa-illes* and *Sarabands*. These are a Kennel of *Barbers*, thought I, or I'll be hang'd; and any man that had ever seen a Barber's shop, might have told you as much without a Conjuror, both by the Musick and by the very Instruments, which are as proper a part of a Barber's Furniture, as his *Comb-Cases* and *Wash-balls*.

balls. It was to me a pleasant entertainment, to see them lathering of *Asses heads*, of all sorts and sizes, and their Customers all the while winking and sputtering over their Basons.

Presently after these, appear'd a Consort of loud and tedious *Talkers*, that tired and deafen'd the Company, with their shrill, and restless *Gaggles*: but as one told me, these were of several sorts. Some they call'd *Swimmers*, from the motion of their Arms in all their Discourses, which was just as if they had been *Padling*. Others they called *Apes*, (and we *Mimicks*) these were perpetually making of *Mops* and *Mowes*, and a thousand Antick Ridiculous *Gestures*, in derision and imitation of others. In the third place, were *Make-Bates*, and *Sowers of Dissension*, and these were still Rolling their Eyes (like a *Bartlemey Puppet*, without so much as moving the Head) and leering over their Shoulders, to surprise people at unawares in their Familiarities and Privacies, and gather matter for *Calumny* and *Detraction*. The *Lyars* follow'd next; and these seem'd to be a jolly contented sort of People, well Fed, and well Clothed; and having nothing else to trust, we thought it was a strange Trade to live upon. I need not tell you, that they are never without a full Audience, since *all Fools and Impertinents are of their Congregation*.

After these, came a Company of *Medlers*; a Pragmatical Insolent Generation of men that will have an *Oar* in every *Boat*, and are indeed the Bane of honest Conversation, and the Troublers of all Companies and Affairs: The most Prostitute of all Flatterers; and only devoted to their own *Profit*. I thought this had been the last Scene, because no more

came

came upon the Stage for a good while; and indeed I wonder'd that they came so late themselves, but one of the *Bablers* told me (unaskt) that this kind of Serpent carrying his Venome in his tayl, it seem'd reasonable, that being the most Poysonous of the whole Gang, they should bring up the Rear.

I began then to take into thought, what might be the meaning of this *Ogllo* of People of several Conditions and Humours met together; but I was quickly diverted from that Consideration, by the Apparition of a Creature, which lookt as if 'twere of the Feminine Gender. It was a Person of a thin and slender make; laden with *Crowns*, *Garlands*, *Scepters*, *Scythes*, *Sheep-hooks*, *Pattins*, *Hob-nail'd-Shoes*, *Tiaras*, *Straw-Hats*, *Mitres*, *Mounmouth-Caps*, *Embroideries*, *Skins*, *Silk*, *Wool*, *Gold*, *Lead*, *Diamonds*, *Shells*, *Pearl*, and *Pebbles*: She was dress'd up in all the Colours of the Rainbow; she had one eye shut, the other open; young on the one side, and old & the other. I thought at first, she had been a great way off, when indeed she was very near me, and when I took her to be at my Chamber-door, she was at my Beds-head. How to unriddle this mystery I knew not; nor was it possible for me to make out the meaning of an Equipage so extravagant, and so fantastically put together. It gave me no affright however, but on the contrary, I could not forbear laughing, for it came just then into my mind that I had formerly seen in *Italy* a *Farce*, where the *Mimick*, pretending to come from the other world, was just thus Accoutred, and never was any thing more Nonsensically pleasant. I held as long as I could, and at last, I askt what she was? she answer'd me, I am *Death*. *Death*! (the very word brought my Heart

into my Mouth) and I beseech you Madam, quothly,
 a with great Humility and Respect) whither is your
 Honour a going? No further (said she) for now I
 have found you, I am at my Journey's End. Alas, alas!
 and must I Dye then (said I) No, no, (quoth Death)
 but I'll take thee Quick along with me: For since
 so many of the *Dead* have been to visit the *Living*,
 it is but equal for once, that one of the *Living* should
 return a Visit to the *Dead*. Get up then, and come
 along; and never hang an Arse for the matter: for
 what you will not do willingly, you shall do in spite
 of your Teeth. This put me in a Cold Fit; but
 without more delay up I started, and desired leave
 only to put on my Breeches. No, no, (said she) no
 matter for Clothes, no body wears them upon this
 Road; wherefore come away, naked as you are,
 and you'll Travel the better. So up I got, without a
 word more, and follow'd her; in such a Terrour and
 Amazement, that I was but in an ill Condition to
 take a strict account of my passage; yet I remember,
 that upon the way, I told her; Madam, under Cor-
 rection, you are no more like the *Deaths* that I have
 seen, than *an Apple's like and Oyster*. Our *Death*
 is pictur'd with a *Scyth* in her hand; and a *Carkass*
 of bones, as clean, as if the Crows had pickt it: Yes,
 yes (said she) turning short upon me, I know that
 very well; but in the mean time your Designers,
 and Painters, are but a Company of Buzzards. The
Bones you talk of, are the *Dead*, or otherwise the
wiserable Remainders of the Living; but let me
 tell you, that you your selves are your own *Death*,
 and that which you call *Death*, is but the period of
 your *Life*, as the first moment of your Birth, is the be-
 ginning of your *Death*: And effectually, ye dye li-
 ving,

ing, and your *Bones* are no more than what *Death* has left, and committed to the Grave. If this were rightly understood, every man would find a *Memento Mori*, or a *Death's Head* in his own Looking-glass; and consider every house with a Family in't, but as a Sepulchre fill'd with dead Bodies; a Truth which you little dream of, though within your daily View and Experience. Can you imagine a *Death* selfewhere, and not in your selves? Believe't y^e are in a shameful mistake; for you your selves are *Skeletons* before ye are aware.

But, Madam, under favour, what may all these people be that keep your Ladiship Company? and since you are *Death* (as you say) how comes it that the *Bablers* and *Make-bates*, are nearer your Person, and more in your Good Graces than the *Physicians*? Why (says she) there are more people *Talk'd* to *Death* and dispatcht by *Bablers*, than by all the *Pestilential Diseases* in the World. And then your *Make-bates*, and *Medlers* kill more than your *Physicians*, though (to give the Gentlemen of the Faculty their due) they labour night and day for the enlargement of our Empire. For you must understand, that though *distemper'd humours* make a man sick, 'tis the *Physician* Kills him; and looks to be well paid for't too: (and 'tis fit that every man should live by his Trade) so that when a man is askt, what such or such a one dy'd of? He is not presently to make answer, that he dy'd of a *Fever*, *Pleurisie*, the *Plague*, *Purples*, or the like; but that *He dy'd of the Doctor*. In one point, however I must needs acquit the *Physician*; Ye know that the title of *Right Honourable*, and *Right Worshipful*, which was heretofore appropriate only to *Persons*

Persons of Eminent degree and Quality, is now in our dayes used by all sorts of little people; Nay, the very *Bare-foot Fryers*, that live under Vows of *Humility* and *Mortification*, are stung with this Itch of *Title* and *Vain-glory*. And your ordinary *Tradesmen*, as *Vintners*, *Taylors*, *Atasans*, and the like, must be all drest up forsooth, in the *Right VVorshipful*; whereas your *Physician* does not so much Court *Honour* of *Appellation* (though, if it should rain Dignities, he might be perswaded happily to venture the wetting) but sits down contentedly with the *Honour* of disposing of your *Lives* and *Moneys*, without troubling himself about any other sort of Reputation.

The entertainment of these Lectures and Discourses, made the way seem short and pleasant, and we were just now entring into a Place, betwixt Light and Dark; and of Horrour enough, if *Death* and I had not by this time been very well acquainted. Upon one side of the Passage, I saw *three moving Figures*; *Armed*, and of *Humane shape*; and so alike, that I could not say which was which. Just opposite, on the other side, a *Hideous Monster*, and these *Three* to *One*, and *One* to *Three*, in a *Fierce*, and *Obstinate Combat*. Here *Death* made a stop, and facing about, askt me, if I knew these People. Alas! No (quoth I) Heaven be praised, I do not, (and I shall put it in my *Litany*, that I never may. Now to see thy *Ignorance* cry'd *Death*, These are thy old Acquaintance, and thou hast hardly kept any other Company since thou wert born. These three are, the *World*, the *Flesh*, and the *Devil*; the Capital Enemies of thy Soul; and they are so like one another, as well in Quality, as Appearance, that Effectually, whoever has

has One, has All. The Proud, and Ambitious man thinks he has got the *world*; but it proves the *Devil*. The *Lecher*, and the *Epicure*, perswade themselves that they have gotten the *Flesh*, and that's the *Devil* too; and in fine, thus it fares with all other kinds of Extravagants. But what's He there, said I, that appears in so many several shapes and fights against the other three? That (quoth *Death*) is the *Devil* of *Money*, who maintains that *He* himself *Alone* is Equivalent to them *Three*, and that wherever *He* comes, there's no need of *Them*. Against the *World*, He argues from their own Confession, and Experience: for it passes for an Oracle; that *There's no World but Money; he that's out of Money, 's out of the World*. Take away a man's *Money*, and take away his *Life*. *Money* answers: *All things*. Against the *second Enemy*, he pleads that *Money* is the *Flesh* too: witness the *Girls* and the *Ganimedes* it procures, and maintains. And against the *Third*, He urges, that there's nothing to be done without this *Devil* of *Money*. *Love* does much, but *Money* does *All*: *And Money will make the pot boil, though the Devil piss in the Fire*. So that for ought I see (quoth I) the *Devil* of *Money* has the better end of the Staff.

After this, advancing a little further, I saw on one hand, *Judgment*; and *Hell* on the other (for so *Death* called them.) Upon the sight of *Hell*, making a stop, to take a stricter Survey of it, *Death* askt me, what it was I lookt at? I told her, it was *Hell*; and I was the more intent upon it, because I thought I had seen it somewhere else before. She question'd me, where? I told her, that I had seen it in the *Corruption* and *Avarice* of *Wicked Magistrates*; In the *Pride* and

and *Haughtiness* of *Grandees*; In the *Appetites* of the *Voluptuous*; In the *lewd Designs* of *Ruine* and *Revenge*; In the *Souls* of *Oppressours*; and in the *Vanity* of divers *Princes*. But he that would see it whole, and entire, in one subject, must go to the *Hypocrite* who is a kind of a *Religious Broker*, and puts out at five and forty per Cent. the very *Sacraments*, and *ten Commandments*.

I am very glad too (said I) that I have seen *Judgment*, as I find it here, in it's purity; for that which we call *Judgment* in the World, is a meer *Mockery*: If it were like This, men would live otherwise than they do. To conclude; if it be expected that our *Judges* shall govern themselves and us by this *Judgment*, the World's in an ill Case; for there's but little of't there. And to deal plainly, as matters are, I have no great maw to go home again; for 'tis better being with the *Dead*, where there's *Justice*, than with the *Living*, where there's *None*.

Our next step was into a fair and spacious *Plain*, encompass'd with a huge wall, where he that's once in, must never look to come out again. Stop here (quoth *Death*) for we are now come to my *Judgment-Seat*, and here it is that I give *Audience*. The *Walls* were hung with *Sighs* and *Groans*, *Ill News*, *Fears*, *Doubts*, and *Surprizes*. *Tears* did not there avail, either the *Lover* or the *Beggar*; but *Grief* and *Care* were without both *Measure* and *Comfort*; and serv'd as *Vermin*, to gnaw the Hearts of *Emperours* and *Princes*, feeding upon the *Insolent*, and *Ambitious*, as their proper *Nourishment*. I saw *Envy* there drest up in a *Widows Vail*, and the very *Picture* of the *Governance* of one of your *Noblemen's Houses*.

She kept a continual Fast as to the *Shambles*, preying
 only upon *her self*; and could not but be a *very*
tender Gentlewoman, upon so spare a Diet. Nothing
 came a miss to her *Teeth* (good or bad) which made
 the whole set of them *yellow and rotten*; and the rea-
 son was, that though she *bit*, and set her *mark* upon
 the good, and the sound, she could never *swallow* it.
 Under her, sat *Discord*, the Legitimate issue of her
 own Bowels. She had formerly conversed much with
married people, but finding no need of her there,
 away she went to *Colleges and Corporations*, where
 it seems they had more already then they knew
 what to do withal; and then she betook herself to
Courts and Pallaces, and officiated there, as the
Devils Lieutenant. Next to her, was *Ingratitude*,
 and she out of a certain *Passe* made up of *Pride*
 and *Malice*, was moulding of *New Devils*. I was
 extream glad of this discovery, being of opinion, till
 now, that the *Ungrateful* had been the *Devils* them-
 selves, because I read, that the *Angels* that fell were
 made *Devils* for their *Ingratitude*. To be short, the
 whole place echoed with *rage and curses*. *What a*
Devil have we here to do (said I,) *does it rain curses*
in this Countrey? With that, a *Death* at my Elbow
 askt me, what a Devil could I expect else, in a place
 where there were so many *Match-makers, Attor-*
neys, and Common-Barresters; who are a Pack of
 the most accursed Wretches in Nature? Is there
 any thing more common in the World, then the ex-
 clamations of *Husbands and Wives*? Oh! that dam-
 ned Devil of a *Pander*. *A heavy curse upon that Bitch*
of a Bawd that ever brought us together. The Pillory
and ten thousand Gibbets to boot, take that Pick-pocket
Attorney that advised me to this Law-suit, h'as ruined
me

me far ever. But pray'e (said I) what do all these Match-makers and Attorneys here together? Do they come for Audience? Death was here a little quick upon me, and called me Fool for so impertinent a Question. If there were no Match-makers (said she) we should not have the Tenth part of these Skeletons and Desserado's. Am not I here, the fifth Husband of a Woman yet living in the World, that hopes to send twice as many more after me, and drink Mandelins at the fifteenth Funeral? you say well (said I) as to the business of Match-makers; but why so many Petty-foggers I pray'e? Nay then I perceive (quoth Death) now you have a mind to surprize me for that Rascally sort of Caterpillers have been my undoing. Had not a man better dye by the Command of a Hangman, than by the hand of an Attorney? who is killed by Falsities, Quirks, Cavils, Delays, Exceptions, Cheats, Circumventions: Yes, yes, And it must not be denied, that these Makers of Matches, and Splitters of Causes, are the Principal support of the Imperial Throne.

At these words, I rais'd my Eyes, and saw Death seated in her Chair of state, with abundance of little Deaths crowding about her; As the Death of Love, of Gold, Hunger, Fear, and Laughter; All with their several Ensigns and Dryices. The Death of Love, I perceived, had very little Brain, and to keep herself in Countenance, she kept Company with Pyramus and Thisbe; Hero and Leander, and some Amadis's, and Palmerins d'Oliva; all Embalmed, and laid in good Vinegar, and well Dry'd. I saw a great many other sorts of Lovers too, that were brought, in all Appearance, to their last Agonies, but by the singular Miracle of self-Interest, recoverd, to the Tune of

*Will, if Looking well won't move her,
Looking ill prevail?*

The *Death of Cold*, was attended by a many *Prelates, Bishops, Abbots*, and other *Ecclesiasticks*; who had neither Wives nor Children, nor indeed any body else that cared for them, farther than for their Fortunes. These, when they come to a Fit of *sickness*, are pillag'd even to their *Sheets and Bedding*, before we can say a *Pater-noster*. Nay, many times they are *stript*, e're they are *Laid*, and destroy'd for want of *Clothes* to keep them warm.

The *Death of Hunger* was encompassed with a Multitude of *Avaritious Misers*, that were *Cording up of Trunks*; *Bolting of Doors*, and *Windows*; *Locking up of Cellars*, and *Garrets*; and *Nailing down of Trap doors*; *Burying of Pots of Money*, and *starting at every Breath of Wind* they heard. Their *Eye* were ready to drop out of their heads for want of *sleep*; their *Mouths* and *Bellies* complaining of their *Hands*, and their *Souls* turn'd into *Gold and Silver* (the *Idols* they ador'd.)

The *Death of Fear*, had the most *Magnificent Train and Attendance* of all the rest, being accompanied with a great number of *Usurpers*, and *Tyrants*, who commonly do Justice upon Themselves, for the *Injuries* they have done to Others: Their *Consciences* doing the office of *Tormentors*, and *Avenging their Publick Crimes*, by their *Private Sufferings*; for they live in a perpetual Anguish of Thought, with *Fears* and *Jealousies*.

The *Death of Laughter*, was the last of all, and surrounded with a Throng of people, *hasty to Believe*, and *slow to Repent*; *Living without fear of Justice*,

Justice, and Dying without hope of Mercy. These are they that pay all their Debts and Duties with a Jest. Bid any of them, give every man his Due, and Return what he has either Borrow'd or wrongfully taken. His Answer is, You'd make a man dye with Laughing. Tell him, my Friend, you are now in Years, your dancing dayes are done, and your Body is worn out; what should such a Scare-Crow as you are, do with a Bed-fellow? Give over your Bawdy Haunts for shame, and don't make a Glory of a Sin, when you're past the Pleasure of it, and your self upon all Accounts contemptible into the Bargain. This fellow (says he) would make a man break his heart with Laughing. Come, come, say your Prayers, and bethink your self of Eternity, you have one Foot in the Grave already, and 'tis high time to fit your self for the other World. Thou wilt absolutely kill me with Laughing. I tell thee, I'm as sound as a Roche, and I do not remember that ever I was better in my Life. Others there are, that, let a man advise them upon their Death-Beds, and even at the last Gasp, to send for a Divine, or to make some handsome settlement of their Estates. Alas, alas! they'll cry; I have been as bad as this many a time before, and (with Falstaff's Hostess) I hope in the Lord there's no need to think of him yet. These men are lost for ever, before they can be brought to understand their Dinger. This Vision wrought strangely upon me, and gave me all the Pains and Marks imaginable of a true Repentance. Well, (said I) since so it is, that man has but one life allotted him, and so many Deaths; but one way into the world, and so many Millions out of it, I will certainly at my Return, make it more my Care than it has been to live with a Good Conscience, that I may dye with Comfort.

These

These last words were scarce out of my Mouth, when the Cryer of the Court with a loud Voice, called out, *The Dead, The Dead: Appear the Dead.* And so immediately, I saw the *Earth* begin to move, and gently opening it self, to make way, first for *Heads* and *Arms*, and then by degrees for the *whole Bodies* of *Men* and *Women* that came out, half muffled in their Night-Caps, and ranged themselves in excellent order, and with a profound silence. Now (says *Death*) let every one speak in his turn: And in the instant, up comes one of the dead to my very Beard, with so much Fury and Menace, in his Face and Action, that I would have given him half the Teeth in my Head for a Composition. *These Devils of the world* (quoth he) *what would they be at? my Masters, cannot a poor wretch be quiet in his Grave for ye? but ye must be casting your scorns upon him, and charging him with things, that upon my soul he is as innocent of, as the childe that is unborn. what hurt has he done any of you (ye Scoundrels you) to be thus abused?* And I beseech you, Sir, said I (under your favorable correction) who may you be? For, I confess, I have not the honor either to know, or to understand ye. *I am* (quoth he) *the Unfortunate Tony, that has been in his Grave now this many a fair year, and yet your wise worships-forsooth, have not wit enough to make your selves and your company merry, but Tony must still be one half of your Entertainment and Discourse. When any man plays the Fool or the Extravagant, presently he is a Tony. who drew this, or that ridiculous piece? Tony. Such or such a one, was never well taught: No, he had a Tony to his Master. But*

let me tell ye, He that shall call your wisdoms to shrift, and take a strict accompt of your words and actions, will upon the upshot, finde you all a company of Tonys; and in effect, the greater Impertinents. As for instance, Did I ever make ridiculous wills (as you do) to oblige others to pray for a man in his Grave, that never prayed for himself in his life? Did I ever rebel against my Superiors? Or, was I ever so arrant a Coxcomb, as by colouring my Cheeks and Hair, to imagine that I could reform nature, and make my self young again? Can ye say, that I ever put an Oath to a Lye? Or broke a solemn promise, as you do every day that goes over your heads? Did I ever enslave my self to money? Or, on the other side, make Ducks and Drakes with it? and squander it away in Gaming, Revelling, and whoring? Did my wife ever wear the Breeches? Or, did I ever marry at all, to be revenged of a false Mistress? Was I ever so very a fool as to believe any man would be true to me, who had betrayed his Friend? Or, to venture all my hopes upon the wheel of Fortune? Did I ever envy the felicity of a Court life, that seeks and spends all for a Glance? what pleasure did I ever take in the lewd discourses of Hereticks and Libertines? Or, did I ever list my self in the party, to get the name of a Gifted-Brother? who ever saw me insolent to my Inferiors, or basely servile to my Betters? Did I ever go to a Conjuror, or to your Dealers in Nativities, and Horoscopes, upon any occasion of loss or death? Now if you your selves be guilty of all these fopperies, and I innocent, I beseech ye where is the Tony? So that you see Tony, is not the Tony you take him for. But (to crown his other Vertues) he is also endued with so large a stock of

Patience

Patience, that whoever needed it, had it for the asking; unless it were such as came to borrow money, or in cases of Women, that claimed marriage of him; or *Laquais* that would be making sport with his Bauble: And to these, He was as resolute as *John Florio*.

While we were upon this discourse, another of the dead came marching up to me, with a Spanish pace and gravity; and giving me a touch on the Elbow: *Look me in the face* (quoth he with a stern countenance) *and know Sir, that you are not now to have to do with a Tony*. I beseech your Lordship (said I, saving your Reverence) let me know your Honor, that I may pay my respects accordingly; for I must confess, I thought all people here had been, *Hail fellow well met*. I am called (quoth he) by mortals, *Queen Dick*; and whether you know me, or not, I am sure, you think and talk of me often enough: And if the Devil did not possess ye, you would let the dead alone, and content your selves to persecute one another. Ye cannot see a high-crown'd Hat, a thred-bare Cloak, a basket-hilt Sword, or a dudgeon Dagger, nay, not so much as a reverend Matron, well stricken in years, but presently ye cry, This or that is of the mode or date of *Queen Dick*. If ye were not every mothers childe of ye stark mad, ye would confess, that *Queen Dicks* were Golden-days to those ye have had since, and it is an easie matter to prove what I say. Will ye see a Mother now teaching her Daughter a Lesson of good Government? Childe (says he) *you know that modesty is the great Ornament of your Sex; wherefore be sure, when ye come in company, that you do not stand staring the men in the face, as if ye were looking Babies in their eyes;*

eyes, but rather look a little downward, as a fashion of behavior, more suitable to the obligations of your Sex. Downward? (says the Girl) I beseech you, Madam, Excuse me. This was well enough in the days of *Queen Dick*, when the poor Creatures knew no better. Let the men look downward towards the **C**lay of which they were made; but Man was our original, and it will become us to keep our eyes upon the matter from whence we came. If a father give his son in charge, *To worship his creator, to say his prayers morning and evening, to give thanks before and after meat, to have a care of gaming and swearing.* Ye shall have the son make answer, that it is true, this was practised in the time of *Queen Dick*; but it is now quite out of mode: And in plain English, Men are better known, now a days, by their *Atheism* and *Blasphemy*, than by their *Exards*.

Hereupon, *Queen Dick* withdrew, and then appeared a big *Glass-Bottle*, wherein was Luted up (as I heard) a famous *Necromancer*, hackt and maimed according to his own order, to render him immortal. It was boiling upon a quick fire, and the flesh, by little and little, began to piece again, and made first an Arm, then a Thigh, after that a Leg; and at last there was an entire Body, that raised it self upright in the Bottle. Bless me (thought I) what is here? A *Man* made of a *Pottage*, and brought into the World out of the Belly of a Bottle? This Vision affrighted me to the very heart; and while I was yet panting and trembling, a voice was heard out of the Glass. *In what year of our Lord are we?* One thousand six hundred thirty six (quoth I) *And welcome, said he; for it is the happy*

happy year, I have longed for so many a day. Who is it, I pray ye (quoth I) that I now see and hear in the belly of this Bottle? I am (said he) the Great *Necromancer* of *Europe*; and certainly you cannot but have heard, both of my operations in general, and of this particular design. I have heard talk of you from a childe, quoth I, but all those stories I took onely for old wives fables. You are the man then, it seems: I must confess that at first, at a distance I took this Bottle for the Vessel that the ingenious *Rablais* makes mention of; but coming near enough to see what was in it, I did then imagine it might be some *Philosopher by the fire*, or some *Apothecary* doing Penance for his Errors. In fine, it has cost me many a heavy step to come hither, and yet to see so great a rarity, I cannot but think my time and pains very well bestowed. The *Necromancer* called to me then to unstop the Bottle, and as I was breaking the Clay to open it: Hold, hold, a little, he cried; and I prethee tell me first, how go squares in *Spain*? what Money? Force? Credit? The *Plate Fleets* go and come (said I) reasonably well; but the Foreigners that come in for their snips have half spoiled the Trade. The *Genoeses* run out as far as the Mountains of *Paros*, and have almost drained them dry. My childe (quoth he) that trade can never be secure and open, so long as *Spain* has any enemy that is potent at Sea. And for the *Genoeses*, they will tell you this is no injustice at all; but on the contrary, a new way of quitting old scores, and justifying his Catholick Majesty for a good Pay-master. I am no enemy to that Nation, but upon the account of their Vices and Encroachments; and I confess, rather than see

these Rascals prosper, I will turn my self into a *million* again, as ye saw me just now; nay, I did not care if it were into a Powder, though I ended my days in a Tobacco-box. Good Sir (said I) comfort your self, for these people are as miserable as you could wish them. You know they are *Cavaliers* and *Signiors* already, and now, forsooth, they have an itch upon them to be Princes: A vanitie that gnaws them like a Cancer, and by drawing on great expences, breeds a Worm in their Traffick; so that you will finde little but debt and extravagance at the foot of the Accompt. And then the Devils in them for a Wench, insomuch, that it is well, if they bring both ends together: For what is gotten upon the Change, is spent in the Stews.

This is well (quoth the *Necromancer*) and I am glad to hear it. Pray ye tell me now, what price bears *Honor* and *Honesty* in the World? There is much to be said (quoth I) upon that point, but in brief, there was never more of it in *talk*, nor less in *affect*. Upon my *honesty* cries the *Tradesmen*; upon my *honor*, says his *Lordship*. And in a word, Every man has it, and every thing is it, in some disguise or other; but duly considered, there is no such thing upon the face of the earth. The Thief saies, it is more honorable to *take* than *beg*. He that asks an *alms*, pleads that it is honest to *beg* than *steal*. Nay, the *false witnesses* and *murtherers* themselves, stand upon their points, as well as their neighbors, and will tell ye, that a *man of honor* will rather be *buried alive*, than *submit*; (though they will not alwaies do as they say) upon the whole matter, every man sets up a *Court of Honor* within himself; pronounces every thing *Honorable* that serves his purpose, and laugh

laughs at them that think otherwise. To say the truth, All things are now *Topsie Turvy*. A good familiarity in *lying*, is a fair step to *preferment*; and to pack a game at Cards, or help the frail Dye, is become the *mark* and *glory* of a *Cavalier*. The *Spaniards* were heretofore, I confess, a very brave, and well-governed people; but they have *evil tongues* among them now a-days, that say they might even go to School to the *Indians* to learn *Sobriety* and *Vertue*. For they are not really *sober*, but at their own *tables*, which indeed, is rather *Avarice*, than *Moderation*: For when they eat or drink at another mans cost, there are no greater *Gluttons* in the *World*: And for *Fudling*, they shall make the best *Pot-companion* in *Switzerland* knock under the *table*.

The *Necromancer* went on with his Discourse, and askt me, What store of *Lawyers*, and *Attorneys* in *Spain* at present? I told him, that the whole *World* swarmed with them, and that there were of several sorts; some, by *Profession*, others, by *Intrusion*, and *Presumption*, and some again by *Study*, but not many of the last, though indeed sufficient of every kinde to make the people pray for the *Egyptian Locusts*, and *caterpillars*, in exchange for that *Vermine*. Why then, quoth the *Necromancer*, if there be such *Plagues* abroad, I think I had best even keep where I am. It is with *Justice*, said I, as with *sick men*: In time past, when we had fewer *Doctors* (as well of *Law* as of *Physick*) we had more *right*, and more *health*; but we are now destroyed by *multitudes* and *consultations*, which serve to no other end, than to enflame both the *distemper*, and the *reckoning*.

Justice, as well as *Truth*, went naked, *In the days of Old*, one single *Book of Laws and Ordinances*, was enough for the best ordered Government in the World: but the *Justice of our Age*, is tricked up with *Bills, Parchments, writs, and Labels*; and furnished with Millions of *Codes, Digests, Pandects, Pleadings, and Reports*: And what is their use, but to make *wrangling a Science*; and to embroil us in *Seditions, Suits, and endless Trouble and Confusion*. We have had more *Books* published this last twenty years, than in a thousand before, and there hardly passes a *Term* without a new Author, in four or five Volumes at least under the Titles of *Glosses, Commentaries, Cases, Judgments, &c.* And the great strife is, who writes *most*, not *best*: So that the whole Bulk, is but a *Body* without a *Soul*, and fitter for a *Church-yard* than a *Study*. To say the truth, these *Lawyers and Solicitors*, are but so many *Smooth Merchants, Sellers of wind, and Troublers of the Publick Peace*. If there were no *Attorneys*, there would be no *Suits*; if no *Suits*, no *cheats*, no *Serjeants*, no *Catchpoles*, no *Prisons*; if no *Prisons*, no *Judges*; no *Judges*, no *Passion*; no *Passion*, no *Bribery* or *Subordination*.

See now what a train of *Mischeifs* one wretched *Petty-fagger* draws after him! If you go to him for *Counsel*, he hears your *Story*, reads your *Case*, and tells you very gravely: Sir, this is a *Nice-point*, and would be well handled; We will see what the *Law* says. And then he runs ye over with his eye and finger, a matter of a *Hundred Volumes*, grumbling all the while, like a *Cat* that *Claws* in her play, betwixt *jest* and *earnest*. At last, down

comes the Book, he shews the Law, bids you leave your Papers, and he'll study the Question. But your Cause is very good (says he) by what I see already, and if you'l come again in the *Evening*, or *to morrow Morning*, I'll tell ye more. But, pardon me, Sir, now I think on't, I am retain'd upon the business of the *Fens*, it cannot be till *Monday next*, and then I'm for ye. When ye are to part, and that you come to the Greasing of his Fist; (the best thing in the World both for the Wit and Memory) *Good Lord! Sir* (saies he) *what do you mean? I beseech you Sir; Nay praye Sir*, and if he spies you drawing back, the Paw opens, seizes the *Guineys*, and *Good morrow Country-man*; sayst thou me so? (quoth the good Fellow in the Glas) stop me up close again as thou lov'st me then: for the very Air of these Rascals will poison me, if ever I put my head out of this Bottle, till the whole Race of them be extinct. In the mean time, take this for a Rule: *He that would thrive by Law, must see his Enemies Counsel as well as his own.*

But now ye talk of great Cheats; what News of the *Venetians*? Is *Venice* still in the World or no? *In the world*, do ye say? Yes, marry is't (said I). and stands just where it did. Why then, quoth he, I prethee give it to the Devil from me, as a Token of my Love; for 'tis a Present equal to the severest Revenge. Nothing can ever destroy that Republick but Conscience; and then you'l say 'tis like to be Long-liv'd; for if every man had his own, it would not be left worth a *Groat*. To speak freely, 'tis an odd kind of *Common-wealth*. 'Tis the very *Arse-gut*, the *Drain* and *Sink* of *Monarchies*, both in War and Peace. It helps the *Turk* to Vex the *Christians*, and the *Christians* to Gall the *Turk*, and main-

tains it self to torment both. The *Inhabitants* are neither *Moors* nor *Christians*, as appears by a *Venetian Captain*, in a *Combat* against a *Christian Enemy*: Stand to't my masters (says he) Ye were *Venetians* before ye were *Christians*.

Enough, enough of this, cry'd the *Necromancer*, and tell me, how stand the people affected? what *Malecontents* and *Mutineers*? *Mutiny* (said I) is so Universal a Disease, that every Kingdom is (in effect) but a Great Hospital, or rather a Bedlam (for all men are mad) to entertain the Disaffected. There's no stirring for me then (quoth the *Necromancer*) but pray'e commend me however to those busie Fools, and tell them, that carry what Face they will, there's *Vanity* and *Ambition* in the Pad. *Kings* and *Princes* have their Nature much of *Quick-silver*. They are in perpetual *Agitation*, and without any *Repose*. Press them too hard, (that is to say beyond the bounds of *Duty* and *Reason*) and they are lost. Ye may observe, that your *Guilders*, and great *Dealers* in *Quick-Silver*, are generally troubled with the *Palsie*; and so should all *Subjects* tremble, that have to do with *Majesty*, and better to do it at first, out of *Respect*, than afterward, upon *Force* and *Necessity*.

But before I fall to pieces again, as you saw me e'en now (for better so than worse) I beseech you One word more, and it shall be my Last. *Who's King of Spain now*? You know (said I) that *Philip* the 3d is dead: Right (quoth he) A Prince of *Incomparable Piety* and *Virtue*, (or my Stars deceive me) After him (said I) came *Philip* the 4th. If it be so (quoth he) Break, break my Bottle immediately, and help me out; for I am resolv'd to try my *Fortune* in the

the World once again, under the Reign of that Glorious Prince. And with that word, he dash'd the Glass to pieces against a Rock, crept out of his Cave, and away he ran. I had a good mind to have kept him Company; but as I was just about to start, Let him go, let him go, cry'd one of the Dead; (and laid hold of my Arm) He has *devillish heels*, and you'l never overtake him.

So I staid, and what should I see next? but a wondrous Old Man, whose Name might have been *Bucephalus* by his *Head*, and the Hair on his Face might very well have stuff'd a Couple of Cushions: take him together, and you'l find his Picture in the Map among the *Savages*. I need not tell ye, that I stared upon him sufficiently; and he taking notice of it, came to me, and told me; Friend (says he) My Spirit tells me that you are now in *pain* to know who I am; Understand, that my name is *Nostradamus*. Are you the Author then (quoth I) of that *Gallimaufry of Prophecies* that's publisht in your Name? *Gallimaufry* say'st thou? Impudent and Barbarous Rascal that thou art; to despise Mysteries that are above thy reach, and to Revile the Secretary of the Stars, and the Interpreter of the Destinies; Who is so Brutal as to doubt the Meaning of these Lines?

*From second Causes, This I gather,
Nought shall befall us, Good, or Ill,
Either upon the Land or Water,
But what the Great Disposer will.*

Reprobated, and besotted Villains, that ye are! what greater blessing could betide the world, than the

the Accomplishment of this Prophecy? would it not *establiſh* Juſtice and Holineſs, and ſuppreſs all the vile ſuggeſtions and motions of the Devil? Men would not then any longer ſet their hearts upon Avarice, Cozening and Extortion; and make Money their God; That Vagabond Money, that's perpetually trotting up and down like a wandering Whore, and takes up moſt commonly with the unworthy, leaving the *Philophers* and *Prophets*, which are the very *Oracles* of the *Heavens* (ſuch as *Noſtradamus*) to go bare-foot. But let's go on with our *Prophecies*, and ſee if they be ſo frivolous and dark, as the World reports them,

*when the marry'd ſhall Marry,
Then the Jealous will be ſorry.
And though Fools will be talking,
To keep their tongues walking;
No man runs well I find,
But with's Elbows behind.*

This gave me ſuch a Fit of Laughing, that it made me caſt my noſe up into the Air, like a Stone-Horſe that hath got a Mare in the Wind: Which put the *Aſtrologer* out of all patience. Buffon, and Dog-whelp, as ye are, (quoth he) There's a bone for you to pick; you muſt be ſnarling and snapping at every thing. Will your Teeth ſerve you now to fetch out the Marrow of this Propheſie? Hear then in the Devils name, and be mannerly. Hear, and Learn I ſay, and let's have no more of that Grinning, unleſs ye have a mind to leave your Beard behind ye. Do you imagine that all that are *Marri'd Marry*? No, nor the one half of them. When you are *Marri'd*

Married, the Priest has done his part; but after that, to Marry, is to do the duty of a Husband. Alack! How many Married men live as if they were single; and how many Bachelors on the other side, as if they were Married! after the mode of the Times. And wedlock to divers Couples, is no other than a more sociable state of Virginity. Here's one half of my Prophecy expounded already, now for the Rest. Let me see you run a little for Experiment, and try if you carry your Elbows before or behind. You'll tell me perhaps, that this is ridiculous, because everybody knows it. A pleasant shift: As if Truth were the worse for being plain. The things indeed that you deliver for Truths, are for the most part meer Fooleries and Mistakes; and it were a hard matter to put Truth in such a Dress as would please ye. What have ye to say now, either against my Prophecy or my Argument? not a Syllable I warrant ye, and yet somewhat there is to be said, for There's no Sale without an Exception. Does not the Physician carry his Elbow before him, when he puts back his hand to take his Patients Monie? And away he's gone in a Trice, so soon as he has made his Purchase. But to proceed, here's another of my Prophecies for ye,

*Many women shall be Mothers,
And their Babbies,
Their N'own Daddies.*

What say ye to this now? are there not many Husbands do ye think (if the truth were known) that father more Children than their own? Believe me Friend) A man had need have good security up-

on a womans Belly, for Children are commonly made in the *Dark*, and 'tis no easie matter to know the *Workman*, especially having nothing but the woman's bare word for't. This is meant of the Court of *Assistance*; and whoever interprets my *Prophecies* to the prejudice of any Person of Honour, abuses me. You little think what a world of our Gay Folks in their *Coaches* and *six horses*, with *Lacquies* at their heels by the dozens, will be found at the last Day, to be only the *Bastards* of some *Pages*, *Gentlemen-Ushers*, or *Valets de Chambre* of the Family; nay perchance the *Physician* may have had his hand in the wrong *Box*, and in case of a necessity, good Ue has been made of a *Lusty Coachman*. Little do you think I say, how many Noble Families upon that Grand Discovery, will be found extinct for want of Issue.

I am now convinc'd (said I to the *Mathematician*) of the excellency of your *Predictions*; and I perceive (since you have been pleas'd to be your own Interpreter) that they have more weight in them than we are aware of. Ye shall have one more (quoth he) and I have done.

*This Year, if I ve any skill i'th Weather,
Shall many a one take Wing with a Feather.*

I dare say, that your wit will serve ye now to imagine, that I'm talking of *Rooks* and *Jack-daws*; but I say, No. I speak of *Lawyers*, *Attorneys*, *Clerks*, *Scriveners*, and their Fellows, that with the Dash of a Pen, can defeat their *Clients* of their *Estates*, and fly away with them when they have done.

Upon these words *Nostradamus* Vanish'd, and some body plucking me behind, I turn'd my face up

the most meager, melancholick Wretch that ever was seen, and cover'd all in white. For pity's sake, says he, and as you are a good Christian, do but deliver me from the *persecution* of these *Impertinents* and *Bablers*, that are now tormenting me, and I'll be your Slave for ever (casting himself at my Feet in the same Moment; and crying like a Child.) And what art thou (quoth I) for a miserable Creature? I am, says he, an Ancient, and an Honest man, although defam'd with a thousand Reproaches and Slanders: And, in fine some call me *Another*, and others *Some Body*, and doubtless ye cannot but have heard of me. As *Some-body* sayes, cries one, that has nothing to say for himself; and yet till this Instant, I never so much as open'd my mouth. The *Latines* call me *Quidam*, and make good use of me to fill up Lines, and stop Gaps. When you go back again into the World, I pray'e do me the Favour to own that you have seen me, and to justifie me for one that never did, and never will, either speak or write any thing, whatever some Tatling Ideots may pretend. When they bring me into *Quarrells* and *Brawls*, I am call'd forsooth, a *certain Person*: In their *Intrigues*, I *know not who*: and in the Pulpit. *A certain Author*: and all this to make a Mystery of my Name, and lay all their Fooleries at my door. Wherefore beseech ye help me; which I promis'd to do. And so this Vision withdrew to make place for another.

And that was the most frightful piece of *Antiquity* that ever Eye beheld, in the shape of an *Old Woman*. She came nodding towards me, and in a hollow, Ratling Tone (for she spoke more with her *Shops* than her *Tongue*) Prays (says she) *Is there*

nor

not some body come lately hither from the other World? This Apparition, thought I, is undoubtedly one of the *Devils Scare-crows*. Her *Eyes* were sunk in their *Sockets*, that they lookt like a pair of *Dice* in the bottom of a couple of *Red-boxes*. Her *Cheeks* and the *Soles* of her *Feet* were of the same *Complexion*. Her *mouth* was pale, and open too, the better to receive the *Distillations* of her *Nose*. Her *Chin* was covered with a kind of *Goose-Down*, as toothless as a *Lamprey*; and the *Flaps* of her *Cheeks* were like an *Apes Bags*; her *Head* danced, and her *Voice* at every word kept *Time* to't. Her *Body* wasvail'd, or rather wrapt up in a shroud of *Crope*. She had a *Crutch* in one hand, which serv'd her for a *Supporter*; and a *Rosary* in't other, of such a length, that as she stood stooping over it, a man would have thought she had been fishing for *Deaths Heads*. When I had done gaping upon this *Epitome* of *passages*; *Hola! Grannum* (quoth I, good lustily in her Ear, taking for granted that she was deaf) what's your pleasure with me? with that she gave a Grunt, and being much in wrath to be called *Grannum*, clapp'd a fair pair of *Spectacles* upon her *Nose*, and pinking through them; I am, quoth she, neither *Deaf*, nor *Grannum*; but may be called by my Name as well as my Neighbours, (giving to understand, that Women will take it ill to be called *Old*, even in their very *Graves*.) As she spake, she still came nearer me, with her *Eyes* dropping, and the smell about her perfectly of a *Dead body*. I begg'd her pardon for what was past, and for the future her Name, that I might be sure to keep my self within the *Bounds* of *Respect*. I am call'd (says she) *Douegna*, or *Madam the Governante*. How's that? quoth I, in a great

amazement. Have ye any of those Cattle in this Countrey? Let the inhabitants pray heartily for Peace there; and all little enough to keep them quiet. But to see my mistake now, I thought the *Women* had died, when they came to be *Gouvernantes*, and that for the punishment of a wicked world, the *Gouvernantes* had been *Immortal*. But I am now better informed, and very glad truly to meet with a person I have heard so much talk of. For with us, who but *Madame the Gouvernante*, at every turn? Do ye see that *Mumping Hag*, cries one? Come here ye *Damned Jade*, cries another. That *Old Band*, says a third, hath forgotten, I warrant ye, that ever she was a *Whore*, and now see, if we do not remember ye: You do so, and I am in your debt for your remembrance: The *Great Devil* be your *Pay-master*, ye *Son of a Whore*, you: Are there no more *Gouvernantes* than my self? Sure there are, and ye may have your choice without affronting me. Well, well (said I) have a little patience, and at my return, I will try if I can put things in better order. But in the mean time, what business have you here? Her Reverence upon this was, a little qualified, and told me, That she had now been *Eight hundred years in Hell*, upon a design to erect an Order of the *Gouvernantes*; but the *Right Worshipful the Devil-Commissioners*, are not as yet come to any Resolution upon the Point. For say they, if your *Gouvernantes* should come once to settle here, there would need no other Tormentors, and we should be but so many *Jacks out of Office*. And besides, we should be perpetually at *Daggers-drawing*, about the *Brands* and *Candle-Ends*, which they would still be filching, and laying

out of the way ; and for us to have our fewel to seek, would be very inconvenient. I have been in *Purgatory* too (the said) upon the same project, but there so soon as ever they set eye on me, all the Souls cried out unanimously, *Libera nos, &c.* As for *Heaven*, that is no place for *Quarrels, Slanders, Disquiets, Heart-burnings*, and consequently, none for me. The *Dead* are none of my friends neither, for they grumble, and bid me let them alone, as they do me ; and be gone into the World again, if it please ; and there (they tell me) I may play the *Gouvernante in secula seculorum*. But truly, I had rather be here at my ease, than spend my life cumppling, and brooding over a Carpet at a Bed-side, like a thing of Clouts, to secure the Poultry of the Family from strange Cocks, which would now and then have a Brush with a Virgin Pullet, but for the care of the *Gouvernantes*. And yet it is she, good woman, bears all the blame, in case of any miscarriages. The *Gouvernante* was presently of the Plot, if she had a feeling in the Cause, a finger in the Pye. And it is she, in fine, that must answer for all. Let but a Sock, an old Handkercher, the greasie Lining of a Mask, for any such frippery piece of business, be missing ; ask the *Gouvernante* for this, or for that. And in short, they take us certainly for so many *Storks and Ducks*, to gather up all the filth about the house. The *Servants* took upon us as *Spies and Tell-Tales*. My *Cousin*, forsooth, and others *Aunt* dares not come to the house, for fear of the *Gouvernante*. And indeed, I have made many of them cross themselves that took me for a ghost. Our *Masters* they call us too, for embroiling the family : So that I have rather chosen to take up here, betwixt the *Dead* and

the *Living*, than to return again to my charge of a *Doëgna*, the very sound of the name being more terrible than a Gibbet; as appears by one that was lately travelling from *Madrid* to *Vailladolid*, and asking where he might lodge that night. Answer was made, at a small Village called *Doëgnas*. But is there no other place (quoth he) within some reasonable distance, either short, or beyond it? They told him, no, unless it were at a *Gallows*. That shall be my *quarter* then (quoth he) for a *Thousand Gibbets* are not so bad to me, as one *Doëgnas*. Now ye see how we are abused (quoth the *Gouvernante*) I hope you will do us some right, when it lies in your power.

She would have talked me to Death, if I had not given her the slip upon the removing of her Spectacles; but I could not escape so neither, for looking about me for a Guide to carry me home again, I was arrested by one of the *Dead*; a good proper Fellow, onely he had a pair of *Rams-horns* on his head, and I was about to salute him for *Aries* in the *Zodiack*: But when I saw him plant himself, just before me, with his *best Leg* forward, stretching out his Arms, Clutching his Fists, and looking as Sour, as if he would have eaten me without *Mustard*. Doubtless (said I) *The Devil is dead, and this is he*. No, no, cried a by-stander, This is a man. Why then, said I, he is drunk, I perceive, and *quarrelsome in his Ale*, for here is no body has touched him. With that, as he was just ready to fall on, I stood to my guard, and we were armed at all points alike, onely he had the odds of the Head-piece. Now, Sirrah, (says he) *be at ye*, Slave that you are, to make a trade of defaming Persons of Honor. By the *Death* that com-

mands here, I will have my Revenge, and *turn your skin over your ears*. This insolent language stirred my Choler, I confess, and so I called to him; *Come, come on, Sirrah; a little nearer yet; and if ye have a minde to be twice killed, I will do your business. Who the Devil brought this Cornuto hither to trouble me?* The word was no sooner out, but we were immediately at it, Tooth and Nail; and if his Horns had not been flatted to his head, I might have had the worst on it. But the whole Ring presently came in to part us, and did me a singular kindness in it, for my adversary had a Fork, and I had none. As they were *staving and tailing*, you might have had more manners (cried one) than to give such language to your betters, and to call *Don Diego Moreno Cuckold*. And is this that *Diego Moreno* then, said I? Rascal that he is to charge me with abusing persons of Honor. A Scoundrel (said I) that it is a shame for Death to be seen in his Company, and was never fit for any thing in his whole life, but to furnish matter for a Farce. And that is my grievance, Gentlemen, (quoth *Don Diego*) for which, with your leave, he shall give me satisfaction. I do not stand upon the matter of being a Cuckold, for there is many a brave fellow lives in *Cuckolds-Row*. But why does he not name others, as well as me? As if the Horn grew upon no Bodys Head, but mine: I am sure there are others, that a thousand times better deserve it. I hope, he cannot say that ever I gored any of my Superiors; or that my being *Cornuted*, has raised the price of *Post-horns*, *Lawthorns*, or *Pocket-Ink-Horns*. Are not *Shoehorns*, and *Knife-handles*, as cheap now as ever

Why must I walk the stage then more than my Neighbors? Beyond question, there never lived a more peaceable Wretch upon the face of the Earth, all things considered, than my self. Never was man freer from *Jealousie*, or more careful to step aside at the time of Visit; for I was ever against the spoiling of sport, when I could make none my self. I confess, I was not so charitable to the poor as I might have been; the truth of it is, I watcht them as a Cat would do a Mouse, for I did not love them. But then in requital, I could have out-snorted the Seven Sleepers, when any of the better sort came to have a word in private with my Wife. The short of it is, We agreed blessedly well together, she and I; for I did whatever she would have me; and she would say a Thousand, and a thousand times, *Long live my poor Diego, the best conditioned, the most complaisant Husband in the World; whatever I do, is well done, and he never so much as opens his mouth, good or bad.* But by her leave, that was little to my credit, and the Jade when she said it, was beside the Cushion. For many, and many a time, have I said, *This is well, and that is ill.* When there came any *Poets* to our house, *Fidlers* or *Morrice-Dancers*, I would say, *This is not well.* But when the rich *Merchants* came; *Oh very good,* would I say, *This is as well as well can be.* Sometime we had the hap to be visited by some *Pennyless Courtier*, or *Low-Country Officer* perchance; then should I take her aside, and rattle her to some tune: *Sweet-hearts*, would I say, *Pray ye what have ye to do with these Frippery fellows, and Damme Boys, shake them off, I would advise ye, and take this for a warning.* But when any came that had to do with the

Mint or *Chequer*, and spent freely, (for lightly come, lightly go) *I marry, my Dear* (quoth I) *there is nothing to be lost, by keeping such company.* And what hurt in all this now? Nay, on the contrary, my poor Wife enjoyed her self happily under the protection of my shadow, and being a *Femme Converté*, not an Officer durst come near her. Why should then this *Buffon* of a *Poetaster*, make me still the *ridiculous Entertainment* of all his *Interludes* and *Farces*, and *the Fool in the Play*? By your Favor (quoth I) we are not yet upon even terms; and before we part, you shall know what it is to provoke a *Poet*. If thou wert but now alive; I would write thee to *Death*, as *Archilocus* did *Lycambes*. And I am resolved to put the History of thy Life in a Satyre, as sharp as Vinegar, and give it the name of, *The Life and Death of Don Diego Moreno*. It shall go hard, quoth he, but I will prevent that, and so we fell to it again, Hand and Foot, till at length the very fancy of a scuffle waked me, and I found my self as weary, as if it had been a real Combar. I began then to reflect upon the particulars of my Dream, and to consider what advantage I might draw from it; for the *Dead* are past fooling, and *those are the soundest Counsels, which we receive from such as advise us without either Passion or Interest.*

The end of the second Vision.

THE
THIRD VISION
OF THE
LAST JUDGMENT.

Homer makes *Jupiter*, the Author or Inspirer of Dreams; especially, the Dreams of Princes and Governours; and if the matter of them be pious and important. And it is likewise the Judgment of the Learned *Propertius*, *That good Dreams come from above, have their weight, and ought not to be slighted.* And truly, I am much of his mind, in the case of a Dream I had the other night. As I was reading a Discourse touching the *End of the World*, I fell asleep over the Book, and dream'd of *The last Judgment*, (a thing, which in the House of a Poet, is scarce admitted so much as in a Dream.) This phantse minded me of a passage in *Claudian*; *That all Creatures dream at Night, of what they have heard and seen in the Day. As the Hound dreams of hunting the Hare.*

Methought I saw a very handsome Youth towering in the Air, and sounding of a Trumpet; but the forcing of his breath, did indeed take off much of his Beauty. The very Marbles, I perceiv'd, and the Dead obeyed his Call; for in the same moment, the Earth began to open, and set the Bones at liberty to seek their fellows. The first that appeared, were *Sword-men*; as *Generals of Armies, Captains,*

Lientenants, Common-Soldiers; who supposing that it had sounded a Charge, came out of their Graves with the same briskness and resolution, as if they had been going to an Assault or a Combat. The *Misers* put their Heads out, all Pale and Trembling, for fear of a Plunder. The *Cavaliers* and *Good Fellows*, believed they had been going to a Horse-race, or a Hunting match. And in fine, though they all heard the Trumpet, there was not any Creature knew the meaning of it (for I could read their thoughts, by their looks and gestures.) After this, there appeared a great many Souls; whereof some came up to their Bodies, though with much difficulty and horror: Others stood wondring at a distance, not daring to come near so hideous and frightful a Spectacle. This wanted an Arm, that an Eye, the other a Head. Upon the whole, though I could not but smile at the Prospect of so strange a variety of Figures; yet was it not without just matter of Admiration at the All-powerful Providence, to see Order drawn out of Confusion, and every part restored to the right Owner. I dreamt my self then in a Church-Yard; and there, methought, divers that were loth to appear, were changing of Heads; and an Attorney would have Demurred, upon Pretence, that he had got a Soul was none of his own, and that his Body and Soul were not fellows.

At length, when the whole Congregation came to understand, that this was the Day of Judgment, it was worth the while, to observe what shifting and shuffling there was among the wicked. The Epicure and Whoremaster would not own his Eyes, nor the slanderer his Tongue, because they would be sure to appear

appear in evidence against them. The *Pick-Pockets* ran away as hard as they could drive from their own *Fingers*. There was one that had been Embalmed in *Egypt*, and staying for his *Tripes*, an Old Usurer asked him, if the *Bags* were to rise with the *Bodies*? I could have laught at this Question, but I was presently taken up with a croud of *Cut-purses*, running full speed from their own ears (that were offered them again) for fear of the sad stories they expected to hear. I saw all this from a convenient standing; and in the instant, There was an Outcry at my feet, *Withdraw, withdraw*. The word was no sooner given, but down I came, and immediately a great many handsome *Ladies* put forth their heads, and called me Clown, for not paying them that Respect and Ceremony which belonged to their Quality (now you must know, that the *Women* stand upon their Pantoffles, even in Hell it self.) They seemed at first very Gay and Frolick; and truly, well enough pleased to be seen naked, for they were *clean skinned*, and *well made*. But when they came to understand, that this was *The great Day of Accompt*, their Consciences took check, and all the jollitie was dasht in a moment: Whereupon they took to the *Valley*, miserably Listless and out of Humor. There was one among the rest, that had had *Seven Husbands*, and promised every one of them never to marry again, for she could never love any thing else she was sure: This Lady was casting about for Fetches and Excuses, and what answer she should make to that point. Another that had been as Common as *Ratcliff High-way*, would *neither Lead nor Drive*, and stood *Huming* and *Hawing* a good while, pretending she had forgot her *Night-Geer*, and such Fooleries;

Fooleries; but spight of her heart, she was brought
 at last with'in sight of the Throne; where she found
 a world of her old Acquaintance that she had car-
 ried part of their way to Hell; who had no sooner
 set Eye on her, but they tell a *Pointing* and *Hou-*
ing, so that she took up her heels, and Herded her
 self in a Troop of *Serjeants*. After this, I saw
 many People driving a *Physician* along the bank of a
 River, and these were only such as he had unneces-
 sarily dispatht before their time. They follow'd him
 with Cries of *Justice, Justice*, and forc'd him on
 toward the *Judgment-seat*, where they arriv'd in
 the end with much ado. While this pass'd, I heard
 methought, upon my left hand, a *paddling* in the wa-
 ter, as if one had been Swimming: and what should
 this be, but a *Judge* in the middle of a River, washing
 and rinsing his hands, over and over. I askt him the
 meaning of it; and he told me, that *in his life time*
he had been often dawb'd in the Fist, to make the bu-
siness slip the better, and he would willingly get on
the Grease before he came to hold up his hand at the
Bar. There follow'd next a Multitude of *Vintners*
 and *Tailors*, under the Guard of a Legion of *Devils*,
 arm'd with *Rods, Whips, Cudgels*, and other Instru-
 ments of Correction: and these Counterfeited them-
 selves *Deaf*, and were very loth to leave their Graves
 for fear of a worse lodging. As they were passing on,
 up started a little *Lawyer*, and askt whicher they
 were going; They made answer, that they were
 going to give an accompt of their Works. With that
 the *Lawyer* threw himself flat upon his Belly in his
 hole again: if I am to go downward at last, (says he)
 I am, thus much onward of my way. The *Vintners*
 sweat as he walkt, till one drop followed another
 that

that is well done cryed a *Devil* at his Elbow, to purge out thy water, that we may have none in our Wine. There was a *Taylor* wrapt up in *Sarcenets*, *Crook-fingered* and *Baker-leg'd*, spake not one word all the way he went, but *Alas! Alas!* how can any man be a *theif* that dies for want of Bread? But his companions gave him a Rebuke for Discrediting his trade. The next that appeared were a *Band of Highway men*, following upon the Heels one of another, in great Distrust and Jealousie of thieves among themselves. These were fetcht up by a Party of Devils in the turning of a hand, and lodg'd with the *Taylor*s; for (said one of the Company) your *High-way-man* is but a *Wild Taylor*. They were a little Quarrellome at first, but in the Conclusion, they went down into the Valley, and Kennel'd quietly together. After these came *Folly*, with her Gang of *Poets*, *Fidlers*, *Lovers*, and *Fencers*: the People of all the World, that Dream the least of a day of Reckoning; These were disposed of among the *Hangmen*, *Jews*, *Scribes*, and *Philosophers*. There were also a great many *Sollicitors* wondring among themselves, that they should have so much *Conscience* when they were *Dead*, and none at all *Living*. In fine, the word was given, *Silence*.

The *Throne* being erected, and the *Great Day* come: a Day of *Comfort* to the *Good*, and of *Terror* to the *Wicked*. The Sun and the Stars waited on the Foot-stool; the wind was still; the water quiet; the Earth in *suspense* and *anguish* for fear of her *Children*: And in brief, the whole Creation was in *Anxiety* and *Disorder*. The *Righteous* they were employ'd in *Prayers* and *Thanksgivings*, and the *Un-
godly* in framing of *Shifts* and *Evasions*, to Extenuate

ate their Pains. The *Guardian Angels* were at hand, on the one side to acquit themselves of their Duties and Commissions. And on the other side, were the *Devils* hunting for more matters of Aggravation and Charge against Offenders. The *Ten Commandments* had the Guard of a *Narrow Gate*, which was so strait, that the most mortify'd body could not pass it, without leaving a good part of his skin behind him.

On one hand, there were in Multitudes, *Disgraces*, *Misfortunes*, *Plagues*, *Griefs*, and *Troubles*; All in a Clamour against the *Physicians*. The *Plague* confessed indeed, she had struck many; but 'twas the *Doctor* did their business. *Melancholy* and *Disgrace* said the like; and *Misfortunes* of all sorts made open Protestation, that they never brought any man to his Grave, without the help and Advice of a *Doctor*. So that the *Gentlemen* of the *Faculty* were call'd to Account for those they had kill'd. They took their places upon a Scaffold, with Pen, Ink, and Paper about them; and still, as the Dead were call'd, some or other of them answered to the Name, and declared the Year and Day when such a Patient passed through his Hind.

They began the inquiry at *Adam*, who, methought, was severely handled about an Apple. Alas! (cry'd *Judas*, that was by) if that were such a fault, what will become of me that sold and betray'd my Lord and Master? Next came the *Patriarchs*, and then the *Apostles*, who took their places by Saint *Peter*. It was worth the Noting, that at this Day there was no Distinction between *Kings* and *Beggars*, before the *Judgment-seat*. *Herod* and *Pilate*, so soon as they put out their Heads, found it was like

go hard with them. My Judgment is just (quoth *Pilate*.) Alack ! (cry'd *Herod*) What have I o trust to? *Heaven* is no place for me, and in *Limbo* I should fall among the Innocents I have Murder'd; so that without more ado I must even take up my Lodging in *Hell*: the Common Receptacle of notorious Malefactors.

There came in immediately upon this, a kind of Towre, rough-hewn fellow; Look ye (says he) stretching out his arm, here are my Letters. The Company wonder'd at the Humour, and askt the Porter what he was; which he himself over-hearing, I am (quoth he) a *Master of the Noble Science of Defence*: and plucking out several seal'd Parchments, These, said he, are the Attestations of my Exploits. At which word all his *Testimonials* fell out of his hand, and a couple of Devils would fain have whipt them up, to have brought them in Evidence against him at his *Trial*; but the Fencer was too Nimble for them, and took them up himself. At which time, an *Angel* offer'd him his hand to help him in; but he, for fear of an *Attaque*, leapt a step backward, and with great agility, *alonging* withall. Now (says he) if ye think fit, I'll give ye a taste of my skill. The Company fell a laughing, and this Sentence was past upon him; *That since by his Rules of Art he had occasioned so many Duels and Murders, He should himself go to the Devil by a perpendicular Line*. He pleaded for himself, that he was no *Mathematician*, and knew no such Line: but while the word was in his mouth, a Devil came up to him, gave him a turn and a half, and down he tumbled.

After him, came the *Treasurers*, and such a Cry following them, for Cheating and Stealing; that some

some said, the *Thieves* were coming; Others said No. And the Company was divided upon't. They were much troubled at the word, *Thieves*, and desired the Benefit of Counsel to plead their Cause. And very good Reason (said one of the *Devils*) Here's a *Discarded Apostle*, that has Executed both Offices. Let them take him, where's *Judas*? When the *Treasurers* heard that, they turn'd aside, and by chance spy'd in a Devil's hand, a huge Roll of *Accusation* ready drawn into a formal *Charge* against them. With that, One of the boldest among them: *Away* cry'd he, with these *Informations*; Wee rather come to a Fine and Compound, though it were for ten, or twenty Thousand years in *Purgatory*. Ha! ha! quoth the Devil, a cunning Snap that drew up the Charge, If ye are upon those terms, ye are hard put to't. Whereupon the *Treasurers*, being brought to a forc't Put, were e'en glad to make the best of a bad Game, and follow the Fencer.

These were no sooner gone, but in came an unlucky *Pastry-man*; They ask't him, if he would be try'd. That's e'en as't hits; (said he) At that word the Devil that manag'd the Cause against him, produced his Charge, and laid it home to him, that he had put off *Catts* for *Hares*; and filled his *Pyes* with *Bacon* instead of *Flesh*; and and not only so, but that he had sold *Horse-flesh*, *Dogs* and *Foxes*, for *Beef* and *Mutton*. Upon the Issue, it was prov'd against him that *Noah* never had so many *Animals* in his *Ark*; and this poor fellow had put in his *Pyes*, (for we read of no *Rats* and *Mice* there) so that he e'en gave up his Cause, and went away to see if his *Oven* were hot. Next, came the *Philosophers* with their *Syllogisms*; and it was no ill Entertainment, to hear them *Chop*

ogick, and put all their *Expostulations*, in *Mood* and *Figure*. But the pleasantest people in the World, were the *Poets*; who insisted upon it, that they were to be try'd by *Jupiter*: And to the Charge of *Worshipping false Gods*, their Answer was, that through them they worshipt the *True One*, and were rather mistaken in the *Name*, than in the *worship*. *Virgil* had much to say for himself, for his *Sicelides Muse*: But *Orpheus* interrupted him; who being the *Father of the Poets*, desir'd to be heard for them all. What, *He*? (cry'd one of the Devils) Yes; for teaching that *Boyes* were better *Bedfellows* than *Wench*s; But the *Women* had comb'd his *Coxcomb* for him, if they could have catch'd him. *Away with him to Hell once again*, then they cry'd; and let him get out now if he can, So that they all fil'd off, and *Orpheus* was their Guide, because he had been there before. So soon as the *Poets* were gone, there knockt at the Gate a *Rich Penurious Chuff*; but it was told him, that the *Ten Commandments* kept it, and that he had not kept them. It is impissible, (quoth word) under favour, to prove that ever I broke any One of them. And so he went to Justifie himself from Point to Point: He had done this and that; and he had never done that, nor t'other; but in the End, he was deliver'd over to be rewarded according to his *Works*. And then came on a Company of *House-breakers* and *Robbers*: so Dextrous, some of them, that they sav'd themselves from the very *Ladder*. The *Scriveners* and *Attorneys* observing that; Ah I thought they; if we could but pass for *Thieves* now! And yet they set a Face good enough upon the business too: which made *Judas* and *Mahomet* hope well of themselves; for (said they) if any of these fellows

fellows come off, there's no fear of us: Whereupon they advanc'd boldly, with a Resolution to take their Tryal; Which set the *Devils* all a laughing. The *Guardian Angels* of the *Scriveners*, and *Attornies*, mov'd that the *Evangelists* might be of their Counsel; for (said they) we shall insist only upon the matter of *Fact*, and leave them without any possibility of *Reply*, or *Excuse*. We might indeed content ourselves with the bare proof of what they are; for 'tis Crime enough that they are *Scriveners* and *Attorneyes*. With that, the *Scriveners* deny'd their Trade, alledging that they were *Secretaries*; and the *Attornies* call'd themselves *Sollicitors*. All was said, in effect that the Case would bear; but the best part of their Plea was *Church-membership*. And in fine, after several *Replications* and *Rejoinders*, they were all sent to *Old Nick*; save only two or three, that found *Mercy*. Well (cry'd one of the *Scriveners*) *This 'tis to keep lewd Company!* The *Devils* called out then to clear the Bar, and said they should have occasion for the *Scriveners* themselves, to enter *Protestations* in the Quality of *Publick Notaries*, against Lawless and Disorderly people: but the poor wretches it seem'd, could not hear on that *Ear*. To say the truth, the *Christians* were much more troublesome than the *Pagans*, which the *Devils* took exceedingly Ill; but they had this to say for themselves, that they were *Christen'd* when they were *Children*, so that 'twas none of their fault, and their Parents must answer for't. *Judas* and *Mahomet* took such courage, when they saw two or three of the *Scriveners* and *Attorneys* say'd, that they were just upon the point of *Challenging their Clergy*; But they were prevented by the *Doctor* I told ye of, who was

set first to the *Bar*, in company with an *Apothecary*, and a *Barber*, when a certain *Devil*, with a great bundle of *Evidences* in his hand, informed the Court, that the greatest part of the *Dead* there present, were sent thither by the *Doctor* then at the *Bar*, in Confederacy with his *Apothecary* and *Barber*, to whom they were to acknowledge their Obligation for that fair Assembly. An *Angel* then interposing for the *Defendant*, recommended the *Apothecary* for a charitable person, and one that *Physicked the Poor for nothing*: No matter for that (cried the *Devil*,) for I have him in my Books, and am able to prove, that he has killed more people with *two little Boxes*, than the King of *Spain* has done with *Two thousand Barrels of Powder*, in the *Low-Country Wars*. All his Medicines are corrupted, and his Compositions hold a perfect Intelligence with the *Plague*: He has utterly unpeopled a Couple of his Neighbor Villages, in a matter of three weeks time. The *Doctor* he let flie upon the *Apothecary* too, and said; He would maintain against the whole College, that his *Prescriptions* were according to the *Dispensatory*; and if an *Apothecary* would play the *Knave*, or the *Fool*, and put in *this*, for *that*, he could not help it. So that without any more words, the *Apothecary* was put to the *Summer-salt*, and the *Doctor* and *Barber* were brought off at the Intercession of *St. Cosmus*, and *St. Damian*.

After these, came a *Dapper-Lawyer*, with a Tongue steeped in Oyl, and a great Master of his Words and Actions; a most exquisite *Flatterer*, and no man better skilled in the art of moving the Passions, than himself; or more ready at bolting a *Lucky Precedent* at a dead list; or at making the best of a bad

Cause; for he had all the shifts and starting-holes in the Law at his finger's ends. But all this would not serve, for the Verdict went against him, and he was ordered to pay Costs. In that instant, there was a discovery made of a fellow that hid himself in a Corner, and looked like a Spy. They asked him, what he was? He made answer, An *Empirick*. What (said a Devil,) My old friend *Pontaus*: A alas! Thou hadst Ten thousand times better be in *Covent-Garden* now, or at *Charing-Cross*; for upon my word, thou wilt have nothing to do here, unless perhaps, for an Oyntment for a Burn, or so: And so *Pontaus* went his way.

The next that appeared, were a company of *Vintners*, who were accused for *Adulterating*, and mingling water with their wines. Their Plea was, that in Compensation they had furnished the *Hospital* with *Communion-wine* that was right, upon *Free-cost*. But this excuse signified as little, as that of the *Tailors* there present, who suggested, That they had clothed so many *Fryers*, *Gratis*; and so they were dispatcht away together.

After these, followed a number of *Banquiers*, that had turned *Bankrupt*, to couzen their Creditors: who finding there several of their old Correspondents that they had reduced to a *Morsel of Bread*, began to treat of *Composition*. But one of the *Devils* presently cried out, All the rest have had enough to do to answer for themselves: But these people are reckoned for other mens scores, as well as their own. And hereupon, they were forthwith sent away to *Plaint* with Letters of Exchange. But, as it happened, at that time, the Devil was out of Cash.

After this, entered a *Spanish Cavalier*, as upright, as *Justice* it self. He was a matter of a quarter of an hour in his *Legs*, and *Reverences*, to the Company. We could see no Head he had, for his prodigious starcht Ruff, that stood staring up like a *Turkey-cocks Tail*, and covered it. In fine, it was so phantastick a Figure, that the Porter was gaping at it a good while, and asked, If it were a *Man*, or no? *It is a Man* (quoth the *Spaniard*) upon the Honor of a Cavalier, and his name is *Don Pedro Rhodomontadoso, &c.* He was so long a telling his Name, and Titles, that one of the *Devils* burst out laughing in the middle of his Pedigree, and demanded, *what he would be at.* *Glory* (quoth he.) Which they taking in the worse sense, for *Pride*, sent him away immediately to *Lucifer*. He was a little severe upon his Guides, for disordering his *Mustashoes*, but they helped him presently to a pair of *Beard-Irons*, and all was well again.

In the next place, came a Fellow, weeping and wailing; but my Masters (says he) my cause is never the worse for my crying; for if I would stand upon my merits, I could tell ye, that I have kept as good company, and had as much to do with the Saints, as another body. What have we here (cried one) *Dioclesian*, or *Nero*? For they had enough to do with the Saints, though it were but to persecute them. But upon the upshot, What was this poor Creature, but a small Officer, that swept the Church, and dusted the Images and Pictures. His charge was, for stealing the *Oyl* out of the *Lamps*, and leaving all in the dark; pretending, that the *Owls* and *Jack-daws* had drunk it up. He had a trick too of cloath-

ing himself out of the *church-habits*, which he got new dyed; and of *cruming his Porrege with consecrated Bread*, that he stole every Sunday. What he said for himself, I know not; but he had his *Mittimus*, and took the Left-hand way at parting.

With that, a voice was heard, *Make way there, clear the Passage*. And this was for a Bevy of handsome, buxome, *Bona Roba's*, in their Caps and Featheres, that came *dancing, laughing, and singing of Ballads and Lampoons*, and as merry as the day was long. But they quickly changed their note; for so soon as ever they saw the hideous looks of the Devils, they fell into violent Fits of the Mother; beating their Breasts, and tearing their Hair, with all the horror and fury imaginable. There was an Angel offered in their Favor, that they had been great frequenters of *Our Ladies Chappel*. Yes, yes, (cried a Devil) *less of her Chappel, and more of her Virtue*, would have done well. There was a notable Whipster, among the rest, that confest, the Devil had Reason: And then her tryal came on, for making a Cloak of a *Sacrament*; and onely *Marrying*, that she might play the *whore* with *Privilege*, and never want a *Father* for her *Disfards*. It was her fortune alone to be condemned; and going alone, Well! she cried. If I had thought it would have come to this, I should never have troubled my self with so many *Masses*.

And now, after long waiting, came *Judas* and *Mahomet* upon the Stage, and to them *Jack of Leyden*: Up comes an Officer, and asked, which of the Three was *Judas*? I am he, quoth *Jack of Leyden*.

Leyden. Nay, but I am *Judas*, cried *Mahomet*. They are a couple of *Lying Rascals*, says *Judas* himself, for I am the Man; onely the Rogues make use of my name to save their Credit. It is true, I sold my Master once, and the World has ever since been the better for it: But these Villains sell him and themselves too, every hour of the day, and there follows nothing but Misery and Confusion. So they were all Three packt away to their Disciples.

The Angel that kept the *Book*, found that the *Servants* and *Remembrancers* were to come on next; whereupon they were called, and appeared; but the Court was not much troubled with them, for they confest Guilty at first word; and so were tied up without any more ado.

The next that appeared, was an *Astrologer*, laden with *Almanacks*, *Globes*, *Astrolabes*, &c. making Proclamation as loud as he could bawl, that there must needs be a gross mistake in the reckoning; for *Saturn* had not finished his course, and the World could not be yet at an end. One of the *Devils* that saw how he came provided, and looked upon him as his own already. A Provident Slave (quoth he) I warrant him, to bring his firing along with him. But this I must needs tell ye, (says he to the *Mathematician*,) It is a strange thing, ye could create so many *Heavens* in your *Life*, and go to the *Devil* for want of one after your *Death*. Nay, *Going*, (cried the *Astrologer*) ye shall excuse me; but if you will carry me, *Well and good*. And immediately order was given to carry him away, and by the Porter.

70 *The third Vision of the Last Judgment.*

Hereupon, methought, the Court rose ; the Throne vanished ; the Shadows and Darknes withdrew ; the Air sweetned ; the Earth was covered with Flowers ; the Heavens clear : And then I waked not a little satisfied to finde that after all this, I was still in my Bed, and among the Living. The use I made of my Dream, was this, I betook my self presently to my *Prayers*, with a firm resolution of changing my Life, and putting my Soul into such a frame of *Piety* and *Obedience*, that I might attend the coming of the *Great Day* with *Peace* and *Comfort*.

The end of the third Vision.

THE
FOURTH VISION
OF
LOVING FOOLS.

ABout Four a Clock, in a Cold Frosty Morning; when it was much better being in a *warm Bed*, with a good *Bed-fellow*, than upon a *Biere* in the *Church-yard*: As I lay advising with my *Pillow*, Tumbling and Tossing a Thousand *Love-Toys* in my Head, I past from one *Phansie* to another, till at last, I fell into a slumber; and there appeared the *Genius* of *Disabuse*; laying before me all the *Follies* and *Vanities* of *Love*; and supporting her opinions, with great *Authorities* and *Reasons*. I was carried then (methought I knew not how) into a fair *Meadow*: A *Meadow*, pleasant and agreeable infinitely beyond the very fictions of your half-witted *Poets*, with all their far-fetcht *Gilding*, and *Enamellings* for a *Paper of Verses*, is worth nothing with them, unless they force *Nature* for it, and riddle both the *Judies*. This *Delicious Field* was watered with two *Rivulets*; the one *Bitter*, the other *Sweet*; and yet they mingled their streams with a pretty kinde of *Murmur*, equal perhaps to the best *Musick* in the *World*. The use of these *waters* was (as I observed) to temper the *Darts of Love*; for while I was upon the *Prospect* of the *Place*, I saw several of *Cupid's* little *Officers*, and *Subjects*, dipping of *Arrows* there, for their

Entertainment, and Ease. Upon this, I phancy'd my self in one of the Gardens of *Cyprus*, and that I saw the very *Hive* where the *Bee* liv'd that stung my *Young Master*, and occasion'd that Excellent Ode which *Anacreon* has written upon the Subject. The next thing I cast my Eye upon, was a *Palace* in the midst of the Meadow; a rare piece, as well for the *Structure* as *Design*. The *Porches* were of the *Doric Order*, excellently wrought; And the *Pedestals*, *Bases*, *Calumns*, *Cornishes*, *Capitals*, *Architraves*, *Freezes*, (and in short, the whole *Front* of the *Facade*) was Beautified with Imaginary *Trophies*, and *Triumphs* of Love, in *Half Relief*, which, as they were intermixt with other Phantastick works and Conceits, carry'd the face of several little *Histories*, and gave a great Ornament to the Building. Over the *Porch*, there was in Golden Letters, upon black Marble, this Inscription.

*This is call'd Fools Paradise,
From the Loving Fools that dwell in't:
Where the great Fools rule the less,
The Rest Obey, and all do well in't.*

The *Finishing* and *Materials* were pleasant to Admiration. The *Portal*, spacious, the *Doors*, always open, and the *House* free to all *Comers*, which were very many; the *Portier's* place was supply'd by a *Woman*; exquisitely handsome, both for *Face* and *Person*; Tall, *Delicately shap'd*, and set off with great Advantages of *Dress* and *Jewels*. She was made up, in fine, of *Charms*, and her *Name* (as I understood) was *Beauty*. She would let any man in to see the House for a *Look*; and that was all I paid for

my passage. In the first Court, I found a many of both Sexes, but so alter'd in Habit, and Countenance, that they could scarce know one another. They were *sad, pensive*, and their Complexions tainted with a yellow *Paleness* (which *Ovid* calls *Cupid's Livery*) There was no talk of being *True to Friends*, *Loyal to Superiours*, and *Dutiful to Parents*: But Kindred did the Office of *Procurers*, and *Procurers* were call'd *Cousins*. *Wives* lov'd their *Husbands*, *She Friends*, and *Husbands* did as much for *them*, in loving their Gallants.

While I was upon the Contemplation of these Encounters of Affection, their appear'd a strange *Extravagant Figure*, but in the likeness of a *Humane Creature*. It was neither perfectly *Man*, nor perfectly *Woman*, but had indeed a Resemblance of Both. This Person I perceiv'd was ever Busie, up and down, going and coming; beset all over with Eyes and Ears, and had one of the Craftiest distrustful Looks (methought) that ever I saw. And withal, (as I observ'd) no small Authority in the place, which made me enquire after this Creature's *Name* and *Office*. My *Name* (quoth she) for now it prov'd to be a *Woman*) is *Jealousie*, and methinks, you and I should be better acquainted, for how came you here else? However for your satisfaction, you are to understand that the greater part of the Distemper'd people you see here, are of my bringing; and yet I am not their *Physician* but their *Tormentor*; and serve only to *Aggravate*, and *Embitter* their *Misfortunes*. If you would know any thing further of the *House*, never ask me, for 'tis forty to one I shall tell you a lye; I have not told you half the Truth even of my self; and to deal plainly with you, I am made

made up of *Inventions, Artifice, and Imposture*: But the Good Old man that walks there, is the *Major Domo*, and will tell you all, if you will but bear with his slow way of Discourse.

Thereupon I went to the Good Man, whom I knew presently to be *Time*: and desir'd him to let me look into the several Quarters and Lodgings of the House, for there were some Fools of my Acquaintance there I'd fain Visit; He told me that he was at present so busie about making of *Candles, Cock-broths, and Gellies* for his Patients, that he could not stir; but yet he directed me where I might find all those I inquired for, and gave me the freedom of the House to walk at pleasure.

I past out of the *First Court*, into the *Maid's Quarter*, which was the very strongest part of the whole Building; and so't had need; for divers of the *young Wenches* were so extravagant and furious, that no other place would have held them. (The *Wives, and widows* were in another Room apart.) Here ye should have *One*, sobbing and raging with *Jealousie* of a *Rival*. There *Another*, *Stark mad* for a *Husband*; and inwardly bleeding because she durst not discover it. A *Third* was writing of Letters all *Riddle and Mystery*, Mending and Marring, till at last the Paper had more *blots* than *whole words* in it. *Some* were practising in the *Glass* the *Gracious Smile*, the *Royle* of the *Eye*, the *Velvet Lip*, &c. *Others* again were in a Diet of *Oatmeal, Clay, Chalk, Colo, Hard wax*, and the like. Some were conditioning with their Servants for a *Ball*, or a *Serenade*, that the whole Town might ring of the *Address*. Yes, yes, they cry'd, *Ten can go to the Park with this Lady, and to a Play with that Lady*.

and to Banstead with another Lady, and spend whole Nights at Beste or Ombre with my Lady Pen-Tweezel; but, by my Troth, I think you are asham'd to be seen in my Company, Some I saw upon the very point of Sealing and Delivering, I am Thine (crys one) and Thine alone, or let all the Devils in Hell, &c. But be sure you be Constant. If I be not (says he) let my Soul, &c. and the silly Jade believes him. In one Corner ye should have them praying for *Husbands*, that they might the better love at *Randome*: In another, nothing would please them but to be *Marry'd mens Wives*, and this Disease was lookt upon as a little Desperate. Some again stood ready furnisht with *Love Letters* and *Tickets* to be cast out at the Window, or thrust under the Door, and these were lookt upon not only as *Fools* but *Beasts*.

I had seen as much already as I desir'd, for I have learnt of Old, that *He that keeps such Company, seldom comes off without a scratcht face*: but if he misses a *Mistress*, he gets a *wife*, and stands condemn'd to a *Repentance during Life*, without Redemption, unless one of the two dies. For *women* in the *Case* are worse than *Pyrats*; a *Gally-Slave* may compound for his *Freedom*, but there's no thought of *Ransom* in *Case of Wedlock*, I had a good mind to a little Chat with some of them, but (thought I) they'l Phancy I'm in Love with them. And so I c'en march'd off into the *Marry'd Quarter*.

Where there was such *Ranting*, *Damping*, and *Tearing*, as if *Hell* had been broken loose. And what was all this? but a number of *women*, that had been lockt up, and shackl'd by their *Husbands*, to keep them in Obedience, and had now broken their *Pri-sons*, and their *Chains*, and were grown ten times madder

madder than before. Some I saw *Careſſing* and *Cokeſing* their *Huſbands*; in the very moment they deſign'd to betray them. Others were picking their *Huſbands* *Pockets* to pay now and then for a *By-blow*. Some again were upon a *Religious* point, and all upon the *Humour* (forſooth) of *Pilgrimages* and *Lecturers*; when alas! they had no other buſineſs with the *Altars* of *Churches*, than a *Sacrifice to Venus*, or a *Love meeting*. Divers there were that went to the *Bath*; but *Bathing* was the leaſt part of their Errand. Others to *Confefſion*, that miſtook their *Martyr* for their *Confefſor*: Some to be reveng'd of *Jelous Huſbands*, were reſolving to do the thing they fear'd; and pay them in their own Coin. Others were for making ſure afore-hand by way of *Advantage*; for that's the *Revenge*, they ſay, that's as ſweet as *Muscadine* and *Eggs*. One was *Melancholy* for a *Delay*; Another for a *Deſeat*; a Third is preparing to make her *Market* at a *Play*. There was one among the reſt, was never out of her *Coach*; and asking her the *Reason*, ſhe told me, ſhe lov'd to be jolted. In this *Crowd* of *women*, you muſt know that there were no *wives* of *Embassadors*, *Soldiers*, or *Merchants* that were abroad upon *Commiſſion*; for ſuch were conſidered in effect as *ſingle women*, and not allow'd as members of this *Common wealth*.

The next Quarter was that of the *Grave* and *wiſe* the *Right Reverend Widdows*; *Women* in appearance of *Marvelous ſeverity* and *reſerve*, and yet every one of them had her weak ſide, and ye might read her *Folly* and *Diſtemper* through her *Diſguiſe*. One of them I ſaw crying with one *Eye* for the loſs of one *Huſband*, and laughing with t'other upon him that was to come next. Another, with the *Ephesian Ma-*

ron, was solacing her self with her Gallant, before
 her husband was thorough cold in the mouth; consi-
 dering, that he that dy'd half an hour ago, is as dead
 as William the Conquerour. There were several
 others passing to and again, quite out of their mour-
 ning, that lookt so demurely (I warrant ye) as if
 Butter would not have melted in their mouths, and
 yet *Apostate widows* (as I was told) and there they
 were kept as strictly, as if they had been in the Spa-
 nish Inquisition. Some were laying wagers whose
 mourning was most *a-la-mode*, and best made; or
 whose *Peak* or *Veil* became her best; and setting them-
 selves off with a thousand tricks of Ornament and
Dress. The *Widows*, I observ'd that were marching
 off, with the mark out of their mouths, were hugely
 concern'd to be thought Young, and still talking of
Masques, Balls, Fiddles, Treats, Chanting and *Fig-
 ging* to every tune they heard, and all upon the *Hoyty
 Toyt*, like mad wenches of fifteen. The Younger, on
 the other side, made use of their time, and took plea-
 sure while it was to be had. There were too of the
Religious Strain; a people much at their *Beads*,
 and in private; and these were there in the Quality
 of *Love-hereticks, or Platonicks*, and under the Pe-
 nance of perpetual Abstinence from the Flesh they
 lov'd best (which is the most Mortifying Lent of all
 other.) Some that had skill in *Perspective*, were before
 the Glass with their Boxes of patch and paint about
 them; *Shadowing, Drawing out, Refreshing*, and in
 short, covering and Palliating all the Imperfections
 of Feature and Complexion, every one after her own
 humour. Now these Women were absolutely insus-
 ceptible, for they were most of them Old and Head-
 strong, having got the better of their husbands,

so that they would be taking upon them to *dominate* here, as they had done at home; and indeed they found the Master of the Colledge enough to do.

When I had tyr'd my self with this Variety of Folly and Madness, I went to the *Devotes*; where I found a great many women and girles that had cloyster'd up themselves from the Conversation of the World; and yet were not a jot soberer than their *Fellows*. These, one would have thought might have been easily cur'd, but many of them were in for their Lives, in despite of either *Counsel* or *Physick*. The Room where they were was *Barricado'd* with strong Bars of Iron; and yet when the Toy took them they'd make now and then a Sally: for when the Fit was upon them, they'd own no *Superior* but *Love*, come what would on't in the Event. The greater part of these good People, were writing of *Tickets* and *Dispatches*, which had still the sign of the Cross at the top, and Satan at the bottom, concluding with this, or some such like *Postscript*; *I commend this Paper to your Discretion*. The Fools of this *Province* would be twatling Night and Day; and if it happen'd that any one of them had talkt her self weary, (which was very rare) she would presently take upon her very gravely to admonish the Rest and read a Lecture of *Silence* to the Company. There were some that for want of better entertainment fell in Love with one another; but these were lookt upon as a sort of *Fops* and *Ninnys*, and therefore the more favourably us'd; but they'd have been of another mind, if they had known the Cause of their Distemper.

The Root of all these several Extravagancies was idleness, which (according to *Petrarch's* Observation)

on I never fail to make way for wantonness. There
 was one among the rest, that had more Letters of Ex-
 change upon the Credit of her insatiable desires, than
 whole Regiment of Banquiers. Some of them were
 sick of their Old Visiter, and call'd for a Fresh man.
 Others, by Intervals. I perceiv'd had their wits a-
 bout them, and contented themselves discreetly with
 the Physician of the house. In short, It e'en pitty'd
 my heart to see so many poor people in so sad a Con-
 dition, and without any hope of Relief, as I gather'd
 from him that had them in care: for they were still
 Puddering and Royling their Bodies; and if they
 got a little Ease for the present, they'd be down again,
 as soon as they had taken their Medicine.

From thence, I went to the single women (such as
 made Profession never to marry) which were the least
 outrageous, and discompos'd of all; for they had a
 thousand wayes to Lay the Devil, as well as to Raise
 him. Some of them liv'd like common High-way men,
 by Robbing Peter to Pay Paul; and stripping Honest
 men to cloth Rascals, which is (under favour) but a
 Jewd kind of Charity. Others there were, that were
 absolutely out of their seven senses, and as Mad as
 March-Hares for this wit, and t'other Poet; that
 never fail'd to pay them again in Rimes and Madri-
 gals, with Ruby Lips; Pearly Teeth; so that to read
 their Verses, a man would swear the whole woman to
 be directly Petrify'd.

*Of Saphyr fair, or Chrystal clear,
 Is the Forehead of my Dear, &c.*

I saw one in Consultation with a Cunning man to
 know her Fortune: Another, dealing with a Conju-
 rer

rer for a *Philtre*, or *Drink* to make her Belov'd. The third was *dawbing* and *patching* up an *Old rained Face*, to make it fresh and young again: but she might as well have been *washing* of a *Blackamore* to make him white. In fine, a world there were, that with their borrow'd *Hair*, *Teeth*, *Eyes*, *Eye-brows*, lookt like fine folks at a distance, but would have been left as Ridiculous as *Æsop's Crow*, if every Bird had fetch't away his own Feather. 'Deliver me (thought I, smiling, and shaking my head) if *this* be *man*.

And so I stept into the *Men's Quarter*, which was but next door, and only a thick Wall between. Their great Misery was that they were *deaf* to good advice, obstinately *hating*, and *despising* both *Physick* and *Physician*: for if they would have either *quitted*, or *chang'd*, they might have been *cured*. But they chose rather to *dye*, and though they saw their *Errours* would not mend it. Which minded me of the *Old Rime*:

*Where Loves in the Case,
The Doctor's an Ass.*

These *Fools-male* were all in the same Chamber, and one might perfectly read their *Humour*, and *Distemper*, in their *Looks* and *Gestures*. Oh! how many a gay Lad did I see there, in his *Poynt Band* and *Embroyder'd Vest*, that had not a whole Shirt to his Back! How many *Huffs* and *Highboyes*, that had nothing else in their Mouths, but the *Lives* and *Fortunes* they'd spend in their sweet Ladies service! that would yet have run five miles on your errand, to have been treated but at a *Three-penny Ordinary*? How many a poor Devil that wanted Bread, and was yet treat-

led with the Rebellion of the Flesh: Some there were
 that spent much time in setting their *Perruques*; or-
 dering the *Mustache*, and dressing up the very face of
Lucifer himself for a *Beauty*: (The Womans Privi-
 ledge, and in truth an Encroachment to their preju-
 dice) There were others that made it their *Glory* to
 pass for *Hectors*, *Sons of Priam*, *Brothers of the Blade*;
 and talkt of nothing but *Attagues*, *Combats*, *Reverses*,
Stramazons, *Stoccados*: not considering that a *Naked*
Weapon is present *Death* to a *Timorous Woman*. Some
 were taking the Round of their *Ladies Lodgings*, at
Midnight, and went to bed again as wise as they
 rose. Others fell in *Love* by *Contagion*, and meetly
 conversing with the Infected. Some again went Post
 from *Church* to *Chappel*, every *Holy-day*, to hunt for
 a *Mistress*; and so turn'd a *Day of Rest* into a *Day of*
Labour. Ye might see others skipping continually
 from house to house, like the *Knight* upon a *Chest-*
board; without ever catching the (*Queen* or) *Dame*.
 Some, like crafty *Beggars*, made their *Case* worse than
 it was: And Others, though there were ne're so bad, durst
 not so much as open their *Mouths*. Really it griev'd
 me for the poor *Mutes*, and I wisht with all my Heart,
 their *Mistresses* had been *Witches*, that they might
 have known their meaning by their mumping; but they
 were lost to all Counsel, so that there was no advising
 them. There was another sort of *Elevated* and *Con-*
cited Lovers. And these forsooth were not to be satis-
 fied without the *Seven Liberal Sciences*, and the *Four*
Cardinal Virtues, in the shape of a *Woman*; and their
 Case was desperate. The next I observ'd, were a Gene-
 ration of *Modest Fools*, that past under the Notion of
 people diffident of themselves. They were generally men
 of good understanding, but for the most part Young-

or Brothers, of Low Fortunes, and such as for want of wherewithal to go to the Price of higher Amours, were fain to take up with Ordinary Stuff, that brought them nothing in the end, but Beggery and Repentance. The Husbands, I perceiv'd, were horribly furious, although in Manacles and Shackles. Some of them left their own Wives, and fell upon their Neighbours Others, to keep the good Women in Amour and Obedience, would be taking upon them, and playing the Tyrants, but upon the Upshot they found their Mistake, and that though they came on as fierce as Lions, they went off as tame as Muttons. Some were making Friendships with their wives Sbe-Confins: and agreeing upon a Cross Gossiping whoever should have the first Child.

To the Widdowers, that had bit of the Bridle, past from place to place, where they staid more or less according to their Entertainment, and so were in effect, as good as made Idles for as long, or as little a while as themselves pleas'd. These liv'd single, and spent their time in Visiting, first one Friend, then another. Here they fell in Love, thence they kindled a Jealousie, which they contracted themselves in one place, and cur'd it in another. But the Miracle was, that they all knew, and confess themselves a Company of Mad Fools, and yet continued so. Those that had skill in Musick, and could either Sing or Fiddle, made use of their Gifts, to put the silly Wenches, that were but half-wit before, directly out of their wits. They that were Poetical, were perpetually hammering upon the Subjects of Cruelty and Disappointment. One tells his good Fortune to another, that requites him with the story of his Bad. They that had set their Hearts upon Girls, were beating the streets all day, to find what Advantages to a Lady

dy's lodgings at night. Some were tampering and cal-
 relling the *Chamber-maid*, as the ready way to the
Mistress. Others chose rather to put it to the Push,
 and attempt the Lady her self. Some were examining
 their *Pockets*, and taking a view of their Furniture;
 which consisted much in *Love-Letters*, delicately
 seal'd up with *perfum'd wax*, upon *Raw Silk*; and a
 thousand pretty Devices within; All wrapt up in
Riddle and Cipher. Abundance of *Hair Bracelets*,
Locketts, *Pomanders*, *Knots of Ribbands*, and the like.
 There were others, that were call'd the *Husbands*
Friends, who were ready upon all occasions to do this,
 and to do that Kindness for the *Husband*. Their
Purse, *Credit*, *Coach and Horses*, were all at his ser-
 vice: And in the mean time, who but they to *Gal-*
lant the Wife? To the *Park*, the *Gardens*, a *Treat*, or
 a *Comedy*, where forty to one, by the greatest good
 luck in the World, they stumble upon an Aunt, an old
 House-Keeper of the Family, or some such Reverend
Goer-between, that's a well-willer to the *Mathema-*
ticks; she takes the hint, performs the *Good Office*,
 and the *Work* is done.

Now there were too sorts of Fools for the *widows*,
 the one was *belov'd*, and the other *not*. The latter
 were content to be a kind of *Voluntary Slaves*, for
 the compassing their Ends: but the other were the
 Happier; for they were ever at perfect Liberty to do
 their pleasure, unless some Friend or Child of the
 House perchance came in, in the Mischievous Nick,
 and then in case of a little colour more than ordinary,
 or a tumbled Handkercher, 'twas but changing the
 Scene, and struggling for a paper of Verses, or some
 such business to keep all in Countenance. Some made
 their Assaults both with *Love* and *Adoney*, and they

seldom fail'd, for they came doubly arm'd; and your *Spanish Pistols* are a sort of *Battery* hardly to be resisted.

I came now to reflect upon what I had seen, and as I was walking (in that Meditation) toward another lodging, I found my self (e're I was aware) in the first *Court* again; where I enter'd, and in it I observ'd new Wonders: I saw that the Number of the *Mad Fools* increas'd every moment; Although Time (I perceiv'd) did all that was possible to recover them. There was *Jealousie* tormenting even those that were most confident of the Faith of what they lov'd. There was *Memory* rubbing of *Old sores*. There was *Understanding*, lockt up in a dark *Cellar*; and *Reason* with both her eyes out. I made a little pause, the better to observe these Varieties, and Disguises. And when I had look't my self a weary, I turn'd about, and spy'd a Door, but so narrow, that it was hardly passable; and yet straight as it was, divers there were that by *gratitude* and *Infidelity* hap set at *Liberty*; and made a shift to get through. Upon which opportunity of Returni'g, I made what haste I could to be one of the first at the Door, and in that Instant, my Man drew the Curtain of my Bed, and told me, the Morning was far spent. Whereupon I wak'd, and recollecting my self, found all was but a *Dream*. The very Phantasie however of having spent so much time in the Company of Fools, and Mad-men, gave me some Disorder; but with this Comfort, that both sleeping and waking, I had experienced *Passionate Love* to be nothing else than a meer *Phœrexis* and *Folly*.

The end of the fourth Vision.

THE
FIFTH VISION
OF THE
WORLD.

IT is utterly impossible for any thing in this World to fix our *Appetites* and *Desires*, but they are still fluctuating, and restless, like *Pilgrims*, delighted and nourish'd with *Variety*: which shews how much we are mistaken in the Value and Quality of the things we covet. And hence it is, that what we pursue with the greatest *delight* and *Passion* imaginable, yields us nothing but *Satiety*, and *Repentance* in the *Possession*; yet such is the power of these *Appetites* of ours, that when they call, and command, we follow, and obey; though we find in the end, that what we took for a *Beauty* upon the *Chace*, proves but a *Carcase* in the *Quarry*; and we are sick on't as soon as we have it. Now the world, that knows our *Palate* and *Inclination*, never fails to feed the humour, and to flatter and entertain us, with all sorts of *Change* and *Novelty*; as the most certain Method of gaining upon our Affections.

One would have thought, that these Considerations might have put sober Thoughts and Resolutions in my head, but it was my fate to be taken off in the very middle of my *Morality* and *Speculations*; and carry'd away from my self by *Vanity* and *weakness*, into the wide world, where I was for a certain time, not much unsatisfy'd with my Condition. As I

past from one place to another, several that saw me, (I perceiv'd) did but make sport with me: for the further I wen', the more I was at a loss in that *Labyrinth of Delusions*. One while, I was in with the *Sword-men* and *Bravoes*; up to the ears in *Challenges* and *Quarrels*; and never without an *Arm* in a *Scarf*, or a *broken Head*. Another fit; I was never well, but at the *Fleece Tavern*, or *Bear at Bridg-foot*, *huffing* my *Guts* with *Food*, and *Tippie*, till the hoops were ready to burst. Beside twenty other *Entertainments* that I found, every jot as *Extravagant* as these, which to my great trouble and *Admiration*, left me not so much as one moment of *Repose*.

As I was in one of my unquiet, and pensive Moods; some body call'd after me, and pluckt me by the Cloak; which prov'd to be a person of a *Venerable* age; his *Clothes* miserably poor and tatter'd; and his *Face*, just as if he had been tramp'd upon in the *Streets*, which did not yet hinder, but that he had still the *Ayr* and *Appearance* of one that deserv'd much *Honour* and *Respect*. Good Father (said I to him) why should you envy me my Enjoyments? Pray'e let me alone, and do not trouble your self with me, or my doings. You're past the pleasure of Life your self, and can't endure to see other people merry, that have the world before them. Consider of it; you are now upon the point of leaving the world, and I am but newly come into't. but 'tis the trick of all old men to be carping at the actions of their *Juniors*. Son (said the old man, smiling) I shall neither hinder, nor envy thy Delights, but in pure pity I would fain reclaim Thee. Dost thou know the Price of a Day, an hour, or a minute? Didst ever examine the value

Time? If thou hadst thou wouldst employ it better; and not cast away so many blessed Opportunities upon Trifles; and so Easily, and Insensibly, part with so inestimable a Treasure. What's become of thy past hours? have they made thee a promise to come back again at a call, when thou hast need of them? Or canst thou show me which way they went? No, No; They are gone without Recovery; and in their Flight, methinks, Time seems to turn his head, and laugh from his shoulder, in Derision of those that make no better use of him, when they had him. Didst thou not know, that all the Minutes of our life are but as so many Links of a Chain, that has Death at the end on't? and every Moment brings thee nearer thy expected End, which perchance, while the word is speaking, may be at thy very door; And doubtless at thy rate of living, it will be upon thee before thou art aware. How stupid is he, that dyes while he lives, for fear of Dying! How wicked is he, that lives, as if he shou'd never dye; and only fears Death when he comes to feel it! which is too late for comfort, either to Body or Soul: And he is certainly none of the wisest, that spends all his dayes in Lewdness and Debauchery; without considering, that of his whole Life, any Minute might have been his last.

My Good Father (said I) I am beholding to you for your excellent Discourses, for they have deliver'd me out of the power of a thousand Frivolous and Vain Affections, that had taken possession of me. But who are you, I pray'e? And what is your Business here? My Poverty and these Rags, quoth he, are enough to tell ye that I am an honest man; a Friend to Truth, and one that will not be Measur'd,

Mouth'd, when he may speak it to purpose. Some call me the *Plain-Dealer*; others, the *Undeceiver General*. You see me all in *Tatters, Scars, wounds, Bruises*. And what is all this, but the *requital* the world gives me, for my *Good Counsel*, and *Kind Visits*? And yet after all this endeavour to get shut of me, they call themselves my *Friends*: though they Curse me to the Pit of Hell, as soon as ever I come near them; and had rather be hang'd, than spend one Quarter of an hour in my Company. If thou hast a Mind to see the world I talk of, come along with me, and I'll carry thee into a place, where thou shalt have a full prospect of it; and without any Inconvenience, see all that's in't; or in the People that dwell in't; and look it through and through. Whats the Name of this place? quoth I. It is call'd, said he, the *Hypocrites walk*; and it crosses the World from one Pole to th'other. It is *Large* and *Populous*; for I believe there's not any man alive, but has either a *House*, or a *Chamber* in't. Some live in't for *altogether*; others take it only in *Passage*: for there are *Hypocrites* of several sorts; but all Mortals have, more or less, a *Tang* of the *Leaven*. That fellow there in the Corner, came but t'other day from the *Plow tayl*, and would now fain be a *Gentleman*. But had not he better pay his D:bits, and walk alone, than *break* his *Promises* to keep a *Lacquey*? There's another *Rascal* that would fain be a *Lord*; and would venture a Voyage to *Venice* for the *Title*, but that He's better at building Castles in the *Air*, than upon the *water*. In the mean time, he puts on a *Nobleman's Face* and *Garb*; he *swears* and *drinks* like a *Lord*, and keeps his *Hounds* and *whores*, which 'tis fear'd in the end, will devour him.

Master. Mark now that piece of *Gravity*, and *Form*; He walks ye see, as if he mov'd by *Clock-work*; His words are few and low; He makes all his Answers by a *Shrug* or a *Nod*. This is the *Hypocrite* of a *Minister of State*; who with all his *Counterfeit of Wisdom*, is one of the veriest *Noddies* in Nature.

Face about now, and mind those *Decrepit Sots* there, that can scarce lift a Leg over a *Threshold*, and yet they must be *Dying* their *Hair*, colouring their *beards*, and playing the *young fools* again, with a *Thousand Hobby-horse tricks*, and *Antick Dresses*. On the other side, Ye have a Company of *Silly Boys*, taking upon them to govern the world, under a *Vizor* of *wisdom* and *Experience*. what Lord is that (said I) in the *Rich Clothes* there, and the *fine Laces*? That Lord (quoth he) is a *Taylor*, in his *Holy-day Clothes*; and if he were now upon his *Shop-board*, his own *Scissors* and *Needles* would hardly know him: And you must understand, that *Hypocrisie* is so *Epidemical* a Disease, that it has laid hold of the *Trades* themselves, as well as the *Masters*. The *Cobler* must be saluted *Mr. Translator*. The *Groom* names himself *Gentleman of the horse*; the fellow that carries *Guns* to the *Bears*, writes, *One of his Majesties Officers*. The *Hangman* calls himself a *Minister of Justice*. The *Mountebank*, an *Able man*. A *common Whore* passes for a *Courtisan*. The *awd* acts the *Puritane*. *Gaming Ordinaries* are called *Academies*; and *awdy-houses*, *Places of Entertainment*. The *Page* styles himself the *Child of honour*; and the *Foot-boy* calls himself *My Lady's Page*. And every *Pick-thank* names himself a *Courtier*. The *Cuckold-maker* passes for a *Fine Gentleman*; & the *Cuckold* himself, for the *best natur'd husband in the world*: And a very *Ass*, commences

Master Doctor. *Hocus Pocus Tricks* are called *Slight of Hand*; *Lust*, *Friendship*; *usury*, *Thrift*; *cheat* is but *Gallantry*; *Lying* wears the Name of *Invention*; *Malice* goes for *Quickness of Apprehension*; *Comedice*, *Meekness of Nature*; and *Rashness* carries the Countenance of *Valour*. In fine, this is all but *Hypocrisie*, and *Knavery*, in a *Disguise*; for nothing is called by the right Name. Now there are beside these certain *General Apellations* taken up, which by long usage, are almost grown into *Prescription*. Every *little Whore* takes upon her to be a *great Lady*. Every *Gown-man*, to be a *counsellor*. Every *Huffet* to be a *Soldat*; Every *Gay thing* to be a *Cavalier*; Every *Parish Clerk* to be a *Doctor*; and every *writing-Clerk* in the *Office* must be called *Mr. Secretary*.

So that *the whole world*, take it where you will, but a *meer juggle*; and you will find that *wrath*, *Gluttony*, *Pride*, *Avarice*, *Luxury*, *Murder*, and thousand other *Hainous sins*, have all of them *Hypocrisie* for their *source*, and thither they will return again. It would be well (said I) if you could prove what you say; but I can hardly see, how so great a *Diversity of waters* should proceed from one and the same *fountain*. I do not wonder (quoth he) at your *Distrust*, for you are mistaken in very good *Company*; to *Phanſie Contrariety* in many things, which are, in effect, so much alike. It is agreed upon, both by *Philosophers* and *Divines*, that *all Sins are Evil*; and you must allow, that *the will embraces*, or pursues, no *Evil but under the Resemblance of Good*. Nor does the *sin* lie in the *Representation*, or Knowledge of what is *Evil*, but in the *consent* to it. Which *consent* it self is *sinful*, although without any *Subsequent Act*: It's true, the *Execution* serves afterwards

for an *Aggravation*, and ought to be considered under many *Differences* and *Distinctions*. But in fine; Evident it is, that the *will entertains no Ill*, but under the shape of some *Good*. What do ye think now of the *Hypocrite*, that cuts your *Throat*, in his *Arms*, and *Murders* you, under pretence of *Kindness*; what is the hope of an *Hypocrite*? says *Job*. He neither has nor can have any: For he is *wicked* as he is an *Hypocrite*; and even his best *Actions* are worth nothing, because they are not what they seem to be. So that of all *Sinners*, he has the most to answer for. Other offenders sin only *against God*. But the *Hypocrite* sins *with him*, as well as *against him*, making use of his *Holy Name* as a *Cloak* and *Countenance* for his *wickedness*. For which reason, our *Blessed Saviour*, after many *Affirmative precepts* delivered to his *Disciples*, for their *Instruction*; gave only *this Negative*. *Be not sad as the Hypocrites*: which lays them open in few words; And he might as well have said, *Be not Hypocrites and ye shall not be wicked*.

We were now come to the place the old man told me of, where I found all according to my expectation, and took the higher ground, that I might have the better Prospect of what past. The first remarkable thing I saw was a long *Funeral Train* of *Kindred*, and *Guests*, following the *Corps* of a *Deceased Lady*, in Company with the *Disconsolate Widower*, who marched with his Chin upon his Breast; a sad and heavy pace; muffled up in a *Mourning Hood*, enough to have stifled him, with at least ten yards of Cloth upon his body, and no less in his *Train*. Alack, Alack! cried I, that ever I should live to see so dismal a spectacle! Oh blessed Woman! How did this Husband love thee in thy *Life-time*, that follows thee with this

Infi

Infinite Faith and Affection, even to thy Grave
 And happy the Husband doubtless, in a Wife
 that deserved this Kindness! and in so many tender
 Friends, and Relations, to take part with him in his
 Sorrows. My Good Father, let me entreat you to
 observe this doleful Encounter. With that (shaking
 his head and smiling) My Son, quoth he, Thou shalt be
 and by perceive, that all is nothing in the world
 but *Vanity, Imposture, and Constraint*; and I will
 shew thee the Difference between *Things Themselves*
 and their *Appearances*. To see this Abundance
 of *Torches*, with the Magnificence of the Ceremony
 and *Attendance*, one would think there should be
 some mighty matter in the business: but let me assure
 thee, that all this Pudding comes to no more, than
much ado about Nothing. The woman was *No-*
thing (effectually) even while she lived: The Body
 now in the Coffin, is somewhat a less *Nothing*: and the
Funeral Honours, which are now paid her, come to just
Nothing too. But the *Dead* it seems must have their
Vanities, and their *Holy days* as well as the *Living*.
Alas! What is a Carcase? but the most Odious sort of
Putrefaction? A corrupted Earth; fit neither
 for *Fruit*, nor *Tillage*. And then for the *sad Looks* of
 the *Mourners*; They are only troubled at the *Invisi-*
bility; and would not care a pin, if the *Inviter*, and
Body too were both at the *Devil*. And that you might
 see by their *Behaviour*, and *Discourses*; for when they
 should have been *Praying for the Dead*, they were
 prating of her *Pedigree*, and her *last will and Testa-*
ment. *I am not so near a kin* (says one) *but I might*
have been spared; and *I had twenty other things*
to do. Another should have met Company at a *Tavern*.
 A third, at a *Play*. A fourth mutters that he is a
 place

placed according to his *Quality*. Another cries out,
*Pox of your meetings where there is nothing stir-
 ing but worms-meat*. Let me tell ye further, that the
Widower Himself is not grieved as you imagine for
 the *Dead wife*; but for the Damned Expence in
Blacks, and Scentbeans, Tapers, and Mourners; and
 that she was not fairly laid to *Rest*, without all this
 ado: for He perswades himself, that *she might*
have found the way to her grave without a Candle.
 And since she was to *Dye*, 'tis his opinion, that she
 should have made quicker work on it: For a *Good wife*
 (like a *Good Christian*) to put her Conscience in or-
 der betimes, and get her gone; without lingring
 in the Hands of *Doctors, Potheccaries, and Surgeons*,
 to murder her Husband too. Or (to save Charges)
 He might have had the discretion to have dyed of
 the *Plague*, which would have staved off company,
 and this is the *Second wife*, he has already turned over;
 and (to give the Man his Due) He has had the wit
 to secure himself of a *Third*, while *This* lay on
 her *Death-bed*. So that his Case is no more then
 the Chopping of a *Cold wife* for a *warm one*, and Hee'l re-
 cover this Affliction, I warrant ye.

The Good man, methought, spoke wonders; and
 being thoroughly convinced of the danger of trusting
 to *Appearances*, I took up a Resolution, never to
 conclude upon any thing, though never so plausible,
 without *Due Examination, and Inquiry*. With that,
 the *Funeral Vanish'd*, leaving us behind; and for a
 farewell, *This Sentence*. *I am gone before; you are to*
follow; and in the meantime, to accompany others to
their Graves, as you have done me; and as I, when
I was, have attended many others, with as little
care, and Devotion as your selves.

We

We were taken off from this Meditation, by a Noise we heard in a house behind us; Where we had sooner set foot over the Threshold, but we were entertained with a consort of *Six voices*, that were *Sung* and *Tuned* to the *Sighs* and *Groans* of a *Woman* newly become a *Widow*. The *Passion* was *Acted* to the *Life*; but the *Dead* little the better for it. They would be ever and anon, *Clapping*, and *wringing* of their *Hands*: *Groning*, and *Sighing*, as if their *Hearts* would break. The *Hangings*, *Pictures*, and *Furniture* were all taken down, and removed; The *Rooms* hung with *Black*, And in one of them lay the poor *Disconsolate*, upon a *Couch* with her *Condoling* Friends about her. It was as *Dark* as *Pitch*, and so much the better, for the *Parts* they had to play; for there was no *discovering* of the *Horrid Faces*, and *Strains* they made, to fetch up their *Artificial Tears* and *Lamentations*. *Madam* (says one) *Tears are but thrown away*; and really the *Grief* to see your *Ladyship* in this condition, has made me as lost a woman to all thought of *Comfort* as your self: I beseech you *Madam*, *cheer up*; cries another, with almost as many *Sighs* as *Words*) your *Husband's* e'en happy that he is out of this miserable world. He was a *Good man* and now he finds the *sweet* on it. *Patience*, *Patience* Dear *Madam*, (cries a third) 'Tis the will of *Heaven* and there is no *Contending*. Do'st talk of *Patience* (says she) and no *Contending*? wretched *Creation* that I am! to outlive that *Dear man*! Oh that *Dear Husband* of *Mine*! Oh that I should ever live to see this *Day*! And then she fell to *blubbering*, *Sobbing* and *Raving* a thousand times worse than before. Alas, who will trouble himself with a poor *widow* I have never a friend left to look after me; what shall become of me?

At this pause came in the *Chorus* with their *Noſes* *Arments*; and there was ſuch *Blowing*, *Snabbing*, *ſwelling*, and *throwing Snot about*, that there was enduring the *House*. And all this, you muſt know, ſerved them to a double purpoſe; that is to ſay; for *hyſick* and for *Complement*: for it paſt for the *ſundoling Office*, and purged their *Heads of Ill Humours* all under one. I could not chuſe but compaſſionate the poor *widows* a Creature forſaken of all the world; and I told my Guide as much; and that *Charity* (as I thought) would be well beſtowed upon them. The *Holy writ* calls them *Mntes*; according to the *Import* of the *Hebrew*: in regard that they have no body to ſpeak for them. And if at any time they have heart to ſpeak for themſelves, They had e'en as good hold their tongues, for no body minds them, where any thing more frequently given in charge throughout the whole *Bible*, than to *Protect the Fatherleſs*, and *Defend the Cauſe of the widow*? as the higheſt and moſt Neceſſary point of *Chriſtian Charity*; in regard that they have neither *Power*, nor ſight to defend themſelves. Does not *Job* in the depth of his *Miſery*, and *Diſgraces*, make Choice to ſet himſelf toward the *widow*, upon his *Expoſtulations* with the *Almighty*? [*If I have cauſed the Eyes of the widow to fail*] (or *conſumed the Eyes of the widow*; after the *Hebrew*) ſo that it ſeems to me, ſide the general Duty of *charity*, We are alſo bound by the *Laws of Honour*, and *Generoſity*, to aſſiſt them: the poor Souls are ſain to plead with their *Eyes*; and *Beg with their Eyes*, for want of either *Hands* or *Legues* to help themſelves. Indeed you muſt pardon me (my good Father ſaid I) if I cannot hold any longer from bearing a part in this *Mourful conſort*, upon this

this sad occasion. And is this (quoth the old man) the fruit of your boasted *Divinity*? to sink into *Weakness*, and *Tears*, when you have the greatest Need of your *Resolution* and *Prudence*. Have but a little *Patience*, and I will unfold you this *Mystery*; though (let me tell ye) 'Tis one of the hardest things in Nature to make any man as wise as he should be, that conceives himself wise enough already. If this accident of the *widow* had not happened, we had had none of the fine things, that have been started upon it: for it is an *Occasion* that awakens both our *Virtue* and *Philosophy*; and it is not enough to know the *Mine* where the *Treasure* lies; unless a man has the skill of *Drawing* it out, and making the best of what he has in his *Possession*. What are you the better, for all the *Advantages* of *wit* and *Learning*, without the faculty of *reducing* what you know, into apt and proper *Applications*?

Observe me now, and I will shew you, that the *widow* that looks as if she had nothing in her *Mind*, but *The Service for the Dead*, and only *Hallelujahs* for her *Soul*; that *This Mortified piece of Formality*, has *green Thoughts* under her *black Veil*; and *brisk Imaginations* about her, in despite of her *calamity* and *misfortune*. The *Chamber* you see is dark; and their *faces* are *muffled up* in their *Funeral Dresses*. What of all this? when the whole course of their mourning is but a *Through cheat*. Their *weeping* signifies nothing more, than *crying*, at so much an hour; their *Tears* are *Hackneyed out*, and when they have *wept out their stage*, they take up, and are quiet. You would relieve them, leave them to themselves, and as soon as your back is turned, you shall have them *Singing and Dancing*, and as merry as *Groats*.

take away the Spectators ; their Hypocrisie is at an end,
 and the play is done : And now the confident Game
 begins. Come, come, Madam, faith we must be
 Merry; (cries one) we are to live by the Living, and
 not by the Dead. For a Bonny young widdow as you are,
 to lye whimpring away your Opportunities; and lose so
 many brave Matches ! There's, You know who, I dare
 swear, has a Months mind to you; by my Troth I would
 you were in Bed together, and I'd be hang'd, if you did
 not find one warm Bedfellow worth twenty cold ones.
 Really, Madam (cries a second) she gives you good
 counsel; and if I were in your Place, I'd follow it,
 and make use of my Time. It is but One Lost, and
 not found. Pray'e tell me, Madam, if I may be so
 bold; what is your Opinion of that Cavalier that was
 here Yesterday? Certainly he has a great Deal of wit
 and methinks, he is a very handsome, proper Gentleman.
 Well ! If that man has not a strange Passion for you,
 I never believe my Eyes again for his sake; and, in
 good faith, if all parties were agreed, I would you
 were e'en well in his Arms the night before to morrow.
 Were it not a burning shame to let such a beauty lye fall-
 ow ? This sets the widdow a Pinking, and Simpring
 at a Frummety-Kettle; at length she makes up the
 pretty little mouth, and sayes, it is somewhat of the
 honest to talk of those affaires; but let it be as
 heaven pleases. However, Madam, I am much beholden
 to you for your Friendly Advice. You have here the
 very bottom of her Sorrow: she has taken a second
 husband into her Heart, before her first was in his
 grave. I should have told you that your right
 widdow, Eats, and Drinks more the first day of her
 widdow-hood, then in any other of her whole life: for
 she appears not a Visitant; but presently out

comes the *Groning Cake*; a *Cold baked meat* or some *Restorative Morsel* or other, to comfort the *Afflicted*; and the *Cordial Bottle* must not be forgotten neither, for *Sorrow's Dry*. So to they fall, and at every *Bis* or *Gulp*, the *Lady Relict*, fetches ye up a heavy Sigh, pretends to be *false*, and makes *protestation* that for her part, she can taste nothing; she has quite lost her *Digestion*, and has such an oppression in her stomach, that she dares not eat any more, for fear of overcharging Nature. And (in truth says she) how can I be otherwise; since (Unhappy creature that I am) He is gone that gave the Relish to all my Enjoyments: But there is no Recalling him from the Grave, and so, *no remedy but Patience*. By this time, you see, (quoth the old man) whether your *Exclamations* were *reasonable*, or *no*.

The words were hardly out of his Mouth, when hearing an uproar among the Rabble in the Street, we looked out to see what was the matter. And there we saw a *Catchpole*, without either *Hat*, or *Band*, out of *Breath*, and his face all bloody, crying out *Help, in the Kings name; stop Thief, stop Thief*; and all the while, running as hard as he could drive after a Thief that made away from him, as if the Devil had been at his Breech. After him, came an *Attorney*, all dirty; a world of papers in his hands; an *Inkhorn* at his Girdle and a crowd of *Nobles* about him; and down He sat himself just before us, to write somewhat upon his Knee. To me (thought I) how a Cause prospers in the Hand of one of these fellows, for he had filled his paper in a Trice. These *Catchpoles* (said I) had need to be well paid, for the hazards they run to secure

our *Lives and Fortunes*; and indeed they deserve it. Look how the poor Wretch is Torn, Bruised and Mattered, and all this for the Good and Benefit of the Publick.

Soft and fair, quoth the old man; I think thou wouldest never leave talking, if I did not stop thy Mouth sometime. You must know, that *He that made the Escape, and the Catchpole are a couple of Ancient Friends, and Pot-companions*. Now the *Catchpole* quarrels the *Thief* for not giving him a snip in the last Booty; and the *Thief*, after a great struggle, and a good lusty Rubber at Cuffs, has made a shift to save himself. You'l say the Rogue had need of Good heels, to outrun this *Gallows-Beagle*; for *there is hardly any Beast will outstrip a Bayliff that runs upon the View of a Quarry*. So that there is not the least thought of a publick Good in the *Catchpoles* Action; but meerly a prosecution of his own Profit, and a spight to see himself Choused. Now if the *Catchpole* I confess, without any *Private Interest*, had made this attempt upon the *Thief*, being his Friend) to bring him to *Justice*; It had been well: and yet, take this along with you: *It is as natural to let slip a Sergeant at a Pick-pocket, as a Grey-hound to let slip a Hare*. The Whip; The Pillory, The *Axe*, and the Halter make up the best part of the *Catchpoles* Revenue. These people are of all sorts the most odious to the world; and if men in Revenge would resolve to be Virtuous, though but for a year or two, they might starve them all. It is in fine an unlucky Employment, and *Catchpoles*, as well as the *Devils* themselves have the wages of Tormenters.

I hope, said I to my Guide, that the *Attorneys* shall have your good Word too. Yes, yes, ye need not

doubt it (said the old man) for your *Attorney*, and your *Catchpole* always hunt in Couples. The *Attorney* draws the *Information*, and has all his forms ready, so that 'tis no more then, but to fill up the *Blanks*, and away to the *Jayl* with the *Delinquent*: if there be any thing to be gotten it is not a half-penny matter whether the party be *guilty* or *Innocent*: Give but an *Attorney*, *Pen*, *Ink*, and *Paper*, and let him alone for *witnesses*. In case of an *Examination*, he has the *Grace* not to insist too much upon plain and naked *Truth*; but to set down only what makes for his purpose, and then when they come to signing, to read over in the *Deponents* sense (for his *Memory* is good) what he has written in *his own*: And by this Means, the Cause goes on as he pleases. To prevent this Villany, it were well, if the *Examiners* were well sworn to write the *Truth*, as the *Witnesses* are to speak it. And yet there are some honest men of all sorts but among the *Attorneys*; the very calling, does by the *honest Catchpoles*, *Marshals* men, and their *Fellows* as the *Sea* by the *Dead*: It may entertain them for while, but in a very short space it spews them out again.

The Good man would have proceeded, if he had not been taken off by the Ratling of a *Guilt-Clock*, wherein was a *Courtier*, that was blown up as big with *Pride*, and *Vanity* could make him. He sat stiffe, and Upright, as if he had swallowed a stake; and made it his Glory to shew himself in that posture. It would have hurt his Eyes, to have exchanged a Glance with any thing that was *Vulgar*, and therefore he was very sparing of his Looks. He had a *laced Ruffe* on, that was right *Spanish*; which he wore *Erect*, and *stiffe starched*, that a man would have

thought he had carry'd his Head in a *Paper-Lantern*. He was a great Studier of *Set-faces*; and much affected with looking *Politick* and *Big*. But, for his Arms, and Body, he had utterly lost, or forgotten the use of them: For he could neither *Bow*, nor move his *Hat* to any man that saluted him: No, nor so much as turn from one side to the other; but sat as if he had been *Boxed up*, like a *Bartlemew-baby*. After this *Magnificent Statue*, followed a swarm of *Gawdy Butterflie Laquais*: And his Lordships Company in the Coach, was a *Buffon*, and a *Parasite*. *Oh blessed Prince!* (said I) *to live at this Rate of Ease, and Splendor, and to have the world at will!* What a glorious train is that! Beyond all doubt, there never was a great Fortune better bestowed. With that, the old man took me up, and told me; that the Judgment I had made upon this occasion, from one end to the other, was all *Dotage* and *Mistake*; and only, when I said he had the world at Will: and in that (says he) you have reason; for what is the World, but *Labour*, *Vanity*, and *Polly*; which is likewise the Composition, and Entertainment of this *avalier*.

As for the *Train* that follows him; let it be Examined, and my life for yours, you shall find more *Creators* in it, than *Servants*: There are *Banquiers*, *Jewellers*, *Scriveners*, *Brokers*, *Mercers*, *Drapers*, *Taylors*, *Shoemakers*; and these are properly the *Stairs*, and *Supporters* of this animated Machine. The *Money*, *Meat*, *Drink*, *Robes*, *Liveries*, *Wages*; All comes out of their *Pockets*; They have this *Honour* for their *Security*; and must content themselves with *Promises*, and fair Words for full satisfaction, unless they had rather have a *Footman* with a *Cudgel* for their *Paymaster*.

And after all, if this Gallant were taken to *strife* or that a man could enter into the *Secrets* of his *conscience*, I dare undertake, it would appear that *He that digs in a Mine for his Bread, lives ten thousand times more at Ease, than the other, with beating of his Brains, Night and Day for new shifts, Tricks and Projects to keep himself above water.*

Observe his *Companions* now: his *Fools*, and his *Flatterer*. They are too hard for him ye see; and *eat, drink, and make Merry* at his *Expence*. What *greater Misery, or shame in the world, than for a man to make a Friendship with such Rascals, and to spend his Time, and Estate, in so Brutal, and Insipid a Society*! It costs him more (beside his *Credit*) to maintain that Couple of *Coxcombs*, than would buy him the *Conversation* of a *Brace* of *Grave, and Learned Philosophers*. But will ye now see the *Bottom* of this *Scandalous and Dishonorable Kindness*? *My Lord* (says the *Buffon*) *you were most infallibly wrapt in your Mothers Smock, for me be — if ye have not set all the Ladies about the Court, Agog. The very truth is* (cries the *Parasite*) *the rest of the Nobility look like Corn-cutters to you, and indeed, wherever you come, you have still the Eyes of the whole company upon you. Go to, Go to Gentlemen* (says my Lord) *you must not flatter your Friends. This is more your Courtesie than my Desert; and I have an obligation to you for your Kindness. After this Manner, these Asses Knab and Curry one another, and play the Fools by turns.*

The old Man had his words yet between his Teeth when there past just by us a *Lady of pleasure*, of an *Excellent* a shape and Garb, that it was impossible to see her without a *Passion* for her, and no

impossible to look upon any thing else; so long
 as she was to be seen. They that had seen her
 once, were to see her no more, for she turn-
 ed her face still to *New-comers*. Her Motion
 was graceful, and free. One while she would
 are ye full in the eyes, under colour of open-
 ing her Hood, to set it in better order. By and
 by, she would steal a look at ye with one eye,
 and a side face, from the Corner of her Vizor; like
 a *Witch* that is afraid to be known when she comes
 from a *Catterwall*. And then out comes the Deli-
 ciate hand, and discovers the more Delicious Neck,
 and breasts, to adjust the Handkercher or the Scarf;
 to remove some other Grievance that made her
 single ship uneasy. Her hair was most artificially
 disposed into Careless Rings, and the best Red and
 White in Nature was in her Cheeks, if that of her
 Lips and Teeth did not exceed it. In a word, all
 she lookt upon was her own, and this was the Vision
 for my Money, from all the Rest. As she was
 marching off, I could not chuse but take up a Resolu-
 tion to follow her. But my old man laid a block in
 my way, and stopt me at the very starting, which was
 an Affront, to a Man that was both in *Love*, and in
 a *Pass*, that might very well stir his Choler. My of-
 ficious Friend (said I) *he that does not Love a woman,*
is but a Sow. And questionless, he must be either
 blind or Barbarous, that's Proof against the Charms
 of so Divine a beauty. Nor would any but a *Sot*,
 let slip the blessed opportunity of so fair an En-
 counter. A handsome Woman? why, *what was*
she made for, but to be Loved? And he that has
 her, has all that is Lovely, or Desirable in Na-
 ture. For my own part, I would renounce the

World for the fellow of her, and never desire any thing either beyond her, or beside her. What Lightning does she carry in her Eyes ! What Charms, and Chains in her Looks, and Motions for the very Souls of her Beholders ! Was ever any thing so clear as her forehead ? Or so black as her Eye-brows ? One would swear, that her Complexion had taken a Tincture of Vermilion and Milk : and that Nature had brought her into the World with Pearl and Rubies in her Mouth. To speak all in little, she is the Master-piece of the Creation, worthy of Infinite Praise, and Equal to our largest Desires, and Imaginations.

Here the old man cut me short, and bad me make an end of my Discourse, for thou art, said He, a Man of *much wonder*, and *small experience*, and delivered over to the Spirit of *Folly*, and *Blindness*. Thou haste thy Eyes in thy Head, and yet not Brain Enough to know either why they were given thee, or how to use them. Understand then that the Office of the *Eye* is to *see*, but it is the *Priviledge* of the *Soul*, to *distinguish*, and *chuse* : whereas you either do the Contrary, or else Nothing, which is worse. He that trusts his Eyes, exposes his Mind to a thousand Torments and Confusions : He shall take *Clouds*, for *Mountains* ; *Streight* for *crooked* ; *one Colour* for *Another*, by reason of an *undue distance*, or an *indisposed Medium*. We are not able sometimes to say which way a River runs, till we throw in a twig, or straw to find out the Current. And what will you say now if this Prodigious beauty, your new Mistress, prove as Gross a Cheat, and Imposture, as any of the Rest ? She went to Bed last night as ugly as a Witch, and yet this Morning she comes forth in your

Opinion

Opinion as Glorious as an Angel. The truth of it is, she hires all by the Day; and if you did but see this Puppet taken to pieces, you would find her little else but Paint, and Plaister. To begin her Anatomy at the Head. You must know, that the Hair she wears, is borrow'd of a Tyre-woman, for her own was blown off by an Unlucky Wind from the Coast of Naples. Or if she has any left, she keeps it private, as a Memorial of her Antiquity. She is beholden to the Pencil, for her Eye brows, and Complexion. And upon the whole matter, she is but an old Picture refresh'd. But the wonder is, to see a Picture with Life, and Motion; unless perchance she has got the Necromancers Receipt, that made himself Young again in his Glass-Bottle. For all that you see of her, that's Good, comes from Distill'd waters, Essences, Powders, and the like; and to see the Washing of her Face would fright the Devil. She abounds in Pomanders, Sweet waters, Spanish pockets, Perfum'd Drawers; and all little enough to qualifie the Poysonous whiffs she sends from her Toes and Arm-pits, which would otherwise out-stink ten thousand Pole-Cats. She cannot chuse but Kiss well, for her Lips are perpetually bath'd in Oyl and Grease. And he that Embraces her, shall find the better half of her the Taylors, and only a stuffing of Cotton and Canvas, to supply the Defects of her Body. When she goes to Bed, she puts off one half of her Person with her Shooes. What do ye think of your ador'd Beauty now? or have your Eyes betray'd ye? Well, well, confess your Error, and mend it: and know, that (without more Descant upon this Woman) 'tis the Design, and Glory of most of the Sex to lead Silly Men Captive. Nay, take the best of them, and what with she

Tren-

Trouble of getting them, and the Difficulty of pleasing them, he that comes off best, will find himself a Loser at the foot of the Accompt. I could recommend you here to other Remedies of Love, inseparable from the very Sex, but what I have said already, I hope will be sufficient.

The end of the fifth Vision.

THE
SIXTH VISION
OF
HELL.

BEing one *Autumn*, at a Friend's house in the Country, (which was indeed a most delicious Retreat) I took a walk one Moon-light night into the Park, where all my past Visions came fresh into my Head again, and I was well enough pleas'd with the Meditation. At length, the Humour took me to leave the Path, and go further into the Wood; what impulse carry'd me to this, I know not. Whether I was mov'd by my good Angel, or some higher Power, but so it was, that in half a quarter of an hour, I found my self a great way from home, and in a place where 'twas no longer Night; with the pleasantest Prospect round about me that ever I saw since

I was born. The Air was calm and Temperate; and it was no small Advantage to the Beauty of the Place, that it was both Innocent, and Silent. On the one hand, I was entertain'd with the Murmurs of Chrystal Rivolets; on the other, with the whispering of the Trees; the Birds singing all the while, either in emulation, or requital of the other Harmonies. And now, to shew the Instability of our Affections, and Desires, I was grown weary even of Tranquility itself, and in this most agreeable solitude, began to long for Company.

When in the very instant, (to my great wonder) I discover'd *two Paths*, issuing from *one*, and the same Beginning; but dividing themselves forwards, more and more, by degrees, as if they liked not one anothers Company. That on the *right hand* was *Narrow*, almost beyond imagination; and being very little frequented, it was so overgrown with *Thorns* and *Brambles*, and so stony withall, that a man had all the Trouble in the world to get into't. One might see however, the Prints and Marks of several Passengers, that had rub'd through, though with exceeding Difficulty; for they had left pieces of Heads, Arms, Legs, Feet, and many of them their whole Skins behind them. Some we saw yet upon the way, pressing forward, without ever so much as looking back; and these were all of them *Pale-fac'd*, *Lean*, *Thin*, and *miserably Mortify'd*. There was no passing for *Horse-men*; and I was told that *St. Paul himself* left his Horse when he went into't. And indeed, there was not the footing of any Beast to be seen. Neither Horse, nor Mule; Nor the Track of any Coach or Charriot. Nor could I learn that any had past that way in the memory of man. While I was

be

bethinking my self of what I had seen, I spy'd at length, a *Beggar*, that was Resting himself a little to take Breath, and I ask'd him what Inns or Lodgings they had upon that Road? His Answer was, that there was no stopping there, till they came to their Journey's End. For this (said he) is the way to *Paradise*, and what should they do with Inns or *Taverns*, where there are so few *Passengers*? Do not you know that in the Course of Nature, to *Dye*, is to be *Born*, to *Live*, is to *Travel*, and the world is but a great *Inn*, after which, it is but one stage either to *Pain* or *Glory*. And with these words he march'd forward, and bad me *God b'w'ye*, telling me withall, that it was time lost to linger in the way of *Virtue*, and not safe to entertain such *Dialogues*, as tend rather to *Curiosity*, than *Instruction*. And so he pursu'd his Journey, stumbling, tearing his *Flesh*, and Sighing, and Groning at every step, and weeping, as if he thought to soften stones with his *tears*. This is no way for me, thought I to my self, and no Company neither: for they are a sort of *Beggarly*, *Morose* people, and will never agree with my Humour. So I drew back, and strook off into the left hand way.

And there I found Company enough, and Room for more. What a World of brave *Cavaliers*? *Guiltless Coaches*, *Rich Liveries*, and Handsome, *Lively Lasses*, as Glorious as the Sun! Some were Singing, and Laughing: Others tickling one another, and Toying: Some again, at their *chaeſe-cakes* and *china Oranges*, or appointing a set at *cards*: so that taking all together, I durst have sworn I had been at the *Park*. This minded me of the *Old* saying, *Tell me thy Company, and I'll tell thee thy Manners*; and to save the Credit

of my Education, I put my self into the *Noble Mode*, and Jogg'd on. And there was I at the first dash up to the Ears in *Balls, Playes, Mascarades, Collations, Dalliances, Amours*, and as full of Joy as my heart could hold.

It was not here, as upon t^other Rode, where folks went *bare-foot*, and *Naked*, for want of *Shoomakers* and *Taylors*: for here were enow, and to spare; Beside *Mercers, Drapers, Jewellers, Bodyes-makers, Per-
tinue-makers, Milleners*, and a *French Ordinary* at e-
very other door. You cannot imagine the pleasure I
took in my New Acquaintances; And yet there was now
and then, some *Justling* and *Disorder* upon the way:
Chiefly between the *Physicians* upon their *Mules*, and
the *Infantry* of the *Lawyers*, that march't in great
Bodies before the *Judges*; and contested for Place.
But the *Physicians* carry'd it, in favour of their *Char-
ter*, which gives them *Priviledge*, to *Study, Practise,*
and *Teach the Art of Poysoning*; and to read *Lectures*
of it in the *Universities*. While this point of Honour
was in dispute, I perceiv'd divers crossing from one
way to the other, and changing of parties. Some of
them stumbled, and recover'd; others fell down right.
But the pleasantest Gambole of all, was that of the
Vintners. A whole Litter of them tumbled into a Pit
together, one over another, but finding they were out
of their Element, they got up again as fast as they
could. Those that were in the *right hand way*, which
was the way of *Paradise*, or *Virtue*, advanc'd very hea-
vily, and made us excellent sport. *Prethee look what a
Fryday-face that fellow makes!* cryes one; *Hang him,*
Prick-har'd Cur, says another; *Dam-me,* cryes a third.
*The Rogne be not drunk with holy water, If the De-
vil had raked Hell, he could not have found such a pair*
of

of Ill-lookt Rascals, sayes another. Some of them stop't their Ears, and went on without minding us. Others we put out of Countenance, and they came over to us. And a third sort came out of pure Love to our Company.

After this, I observ'd a great many people afar off in a *By-path*: with as much *Contrition* and *Devotion*, in their *Looks* and *Gestures*, as ever I saw in men. They walk'd *shaking their Heads*, and *lifting up their hands to Heaven*; and they had most of them large *Ears*, and to my thinking *Geneva Bibles*. These I thought I, are a people of singular *Integrity*, and *strictness of Life*, above their fellows; but coming nearer, we found them to be *Hypocrites*; and that though they'd none of *our Company* upon the *Road*, they would not fail to *meet us* at our *Journey's End*. *Fasting, Repentance, Prayer, Mortification*, and other *Holy Duties*, which are the *Exercise of Good Christians*, in order to their *Salvation*, are but a kind of *Probation to these men*, to fit them for the *Devil*. They were follow'd by a number of *Devotes*, and *Holy Sisters*, that Kiss'd the *Skirts of their Garments* all the way they went, but whether out of *Zeal, Spiritual* or *Natural*, is hard to say; and undoubtedly *some Women's Kisses* are worse than *Judas's*. For though *his Kiss* was *treacherous* in the *Intention*, it was *right* yet in the *Application*: but this was *not* *Judas Kissing another*, which makes me think there was more of the *Flesh* than of the *Spirit* in the *Case*. Some would be drawing a *Thread* now and then out of the *Holy man's Garment*, to make a *Relique*. Others would cut out large *Snips*, as if they had in mind to see them *Naked*. Some again desir'd they would remember them in their *Prayers*, which

as much as if they had commended themselves to the Devil by a Third Person. Some pray'd for good Matches for their Daughters; others, beg'd Children for themselves: And sure the Husband that allows his Wife to ask Children abroad, will be so Civil as to take them home, when they are given him. In fine, these Hypocrites may for a while perchance impose upon the world, and Delude the Multitude; but no mask, or Disguise is proof against the all-piercing Eye of the Almighty. There are, I must confess, many Religious, and Godly men, for whose Persons and Prayers I have great esteem. But these are not of the Hypocrites Humour, to build their hopes, and Ambition upon Popular Applause, and with a Counterfeit Humility, to proclaim their weakness, and unworthiness; their Failings; Yea and their Transgressions in the Market-place; All which is indeed but a True Jest; for they are really what they say, though they would not be thought so.

These went apart, and were lookt upon to be neither Fish, nor Flesh, nor good Red Herring. They wore the Name of Christians, but they had neither the wit, nor the honesty of Pagans. For they content themselves with the Pleasures of this Life, because they know no better. But the Hypocrite, that's instructed both in the Life Temporal and Eternal, lives without either Comfort in the one, or Hope in the other; and takes more pains to be damn'd, than a Good Christian does to Compass his Salvation. In short, we went on our way in Discourse. The Rich follow'd their wealth, and the Poor the Rich; begging there, what Providence had deny'd them. The Stubborn and Obstinate went away by themselves, for they would hear no body that was wiser than themselves, but ran huddling on,

on, and prest still to be foremost. The *Magistrates* drew after them, all the *Sollicitors* and *Attorneys*. *Corrupt Judges* were carryed away by *Passion*, and *Avarice*. And *Vain* and *Ambitious Princes*, tray'd along with them *Principalities* and *Commonwealths*. There were a world of *Clergy* upon this *Rode too*. And I saw one full *Regiment of Souldiers* there, which would have been brave *Fellows* indeed, if they had been but half so good at *Praying* and *Fighting*, as they were at *Swearing*. Their whole discourse was of their *Adventures*, how *Narrowly* they came off at such an *Assault*; what *Wounds* they received upon t'other *Breach*; and then what a *Destruction* they made at such a time, of *Mutton*, and *Poultry*. But all they said, came in at one *Ear*, and went out at t'other. Do'nt you remember, *Sirrah*, says one, how we claw'd it away at such a place! Yes, ye *Damned Rogue* you, cries t'other, when you were so drunk you took your *Aunt* for the *Bawd*. There, and look as these, were the only *Exploits* they could truly brag of.

While they were upon these *Glorious Rhodomontades*, certain generous *Spirits* from the *Right hand way*, that knew what they were, by the *Boxes of Pass-ports*, *Testimonials*, and *Recommendations* they wore at their *Girdles*, cry'd out to them, as if it had been to an *Attacque*: *Fall on, Fall on, my Lads, and follow me. This, this is the Path of Honour.* and if you were not *Poultrons*, you would not quit it for fear of a hard *March*, or an ill *Lodging*. *Courage Camerades*; and be assur'd, that this *Combat* you fought, makes all your *Fortunes*, and *Crowns* ye for ever. Here, ye shall be sure both of *Pay* and *Reward* without casting the *Issue* of all your *hazzards*.

hopes upon the Empty Promises of Princes. How long will ye pursue this Trade of Blood and Ragine? And accustom your Ears and Tongues to the Tragical out-cries of, Burn, No Quarter, Kill or Dye. It is not Pay or Pillage; but Virtue that's a Brave Man's Recompence. Trust to her, and shee'l not deceive ye. If it be the War ye love, come to us, Bear Arms on the right side, and wee'l find you work. Do not you know, that Mans Life is a Warfare? That the World, the Flesh, and the Devil are three Vigilant Enemies? And that it is as much as his Soul is worth, to put himself but for one Minute out of his Guard. Princes tell ye, that your Bloods, and your Lives are theirs, and that to shed the one, and lose the other, in their Service, is no Obligation, but a Duty. You are still however to look to the Cause; Wherefore turn head, and come along with us, and be happy. The Souldiers heard all this with exceeding Patience, and Attention: But the Brand of Cowardise had such an effect upon them, that, without any more ado, like men of honour, they presently quitted the Rode; DREW; and as bold as Lions, charg'd headlong into a Tavern.

After this, we saw a great Troop of women upon the High-way to Hell, with their Bags; and their fellows at their heels, ever and anon, hunching, and jostling one another. On the other side, a number of Good people, that were almost at the end of their Journey, came over into the wrong rode; for the right-hand way, growing Easier and wider toward the end, and that on the left hand, on the contrary. Narrower, they thought they had been out of their way, and so came in to us; as many of ours, went over to them, upon the same mistake. Among

the rest, I saw a great Lady, without either Coach, Sedan, or any living Creature with her, foot it all the way to Hell: which was to me so great a wonder, considering how she had liv'd in the World, that I presently lookt about for a *Publick Notary*, to make an *Entry* of it. The Woman was in a most miserable Pickle; and I did not know what design she might Drive on, under that Disguise; but finding never a *Notary*, or *Register* at hand, though I mist my particular Aim, yet I was well enough pleas'd with it, for I took it then for granted, that I was in my ready way to Heaven. But when I came afterward to reflect upon the *Crosses*, *Afflictions* and *Mortifications*, that I ye in the way to *Paradise*: And to consider, that there was nothing of that upon this *Rode*: But, on the contrary, *Laughing*, *Singing*, *Frolicking*, and all manner of *Jollity*: This I must confess, gave me a *Qualm*, and made me a little doubtful whither I was going.

But I was quickly deliver'd of that Doubt, by a Gang of *Marry'd Men*, that we overtook, with their *Wives* in their Hands, in Evidence of their *Mortifications*: My wife's my witness (cries one) that every day since I marry'd her, has been a fasting day to me: To Pamper her with Cock-Broth and Jellies. And my wife knows how I have humbled my Body, by Nakedness; for I have hardly allow'd myself a Rag to my back-side, or a Shoe to my Foot, to maintain her in her Coach, Pages, Gowns, Petticoats, and Jewels. So that upon the matter, I perceive an untimely hit with a wife, gives a man as much right to the Catalogue of Martyrs, as if he had ended his days at the stake.

The Misery these poor Wretches endur'd, made

me think my self in the Right again; till I heard a Cry behind me, *Make way there; Make way for the Apothecaries.* Bless me, thought I, if they be here, we are certainly going to the Devil. And so it prov'd, for we were just then come to a little Door, that was made like a *Mouse-trap*, where 'twas easie to get in, but there was no getting out again.

It was a strange thing, that scarce any body so much as dreamt of *Hell*, all the way he went; and yet every body knew where there were, as soon as they came there: and cry'd out with one Voice, *Miserable Creatures! we are Damn'd, we are Damn'd.* That word made my Heart ake; And is it come to that? said I. Then did I begin with Tears in my Eyes, to Reflect upon what I had left in the World, as my *Relations, Friends, Ladies, Mistresses*, and in fine, all my *Old Acquaintance*: When with a Heavy Sigh; looking behind me, I saw the greater part of them Posting after me. It gave me, methought, some Comfort, that I should have so good *Company*; vainly imagining that even Hell it self might be *Capable* of some Relief.

Going further on; I was gotten into a Crowd of *Taylors*, that stood up sneaking in a Corner, for fear of the Devils. At the first Door, there were *Seven Devils* taking the Names of those that came in: and they ask't me *mine*, and my *Quality*, and so they let me pass. But examining the *Taylors*; *These fellows*, (cry'd one of the Devils) *come in such shoals*, as if Hell were made only for *Taylors*. How many are they? (says another) Answer was made, *about a hundred. About a hundred?* They must be more than a hundred, says t'other, if they be *Tailors*; for they never come under a thousand, or twelve hundred

strong. And we have so many here already, I do not know where we shall stow them. Say the word, my Masters, shall let them in or no? the poor Pricklice were damn'dly startled at that, for fear they should not get in: but in the end, they had the Favour to be admitted. Certainly, said I, these folks are but in an ill Condition, when 'tis a Menace for the Devils themselves to refuse to receive them: Thereupon a Huge, Overgrown, Club-footed, Crump-shoulder'd Devil, threw them all into a deep hole. Seeing such a Monster of a Devil, I askt him how he came to be so deform'd. And he told me, he had speyled his back with carrying of Tailors: for (said he) I have been formerly made use of as a Sumpter to fetch them; but now of late they save me that Labour, and come so fast of themselves, that 'tis one Devils work to dispose of them. While the word was yet speaking, there came another Glut of them, and I was fain to make way, that the Devil might have room to work in, who pill'd them up, and told me they made the best Jewel in Hell.

I pass'd forward then into a little Dark Alley, where it made me start to hear one call me by my Name, and with much ado I perceived a fellow there all wrapt up in Smoke and Flame. Alas! Sir, says he; Have you forgotten your old Book-seller in Popes-Head Alley? I cry thee Mercy, good ———— quoth I, What? art thou here? Yes, Yes, Sir, says he, 'tis even too true. I never dreamt it would have come to this. He thought I must needs pity him, when I knew him: but truly I reflected rather upon the Justice of his Punishment. For in a word, his Shop was the very Mine of Heresie, Schisme, and Sedition. I put on a Face

of *Compassion* however, to give him a little *Ease*, which he took hold of, and vented his Complaint. Well, Sir, (sayes he) *I would my Father had made me a Hangman, when he made me a Stationer*; for we are call'd to Accompt for other mens works, as well as for our own. And one thing that's cast in our dish, is the selling of *Translations* so *Dog cheap*, that every *Sot* knows now as much, as would formerly have made a *passable Doctor*, and every *Nastie Groom*, and *Roguy Lacquie* is grown as familiar with *Hommer, Virgil, Ovid*, as if 'twere *Robin the Devil, the seven Champions, or a piece of George withers*. He would have talkt on, if a Devil had not stopt his Mouth with a Whiff from a rowl of his own Papers, and choakt him with the smoak on't. The Pestilent Fume would have dispartht me too, if I had not got presently out of the Reach on't. But I went my way, saying, this to my self; If the *Book-seller* be thus Criminal, what will become of the *Author*?

I was diverted from this Meditation, by the ruful Grones, of a great many Souls that were under the *Lash*, and the *Devil* tyrannizing over them with *whips* and *Scourges*. I askt what they were, and it was told me, that there was a *Plot* among the *Hackney Coachmen* to exhibit an *Information* against the Devils for taking the *whip* out of their hands, and setting up a *Trade* they had never serv'd (which is directly contrary to *Quinto Elizabetha*.) Well, said I: But why are these tormented here? With that, an old Sowr-lookt Coach man took the answer out of the Devils Mouth, and told me; that was because they came to Hell a horseback, which they pretended, was a Priviledge that did not

belong to Rogues of their Quality. Speak truth, and be hang'd, cry'd the Devil; and make an honest Confession here. Say, Sirrah, *how many Bawdy Voyages have you made to Hackney? How many Nights have you stood pimping at Marybone? How many whores and Knaves have you brought together? And how many Lyes have you told, to keep all private, since you first set up this Scandalous Trade?* There was a Coach-man by, that had serv'd a Judge, and thought 'twas no more for his Old Master to fetch a Rascal out of Hell, than out of Newgate; which made this Fellow stand upon his Points, and ask the Devil, how he durst give that Language to so Honourable a Profession: for (says he) *who wears better Clothes than your Coachmen? Are not we in our Velvets, Embroideries and Laces? and as Glorious as so many Phaeton's? Have not our Masters reason to be good to us, when their Neck: are at stake, and their Lives at our Mercy? Nay, we govern those, many times, that Govern Kingdoms; and a Prince is almost in as much danger of his Coach-man as of his Physician. And there are, that understand it too, and Themselves, and us; and that will not stick to trust their Coach-men as far as they would do their Confessors. There's no Absurdity in the Comparison; for if they know some of their Privacies, we know more; yes, and perhaps more than We'll speak of. What have we here to do, cry'd a Devil that was ready to break his heart with Laughing. A Coach-man in his Tropes and Figures? An Orator instead of a waggoner? The slave has broke his Bridle, and got his Head at Liberty, and now hee'll never have done. No, why should he (says another that had serv'd a great Lady more wayes than one) Is this the best Entertainment*

you can afford your Servants & your daily Drudges. I'm sure we bring you good *Commodity*, well pack'd, well condition'd, well perfum'd, Right, Neat, and Clean; Not like your *City-ware*, that comes dirty to you, up to the Hocks; and yet every *Daggle-Tail'd wench*, and *Skip-Kennel*, shall be better us'd than we. Ah! The Ingratitude of this Place! If we had done as much for some-body else, as we have done for you, we should not have been now to seek for our Wages. When you have nothing else to say, you tell me that I am punish'd for carrying the Sick, the *Gowry*, the *Lame*, to Church, to Mass; or some *stragling Virgins*, back again to their *Cloister*: Which is a Damn'd Lye; for I am able to prove, that all my Trading lay at the *Play-houses*, *Bawdy-houses*, *Taverns*, *Balls*, *Collations*: Or else at the *Tour à la mode*, where there was still appointed some *after-meeting*; to treat of certain affairs that highly import the interest and Welfare of your *Dominions*. I have indeed carry'd my *Mistress* sometimes to the *Church-Door*, but it signifies no more than if I had carry'd her to a *Conventicle*; for all her *Business* there, was to meet her *Gallant*, and to agree when they should meet next; according to the way of *Devotion* now in *Mode*. To conclude; It is most certain, that I never took any *Creature* (knowingly) into my *Coach*, that had so much as a *Good Thought*. And this was so well known, that it was all one, to ask, If a *Lady* were a *Maid*; or if she had ever been in my *Coach*. If it appear'd she had; He that marry'd her, knew before-hand, what he had to trust to. And after all this, ye have made us a fair *Requital*. With that, the Devil fell a *Laughing*, and with five or six *Tyinging Jerks*, half slay'd the

poor *Coach-man*; so that I was e'en glad to Retire in pity partly to the *Coach-man*, and partly to myself; for the *Currying of a Coach-man*, is little better than the turning up of a *Dunghil*.

My next Adventure was into a *Deep Vault*, where I began immediately to shudder, and my Teeth chattered in my head. I askt the Meaning of it; and there came up to me a Devil, with *Kib'd heels*, and his *Toes* all *Mortify'd*; and told me, that This Quarter was allotted to the *Buffons* and *Drolls*, which are a people (sayes he) of so staid a Concept, and so cold a Discourse, that we are fain to Chain, and Lock them up, for fear they should spoil the Temper of our Fire. I askt if a man might see them. The Devil told me Yes, and shewed me one of the Jewdest Kennels in Hell. And there were they at it pecking at one another, and nothing but the same fooleries over and over again, that they had practis'd upon Earth. Among the *Buffons*, I saw divers that pass'd here in the World for *Men of Honesty*, and *Honour*: which were in, as the Devil told me, for Flattery, and were a sort of *Buffon*, that goes between the *Bark and the Tree*. But, why are they condemned? said I. The other *Buffons* are condemned (quoth the Devil) for want of Favour; and These, for having too much, and abusing it. You must know, they come upon us, still at Unawares; and yet they find all things in Readiness; the Cloth laid, and the *Beast* made, as if they were at home. To say the truth, we have some sort of kindness for them; for they give us a great deal of trouble in tormenting one another.

Do you see him there? That was a wicked, and partial Judge; and all he has to say for himself,

that he remembers the time when he could have broke the neck of two honest causes, and he put them onely out of joynt. That good-fellow there, was a careleſs Husband; and him we lodge too with the Buffons. He ſold his Wives Portion, Wife and all, to pleaſe his Companions; and turned both into an Annuity. That Lady there (though a great one) is fain to take up too with the Buffons, for they are both of a humor: VVhat they do with their talk, ſhe does with her body, and ſeaſons it to all Appetites. In a word, you ſhall finde Buffons in all conditions; and in effect, there are nigh as many, as there are Men and VVo-men; for the whole VVorld is given to Jeering, Slandering, Backbiting, and there are more Natural Buffons, than Artificial.

At my going out of the Vault, I ſaw a matter of a thouſand Devils following a Drove of Paſtry-men, and breaking their heads as they paſſed along with Iron Peels. Alack! cried one of them, that was yet in a whole ſkin, it is hard the ſin of the fleſh ſhould be laid to our charge, that never had to do with women. Impudent, Naſty Rascals (quoth a Devil) who hath deſerved Hell, if they have not? How many thouſand men have theſe ſlovens poiſoned, with the Greafe of their Heads, and Tails, inſtead of Mutton-Sewet? with Snot-Pies for Marrow; and Flies for Currants? How many ſtomachs have they turned into Layſtals with the Dogs-fleſh, Horſe-fleſh, and other Carrion, that they have put into them? And do theſe Rogues complain (in the Devils name) of their ſufferings! Leave your bawling, ye whelps, (ſays he) and know, that the pain you endure, is nothing to that of your Tormenters. And for your part (ſays he, to me, with a ſowre look) because

because you are a stranger, you may go about your business; but *we have a Crow to pluck with these fellows, before we part.*

I went next, down a pair of stairs into a huge Cellar, where I saw men burning in unquenchable Fire; and one of them Roaring, Cried out, *I never sold, but at conscionable Rates, why am I punished thus?* I durst have sworn it had been Judas, but going nearer to him, to see if he had a Redhead, I found him to be a Merchant of my Acquaintance, that died not long since. How now, old Martin, (said I) art thou there? He was dogged, because I did not call him Sir, and made no answer. I saw his Grief, and told him how much he was to blame, to cherish that Vanity even in Hell, that had brought him thither. And what do ye think on it now (said I) *Had not you better have traded in Blacks, than Christians? Had not you better have contented your self with a little honestly got, than run the hazard of your Soul for an Estate; and have gone to Heaven a foot, rather than to the Devil on Horseback?* My Friend was as mute as a Fish; whether out of Anger, Shame, or Grief, I know not. And then a Devil in office took up the discourse. *These Pick-pocket Rogues,* (said he) *Dissemble they think to govern the world with their own weights and Measures, in Secula Seculorum? Methinks, the blinking, and false lights of their shops, should have reminded them of their Quarter, in the other world beforehand.* And it is all a Case, with Jewellers, Goldsmiths, and other Trades, that serve onely to flatter and bolster up the World in Luxury and Folly. But if people would be wise, these youths should have little enough to do. For what is their Cloth of Gold, and Silver, their Silks, their Diamond, and Pearls

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which they sell at their own price) but matter of
neer wantonness, and superfluity? These are they that
 inveigle ye into all sorts of *extravagant expences*,
and so ruine ye insensibly, under colour of *kindness*,
and *credit*. For they set every thing at double the
price; and if you keep not touch at your day, your
persons are imprisoned, your goods seized, and your
states extended. And they that helped to make you
Princes before, are now the forwardest to put you into
the condition of *Beggars*.

The Devil would have talked on, if I had given
him the hearing, but there was such a Laugh set up
on one side of me, as if they would all have split;
and I went to see what the matter was; for it was a
strange thing, me thought, to hear them so merry in
Hell. The business was, there were two men upon a
Scaffold, in gentile habits, gaping as loud as they
could Bawl. One of them had a great *Parchment* in
his hand, displayed, with divers *Labels* hanging at it,
and several *Seals*. I thought at first it might have
been *Execution-day*, and took the writing for a *Par-*
don, or *Reprieve*. At every word they spoke, a mar-
ter of Seven or eight thousand Devils burst out a
laughing, as they would have crackt their sides. And
this again made me think, it might be some *Jack-*
quidding, or *Mountebank*, shewing his tricks, or his
jestations; with his Congregation of Fools about
him. But nearer hand, I found my mistake, and that
the Devils mirth made the Gentlemen angry. At last,
perceived that this great earnestness of theirs, was
only to make out their *Pedigree*, and get themselves
last for *Gentlemen*; the *Parchment* being a *Testi-*
monial from the *Heraults-Office*, to that purpose.
My Father (says he, with the Writing in his hand)

bore

bore Arms for His Majesty in many honorable occasions of watching and Warding; and hath many a tall fellow speak to the Constable, at all hours of the night. My Uncle was the first Man that ever was of the Order of the Black Guard: And we have had five brave Commanders of our Family, on my Fathers side, that have served the State in the quality of Marshals-Men, and Turn-Keys, and given His Majesty a fair account of all the Prisoners committed to their charge. And by my Mothers side, it will not be denied, but that I am honorably defended: For my Grand-mother was never without a Dozen Chamber-Maids and Nurses in family. It may be it was her Trade (quoth the Devil) to procure Services, and Servants, and consequently to deal in that Commodity. Well, well, (said the Cavalier) she was what she was; and I am sure, I tell you nothing but truth. Her Husband wore a Sword by his place for he was a Deputy-Marshal; and to prove my self a Man of Honor, I have it here in Black and White under the Seal of the Office. Why must I then be quartered among a pack of Rascals? My Gentleman Friend (quoth the Devil) your Grand-father wore a Sword, as he was Usher to a Fencing-School; and we know very well, what his Son, and Grand-child can pretend to. But let that pass, you have led a wicked and infamous life, and spent your time in whoring, drinking, blaspheming, and in lewd company; and do you tell us now of the Privileges of your Nobility? Your Testimonials, and the Seal of the Office? A farre for your Privileges, Testimonials, Office and all. There is no honor, but vertue. And if your Children, though they had a Scoundrel to their Father, should come to do honorable and worthy things, we should

upon them as persons Sacred, and not dare to
mingle with them. But talking is time lost; you
see ever a couple of *pitiful Fellows*, and your Tails
are worth the scalding. - *Have at ye*, (says he) and
that word, with a huge Iron Bar, he gave him
a salute over the *Buttocks*, that he took two or
three turns in the *Air*, Heels over Head, and drop-
ped into the *Common-shore*; where never any man
ever found the *Bottom*.

When his Companion had seen him *Cut that Ca-*
se; This Usage (says he) may be well enough for a
Merchant Gentleman; but for a *Cavalier* of my
Extraction and Profession, I suppose you will treat
him with somewhat more of *Civility*, and *Respect*.
Cavalier (quoth the Devil) if you have brought no
other Plea along with you, than the *Antiquity* of
your House, you may even follow your *Camerade*,
as I know, *For we finde very few Ancient Fa-*
milies, that had not some Oppressor or Usurper, for
their Founder; and they are commonly continued by
the same means, they were begun. How many are
there of our *Titular Nobility*, that write *Noble*, pure-
ly upon the account of their *Violence* and *In-*
justice? Their *Subjects* and *Tenants*, what with *Im-*
positions, hard Services, and Rackt Rents, are they
worse then *Slaves*? If they happen to have any
thing extraordinary, as a *pleasant Fruit*, a *hand-*
some Colt, a *good Cow*; and that the *Landlord*, or
a *Sweet Lady* take a liking to it, they must either
quit to part with it *Gratis*, or else take their *pay*
in *rough Language*, or *Bastinadoes*. And it is well,
they escape so: For many times, when the sign is
Gemini; their *Wives* and *Daughters* go to
it, without any regard of *Laws*, either Sacred

or prophane. What damned Blasphemies and im-
 cations do they make use of, to get credit with
Mistress or a *Creditor*, Upon a faithless promise
 How intolerable is their Pride and Insolence, even
 towards many considerable Officers, both in Church
 and State ! for they behave themselves, as if all peo-
 ple below their quality and rank in the World, were
 but as so many Brutes, or worse. As if Humane blood
 were not all of a colour : As if Nature had not brought
 them into the World the common way, or moulded
 them of the same materials with the meanest wretches
 upon the Earth. And then for such as have Military
 Charges and Commands ; how many great Officers
 are there, that without any consideration of their
 own, or their Princes honor, fall to spoil and pillage
 couzening the State with false Musters, and the Sol-
 diers of their Pay ; and giving them instead of the
 due from the Prince, a liberty of taking what is
 their due from the people ; forcing them to take
Bread out of the poor Laborers mouths, to fill their
 own *Bellies*, and protecting them when they have
 done, in the most execrable outrages imaginable. And
 when the poor Soldier comes at last to be dismissed,
 disbanded ; lame, sick, beggerly, naked almost, and
 enraged ; with nothing left him to trust to, but a
High-way to keep him from starving. What must
 chief is there in the World, that these men are
 the cause of ? How many good families are utterly
 ruined, and at this day in the *Hospital*, for trusting
 to their *Oaths* and *Promises* ! and becoming beggars
 for them, for vast sums of Money to maintain them
 in Tipple and Whores, and in all sorts of *Luxury*
Rye ? This *Rhetorical Devil* would have said a thou-
 sand times more, but that his *Companions* have

him off, and told him, they had business elsewhere. The Cavalier hearing that, My friend (said he) your Morals are very good, but yet with your favor, all men are not alike. *There is never a Barrel better Herring,* (said the Devil) you are all of ye tainted with *Original sin*; and if you had been any better than your fellows, you had never been sent hither. But if you are indeed so noble, as you say, you are worthy the *burning*, if it were but for your *ashes*. And that you may have no cause of complaint, you shall see, we will treat you like a person of your condition. And in that instant, two Devils presented themselves; the one of them bridled and saddled, and the other, doing the office of the Squire; holding the stirrop with his left hand, and giving the Gentleman a lift into the Saddle with the other. Which was no sooner done, but away he went like an Arrow out of a Bow. I askt the Devil then, into what Countrey he carried him; and he told me, Not far: For it was onely matter of *decorum*, to send the Nobility to *Hell a horse-back*. Look on that side now, says he, and so I did; and there I saw the poor Cavalier in a huge furnace, with the first inventers of Nobility, and Kings; as, *Cain, Cham, Nimrod, Esau, Romulus, Marquin, Nero, Caligula, Domitian, Heliogabalus*; and a World of other *brave fellows*, that had made themselves famous by *usurpation* and *Blood*. The place was a little too hot for me, and so I retired, meditating on what I had heard; and not a little satisfied with the *discourse* of so learned a Devil. Till that time, I took the Devil for a *notorious lyer*; but I finde now, that he can speak the truth too, when he pleases; and I would not for all I am worth, but I heard him Preach.

When

When I was thus far, my curiosity carried me farther; and within twenty yards, I came to a *Muddy, Stinking Lake*, near twice as big as that of *Geneva*; and heard in it so strange a noise, that I was almost out of my wits, to know what it was. They told me, that the *Lake* was stored with *Dougnas* or *Governantes*, which are turned into a kind of *Frogs in Hell*, and perpetually *Driveling, Spouting, and Croaking*. Me thought, the Conversion was apt enough; for they are neither *fish*, nor *flesh*, more then *Frogs*; and only the lower parts of them are *Mans meat*, but their *Heads* are enough to turn a very good *Stomach*. I could not but laugh, to see how they gaped, and stretched out their *legs* as they swam, and still as we came near, they would come away and dive.

This was no place to stay in, there was so noisome a vapor; and so I strook off upon the left-hand side, where I saw a number of old Men beating their *Breasts* and tearing their *Faces*; with bitter *groans*, and *lamentations*. It made my heart ache to see them, and I asked what they were. Answer was made, that I was now in the *Quartel of the Fathers that damn themselves, to raise their Posterity*; which were called by some, *The Unadvised*. Wretch that I am (cried one of them) the greatest *Penitent* that ever lived, never suffered the *Mortification* I have endured, I have *watched*, I have *fasted*, I have *scarped* my back; my whole life has been a restless course of *torment*, both of *body*, and *mind*; and all this, to get money for my children; that they might see them well married, *buy them places in Court*, or procure them some other preferment in the *World*. Starving my self in the conclusions of

When I would lessen the Provision, I had made for my Posterity. And yet notwithstanding this my fatherly care, I was scarce sooner dead, then forgotten; and my next heir buried me without Tears, Mourning; and indeed, without so much as paying of Legacies; or Praying for my Soul: As if they had already received certain intelligence of my Damnation. And to aggravate my sorrows, the Prodigals are now squandering, and consuming that estate, in gaming, whoring, and debauches, which I had scraped together by so much industry, vexation, and oppression, and for which, I suffer at this instant such insupportable Torments. This should have been thought on before (cried a Devil) for sure you have heard of the old saying, *Happy is the childe, whose Father owes to the Devil*. At which word, the old Misers broke out into fresh Rage, and Lamentation, Tearsing their Flesh, with Tooth and Nail, in so rueful a manner, that I was no longer able to endure the spectacle:

A little further, there was a dark, hideous Prison, where I heard the clattering of Chains, the crackling of Flames, the flapping of Whips, and a continued Out-cry of Complaints. I asked, what quarter this was; and they told me it was the quarter of the *Oh that I had!* What are those said I? Answer was made; that they were a Company of *British* men, so absolutely delivered up to *Vice*, that they were damned insensibly, and in *Hell* before they were aware. They are now reflecting upon their miscarriages, and Omissions; and perpetually crying out: *Oh that I had examined my Conscience! Oh that I had frequented the Sacraments! Oh that I had humbled my self with Fasting and Prayer! Oh that*

that I had served God as I ought ! Oh that I had visited the Sick, and relieved the Poor ! Oh that I had set a watch before the Door of my Lips !

I left these late Repentants, (as it appeared) in exchange for worse, which were shut up in a Black Court, and the nastiest that ever I saw. These were such as had ever in their Mouths. *God is merciful, and will pardon me.* How can this be, (said I) that these people should be damned ? When *Condemnation* is an Act of Justice, not of *Mercy* : I perceive you are simple, (quoth the Devil) for half these you see here, are condemned with the *Mercy* of God in their Mouths. And to explain my self, consider pray ye, how many sinners are there, that go on in their ways, in spite of Reproof, and good Counsellors. And still this is their Answer, *God is merciful, and will not damn a Soul for so small a matter.* But let them talk of *Mercy* as they please ; so long as they persist in a wicked life, we are like to have the same company at last. By your Argument (said I) there is no trusting to *Divine Mercy*. You mistake me (quoth the Devil) for every good Thought, every good word, every good work, flows from that *Mercy*. But this I say, that perseveres in his wickedness, and makes use of the name of *Mercy*, onely for a Countenance to his Impieties, dots but mock the *Almighty*, and has no title to that *Mercy*. For it is vain to expect the *Mercy* from above, without doing any thing in order to it. It properly belongs to the *Righteous*, and not to the *Penitent* ; and they that have the most of it open with the Tongue, have commonly the least thought of it in their Hearts : And it is a great aggravation of Guilt, to sin the more, in confidence of an abundance of the

ing Mercy. It is true, that many are received to Mercy, that are utterly unworthy of it, which is no wonder, since no man of himself can deserve it: But men are so negligent of seeking it betimes, that they put that off to the last, which should have been the first part of their business; and many times their Life is at end, before they begin their Repentance. I did not think so damned a Doctor could have made so good a Sermon. And there I left him.

I came next to a noysome dark hole, and there I saw a company of Dyers, all in Dirt, and Smoak, intermixed with the Devils, and so alike, that it would have posed the subtlest Inquisitor in Spain, to have said, which were the Devils, and which the Dyers.

There stood at my Elbow, a strange kinde of Mungrel Devil, begot betwixt a Black, and a White; with a Head so bestuck with Little Horns, that it looked at a distance like a Hedg-Hog. I took the boldness to ask him, where they quartered the Sodomites, the Old women, and the Cuckolds. As for the Cuckolds (said he) they are all over Hell, without any certain quarter, or station; and in truth, it is no easie matter to know a Cuckold from a Devil, for (like kinde husbands) they wear their Wives favors still, and the very same Head-pieces in Hell, that they wore living in the World. As to the Sodomites, we have no more to do with them, then needs must; but upon all occasions, we either flie, or face them: For if ever we come to give them a Broad-side, it is ten to one, but we get a hit betwixt Wind and Water: And yet we fence with our Tails as well as we can, and they get, now and then, a flap over the Mouth

into the Bargain. And for the old women, we make them stand off; for we take as little pleasure in them as you do; and yet the Jades will be persecuting you with their Passions; and ye shall have a Band of five and fifty, do ye all the Gambols of a Girl of fifteen. And yet after all this, There is not an old woman in Hell: For let her be as old as Pauls, bald, blind, toothless, wrinkled, decrepit; this is not long of her Age, she will tell you, but a terrible fit of Sicken last year, that fetcht off her Hair, and brought her so low, that she has not yet recovered her flesh again. She lost her Eyes by a hot Rhume, and utterly spoiled her Teeth with cracking of Peach-stones, and eating of Sweet-meats when she was a Maid. And when the Weight of her years has almost brought both ends together, it is nothing, she will tell ye, but a Crack she has got in her Back: And though she might recover her youth again, by confessing her age, she will never acknowledge it.

My next encounter was, a number of People making their moan, that they had been taken away by sudden Death. That is an impudent lie (cried a Devil) saying this Gentlemans presence) for no man dies suddenly: Death surprizes no man, but gives all men sufficient warning, and notice. I was much taken with the Devils Civility, and Discourse, which he pursued after this manner. Do ye complain (says he) of sudden death? that have carried death about ye, ever since you were born; that have been enterained with daily spectacles of Carcasses and Funerals; that have heard so many Sermons upon the subject; and read so many good Books upon the frailty of Life, and the certainty of Death. Do ye not know that every moment ye live, brings ye near

your end? Your Cloaths wear out; your Woods, and your Houses decay; and yet ye look that your Bodies should be Immortal. What are the common Accidents and Diseases of Life, but so many warnings to provide your self for a remove? Ye have Death at the Table, in your daily food, and nourishment; for your life is maintained by the Death of other Creatures. And you have the lively picture of it, every night for your Bed-fellow. With what face then can you charge your Misfortunes upon sudden Death? That have spent your whole life, both at Bed, and at Board, among so many Remembrances of your Mortality. No, no, change your stile, and hereafter conceive your selves to have been careless and incredulous. You die, thinking you are not to die yet; and forgetting that Death grows upon you, and goes along with you from one end of your life to the other, without distinguishing of Persons, or Ages, Sex, or Quality; and whether it findes ye well, or ill-doing. As the Tree falls, so it lies.

Turning toward my Left-hand, I saw a great many souls that were put up in Gally-Pots, with Assafetida, Galbanum, and a company of nasty Oyls that served them for Syrrup. What a damned stink is here, cried I, (stopping my Nose) we are now come undoubtedly to the Devils House of Office: No, no, said their Tormenter, which was a kinde of a Yellowish Complexioned Devil, It is a Confection of Apothecaries. A sort of people that are commonly named for Compounding the Medicines, by which their Patients hope to be saved. To give them their due; these are your onely true, and Chymical Philosophers; and worth a thousand of Raymund Lullius, Hermes, Geber, Ruspicella, Avicen, and their

Fellows: It is true, they have written fine things of the *Transmutation of Metals*; but did they ever make any Gold? Or, if they did, We have lost the Secret. Whereas your *Apothecaries*, out of a little *Puddle-water*, a bundle of rotten *Sticks*, a Box of *Flies*; nay, out of *Toads*, *Vipers*, and a *Sir-reverend* it self, will fetch ye *Gold ready Minted*, and fit for the *Market*; which is more then all your *Philosophical Projectors* ever pretended to. There is no *Herb* so *Poysonous* (let it be *Hemlock*) nor any stone so dry, (suppose the *Pumice* it self) but they will draw *Silver* out of it. And then for words, it is impossible to make up any word of the four and twenty Letters, but they will shew ye a Drug, or a Plant of the Name; and turn the *Alphabet* into as good Money as any ones in your Pocket. Ask them for an *Eye-Tooth* of a *Flying-Toad*, they will tell ye yes, ye may have of it in *Powder*; or if you had rather have the infusion of a *Tench of the Mountains*, in a little *Eels Milk*, it is all one to them, there be but any Money stirring, you shall have what you will, though there be no such thing in nature. So that it looks, as if all the Plants, and Stones of the *Creation*, had their several powers and virtues given them, onely for the *Apothecaries* sakes; and as if words themselves had been onely made for their advantage. Ye call them *Apothecaries*; but instead of that, I pray ye call them *Armourers*, and their Shops, *Arsenals*: Are not their *Medicines*, as certain *Death*, as *Swords*, *Daggers*, or *Muskets*? while the *Patients* are *Purged* and *Blooded* into the other world without any regard, either to *Distemper*, *Measure*, or *Season*.

If you will now see the pleasantest sight you have
seen yet, walk up but these two steps, and you shall
see a *Fury* (or *Conspiracy*) of *Barber-Surgeons*,
acting upon *Life and Death*. You must think that
any divertissement there was welcome, so that I went
up, and found it in truth a very pleasant Spectacle.
These *Barbers* were most of them chained by the
middle, their *hands* at liberty, and every one of
them, a *Cittern* about his *neck*, and upon his *knees* a
Chest-board; and still as he reached to have a touch
at the *Cittern*, the *Instrument* vanished, and so did
the *Chest-board*, when he thought to have a Game at
Draughts; which is directly *santalizing* the poor
Rogues, for a *Cittern* is as *Natural* to a *Barber*, as
Milk to a *Calf*. Some of them were washing of *Asses*
brains, and putting them in again; and scouring of
Negroes to make them white.

When I had laught my fill at these fooleries, my
next Discovery was, of a great many people, grumb-
ling and muttering; that there was no *body* looked
after them; no not so much as to torment them as
if their *Tails* were not as well worth the *Toasting*, as
their *Neighbors*. Answer was made, that being
of the kinde of *Devils* themselves, they might put in
for some sort of *Authority* in the place, and exe-
cute the *Office* of *Tormenters*. This made me ask
what they were. And a *Devil* told me (with re-
spect) that they were a Company of *Ungracious*,
Left-handed Wretches, that could do nothing a-
right. And their Grievance was, that they were
quartered by themselves; but not knowing whether
they were men, or no; or indeed, what else to
make of them, we did not know how to match them,
or in what company to put them.

In the World they are looked upon as *Ill-Omen* and let any man meet one of them, upon a Journey in a morning, fasting; it is the same thing as if a Hare had crossed the way upon him; he presently turns head in a discontent, and goes to bed again. Ye know that *Scavola*, when he found his mistake, in killing another; for *Porfenna* (his Secretary, for the Prince) burnt his Right-hand in revenge of the Miscarriage. Now the severity of the Vengeance, was not so much the maiming or the crippling of himself, but the condemning of himself to be for ever *Left-handed*. And so it is with a *Malefactor* that suffers Justice; the shame and Punishment does not lie so much in the loss of his Right-hand, as that the other is *Left*. And it was the Curse of an old *Baud*, to that Fellow that had vexed her, *That he might go to the Devil by the stroke of a Left-handed Man*. If the Poets speak truth, (as it were a wonder, if they should not) *The Left is the unlucky side* and there never came any good from it. And for my last Argument against these Creatures, the *Goats and Reprobates* stand upon the *Left-hand*; and *Left-handed men* are, in effect, a sort of Creatures that is made to do mischief; nay, whether I should call them men or no, I know not.

Hereupon, a Devil beckoned me to come softly to him; and so I did, without a word speaking, or the least noise in the World. Now (says he) if you will see the daily exercise of ill-favored women, look through that *Lattice window*, and there I saw such a *Kennel* of ugly pitches, you would have blest yourself. Some, with their faces so pounced and speckled, as if they had been scarified, and newly painted

the Cupping-Glass; with a world of little Plaisters, long, round, square; and briefly, cut out into such Variety, that it would have posed a good Mathematician to have found out another Figure; and you would have sworn that they had been either at Cats-play, or Cuffs. Others, were scraping their faces with pieces of Glass; tearing up their Eyebrows by the Roots, like Mad: And some that had none to tear, were fetching out of their black boxes, such as they could get or make. Others were powdering, and curling their false Locks; or fast'ning their new Ivory Teeth, in the place of their old Ebony ones. Some were chewing Lemmon-pill, or Cinnamon, to countenance a foul Breath; and raising themselves upon their Ciopines, that their View might be the fairer, and their Fall the deeper. Others were quarrelling with their Looking-Glasses, for shewing them such Hags-faces: and cursing the State of Venice for Entertaining no Better workmen. Some were stuffing out their Bodies, like Pack-saddles, to cover secret Deformities: and some again had so many Floods oyer their faces, to conceal the Ruines, that I could hardly discern what they were: and these past for Penitents. Others, with their Pots of Hoggrease, and Pomatum, were sleeking and polishing their faces, and indeed their fore-heads were bright, and shining, though there were neither Suns, nor Stars in that Firmament. Some there were (in fine) that would have fetcht a mans Guts up at's mouth, to see them with their Masques of After-births; and with their Menstruous Slibber slobbers, dawbing one another to take away the heats and Bubos. Nasty and abominable! I cry'd. Well (quoth the Devil) you see now how fara Womans Wit and Invention will carry

ry her to her own Destruction. I could not speak one word for astonishment at so horrid a Spectacle: till I had a little recollected my self: and then (said I) if I may deal freely without offence; I dare defie all the Devils in Hell, to out-do these Women. But prayers be gone, for the sight of them makes my very heart ake.

Turn about then, (said the Devil) and there was a fellow sitting in a Chair, all alone; never a Devil near him; No Fire, or Frost; no Heat or Cold; or any thing else that I could perceive, to torment him; and yet crying and roaring out the most hideously of any thing I had yet heard in Hell: tearing his Flesh, and beating his Body like a Bedlam; and his heart all the while, bleeding at his eyes. Good Lord, thought I, what ails this Wretch, to yell out thus when no Body hurts him! So I went up to him; Friend (said I) what's the meaning of all this Fury and Transport? for, so far as I can see, there's nothing to trouble you. No, no, (sayes he, with a horrid Outcry, and with all the Extravagancies of a Man in Rags, and Despair) you do not see my Tormentors; but the all-searching Eye of the Almighty sees my Pains as well as my Transgressions, and with a severe, and Implacable Justice, has condemn'd me to suffer Punishments answerable to my crimes. (Which Words he uttered with redoubled Clamours) My Executioners are in my Soul, and all the Plagues of Hell in my Conscience. My Memory serves me instead of a cruel Devil. The Remembrance of the Good I should have done, and Omitted; and of the Ill I should not have done, and did. The Remembrance of the wholesome Counsels I have rejected, and of the ill examples I have given. And for the Aggravation of

my Misery: where my Memory leaves afflicting me, my Understanding begins: shewing me the Glories and Beatitudes I have lost, which others enjoy, who have gained Heaven with less Anxiety and Pain, than I have endured to compass my Damnation. Now am I perpetually meditating on the Comforts, Beauties, Felicities, and Raptures of Paradise, only to enflame, and exasperate my Despair in Hell: begging in Vain, but for one moments interval of Ease, without obtaining any; for my Will is also as inexorable, as either my Memory, or my Understanding. And these (my Friend of the other World) are the three Faculties of my Soul, which Divine Justice, for my Sins, has converted into three Tormentors, that Torture me without Noise; Into Three Flames that burn me without consuming. And if I chance at any time to have the least Remission, or Respite, the worm of my Conscience gnaws my Soul, and finds it, to an insatiable Hunger, an Immortal Aliment and Entertainment. At that word, turning towards me with a Hellish Yell; Mortal (sayes he) learn, and be assur'd from me, that all those that either bury, or mis-employ their Talents, carry a Hell within themselves; and are Damn'd even above ground; and so he return'd to his usual Clamors. Upon this I left him, miserably sad and Pensive. Well, thought I, what a weight of sin lies upon this Creatures Conscience! Whereupon, the Devil observing me in a Muse, told me in my Ear, that this Fellow had been an Atheist, and believ'd neither God, nor Devil. Deliver me then, said I, from that Unsanctify'd Wisdom, that serves only for our further Condemnation.

I was gone but a step or two aside, and I saw a world

world of people running after *Burning Chariots*, with a great many Souls in them, and the Devils tearing them with Pincers: and before them, march't certain Officers, making *Proclamation* of their Sentence, which with much ado I got near enough to hear, and it was to this effect. *Divine Justice* hath appointed this Punishment to the Scandalous, for giving ill Examples to their Neighbours. And at the same time, several of the Damned laid their sins to their Charge, and cry'd out, that 'twas long of them they were thus tormented. So that the Scandalous were punisht both for their own Sins, and for the offences of those they had misled to their Destruction. And these are they of whom 'tis said, that they had better never have been born.

My very Soul was full of Anguish, to see so many Doleful Spectacles; and yet I could not but smile, to see the *Vintners* every where up and down Hell, as free, as if they had been in their *Taverns*, and only *Prisoners upon Parole*. I askt how they came by that Priviledge? and a Devil told me; there was no need of shackling them, or so much as shutting them up; for there was no fear of their making a scape, that took so much pains in the World, and made it their whole business to come thither. Only, says he; if we can keep them from throwing water in the Fire, as they do into their Wines, we are well enough. But if you would see somewhat worth the while, leave these fellows, and follow me; and I'll shew ye *Judas* and his Brethren, the *Stewards*, and *Parse-bearers*: so I did as he bad me, and he brought me to *Judas* and his *Companions*, who had no Faces, divers of them, and most of them no Foreheads.

I was well enough pleas'd to see him, and to be better inform'd ; for I had ever phansied him to be a kind of an *Olive-colour'd tawny Complexion'd Fellow*, without a *Beard*, and an *Eunuch* into the Bargain : which perhaps (nay probably) he was ; for nothing but a *Capon'd*, a *Thing unman'd*, could ever have been guilty of so Sordid, and Treacherous a Villany, as to sell, and betray his Master with a Kiss ; and after that, so Cowardly, as to hang himself in despair when he had done. I do believe however what the Church says of him, That he had a *Carrot Beard*, and a *Red Head* ; but it may be his *Beard* was *burnt*, and as he appear'd to me in Hell, I could not but take him for an *Eunuch*, which to deal freely ; is my Opinion of all the *Devils*, for they have no Hair ; and they are for the most part *wrinkled*, and *B. ker-leg'd*.

Judas was beset with a Great many *Money-monsters*, and *Purse-bearers*, that were telling him stories of the Pranks they had play'd, and the Tricks they had put upon their Masters, after his Example. Coming up to them, I perceiv'd that their Punishment was like that of *Titius*, who had a *Vulture* continually gnawing upon his *Liver* ; for there were a Number of *Ravenous Birds*, perpetually preying upon them, and tearing off their *Flesh* ; which grew again as fast as they devour'd it ; a Devil in the meantime crying out, and the Damned filling the whole place with Clamour and Horrour ; Judas with his *Purse*, and his *Pot* by his side, bearing a large part in the *Out-cry* and *Torment*. I had a huge mind (methought) to have a word or two with Judas ; and so I went to him with this Greeting : *Thou Perfidious, Impudent, Impious Traytor*, (said I) *to sell thy*

thy Lord and Master at so base a Price, like an Avaricious Rascal. If men (said he) were not ungrateful; they would rather pity, or commend me, for an Action so much to their Advantage, and done in Order to their Redemption. The Misery is Mine, that am to have no part my self, in the Benefit I have procured to others. Some *Hereticks* there are, (I must confess to my Comfort) that adore me for me. But do you take me for the only Judas? No, no. There have been many since the death of my Master, and there are at this day, more wicked and ungrateful, ten thousand times than my self; that buy the Lord of Life, as well as sell him, scourging and Crucifying him daily, with more Spite and Ignominy than the *Jews*. The truth is, I had an itch to be fingerling of Money, and Bartering, from my very entrance into the *Apostleship*. I began, you know, with the *Pot of Oynment*, which I would fain have sold, under colour of a *Relief* to the *Poor*. And I went on, to the selling of my Master, wherein I did the World a greater good than I intended, to my own irreparable ruine. My *Repentance* now signifies Nothing. To conclude, I am the only *Steward* that's condemn'd for Selling, All the rest are damn'd for Buying: And I must entreat you, to have a better opinion of me, for if you'll look but a little lower here, you'll find people a thousand times worse than my self. Withdraw then (said I) for I have had talk enough with Judas.

I went down then, some few steps, as Judas directed me; and there I saw a world of Devils upon the March, with *Rods*, and *Stirrup-Leathers* in their hands, lashing a Company of handsome *Lasses*, stark naked, and driving them out of Hell; (which I thought

thought was pity, and if I had had some of them
 in a Corner, I should have treated them better; with
 the *Stirrup-Leathers*, they disciplin'd a *Litter* of
Bawds. I could not imagine why these, of all others,
 should be expell'd the place, and askt the Question,
 Oh, says a Devil, *These* are our *Factresses* in the
 world, and the best we have, so that we send them
 back again to bring more Grist to the Mill: And
 indeed, if it were not for women, Hell would be but
 thinly peopled; for what with the *Art*, the *Beauty*,
 and the *Allurements* of the *Young Wenches*, and the
Surge Advice and *Counsel* of the *Bawds*, they do us
 very good service. Nay; for fear any of our Good
 Friends should tire upon the Road, they send them po-
 nion horse back, or bring them themselves, even to
 the very Gates, lest they should miss their way.

Pursuing my Journey, I saw, a good way before
 me, a large Building, that lookt (me thought) like
 some *Enchanted Castle*, or the *Picture of ill-luck*:
 It was all ruinous, the *Chimnies* down, and the
Planchers all to Pieces, only the *Bars* of the *Windows*
 standing: The *Doors* all bedawb'd with dirt, and
 hatcht up with *Barrel-heads*, where they had been
 broken. The *Glass* gone, and here and there a
Quarrel supplied with *Paper*. I made no doubt ac-
 cording to the story, but the house was forsaken; but coming near-
 ly, I found it otherwise, by a horrible confusion of
 tongues and noises within it. As I came just up
 to the door, one open'd it, and I saw many *Devils*,
Thieves, and *Whores*. One of the craftiest Jades in
 the pack, plac'd her self presently upon the *Threshold*,
 and made her address to my Guide and me. Gentle-
 man, says she, how comes it to pass, I praye, that
 you are damn'd both for giving and taking? The
 Thief

Thief is condemn'd for *taking* away from another; and *we* are condemn'd for *giving* what is our own. I do not find, truly, any injustice in our Trade; and if it be lawful to give every one their own, and one of their own; why are we condemn'd? We found it a nice point, and sent the Wench to *Counsel learn'd in the Law*, for a resolution in the Case. Her mentioning of *Thieves*, made me enquire after the *Scriveners* and *Notaries*. Is it possible; (said I) that you should have none of them here? for I do not remember that I have seen so much as one of them upon the way; and yet I had occasion for a *Scrivener*, and made a search for one. I do believe indeed (quoth the Devil) that you have not found one of them upon the Road. How then? (said I) what are they all sav'd? No, no, (cryed the Devil) but you must understand, that they do not *foot* it hither as other Mortals; but come upon the *wing*, in Troops like *wild-Geese*; so that 'tis no wonder you see none of them upon the way. We have *millions* of them; but they cut it away in a trice, for they are damn'dly *rank-wing'd*, and will make a flight, in the thin part of a minute, betwixt *Earth* and *Hell*. But there be so many (said I) how comes it we see none of them? For that I (quoth the Devil) we change their names, when they come hither once, and call them no longer *Notaries* or *Scriveners*, but *Catchpoles*; and they are so good *Mousers*, that though this place is old, large, and ruinous; yet you see not so much as a *Rat* or a *Mouse* in *Hell*: how full soever of all other sorts of *Vermine*. Now ye talk of *Vermine* (said I) are there any *Catchpoles* here? No, not one, (says he) How so (quoth I?) when I dare undertake there are *five hundred Rogues of the Trade* for one that

Thought. The Reason is (says the Devil) that every *Catchpole* upon Earth, carries a Hell in his Bosom. You have still (said I, crossing my self) an aking tooth at those poor Varlers! Why not (cried he) for they are but Devils incarnate, and so damnedly versed in the art of tormenting, that we live in continual dread of losing our places, and that his Infernal Majesty should take these Rascals into his service.

I had enough of this, and travelling on, I saw a little way off, a great enclosure, and a world of Souls shut up in it; some of them weeping and lamenting without measure, others in a profound silence. And this I understood to be the *Lovers Quarter*. It saddened me to consider, that Death itself could not kill the *Lamentations* of *Lovers*. Some of them were discoursing their Passions, and tearing themselves with *Tears* and *Jealousies*; casting all their miseries upon their *Appetites* and *Phantasies*, that still made the *Vision* infinitely fairer than the *Person*. They were for the most part troubled with a simple disease, called (as the Devil told me) *I Thought*. I asked him what that was, and he answered me, It was a punishment suitable to their offence: For your *Lovers*, when they fall short of their expectations, either in the pursuit, or enjoyment of their *Mistresses*, they wont to say, *Alas! I thought* she would have loved me: *I thought* she would never have prest me to marry her: *I thought* she would have been a fortune to me: *I thought* she would have given me all she had: *I thought* she would have cost me nothing: *I thought* she would have asked me nothing: *I thought* she would have been true to my Bed: *I thought* she would have been dutiful and modest: *I thought* she would never have kept her gallant. So

that all their Pain and Damnation comes from *thought* This or That, or So, or So.

In the middle of them was *Cupid*, a little Beggarly Rogue, and as naked as he was born, onely here and there covered with an odd kinde of *Embroidery*; but whether it was the workmanship of the *Itch*, *Pox*, or *Measles*, I could not perfectly discover; and close by him was this Inscription.

*Many a good Fortune goes to wrack,
And so does many an able Back;
With following whores, and Cards, and Dice,
were Fox'd and Beggar'd in a trice.*

Aha! (said I) by these *Rimes*, methinks, the *Poe*-
-t should not be far off; and the word was hardly out
of my mouth, when I discovered Millions of them
through a *Park Pale*, and so I stopt to look upon
them. (It seems in Hell they are not called *Poe*-
-t, but *Fools*) One of them shewed me the *women*
-quarter there hard by, and asked me what I thought
of it, and of the handsome Ladies in it: Is it not
true (says he) that a Buxome Lass is a kinde of
Chamber-maid to a *Man*? When she has stript him
and brought him to Bed, she has done her business
and never troubles herself any further about the help-
ing him up again, and dressing him. How now (said
I?) have ye your Quirks and Conceits in Hell?
How ye are pleasant: I thought your edge had been
taken off. With that, out stept the most miserable
Wretch of the whole company, laden with Iron.
Ah! (quoth he) I would to God, the first
winter of *Rimes* and *Poetry* were here in my place.

and then he went on, with this following, and sad complaint.

A Complaint of the Poets in Hell.

OH, this damn'd Trade of *Verseifying*,
 Has brought us all to Hell for *lying*;
 For writing what we do not think,
 Meerly to make the Verse cry *clink*,
 For rather than abuse the Meeter,
Black shall be *white*, *Paul* shall be *Peter*,
 One time I call'd a *Lady*, *whore*:
 Which in my Soul, she was no more
 Than I am. A brave *Lass*, no *Beggar*,
 And *true*, as ever *Man* laid *Leg* o'er.
 Not out of *Malice*, *Joves* my witness,
 But meerly for the Verses fitness.
 Now we're all made, said I, if *luck* hold,
 And then I call'd a Fellow *Cuckold*;
 Though the *wife* was (or I'll be hang'd)
As good a wench as ever twang'd.
 I was once plaguely put to't:
 This would not hit, that would not do't
 At last, I *circumcis'd* ('tis true)
 A *Christian*, and baptiz'd a *Jew*.
 Nay, I've made *Herod Innocent*,
 For Riming to *Long-Parliament*:
 Now to conclude, we are all damn'd ho:
 For nothing but a game at *Crambo*.
 And for a little jingling pleasure,
 Condemn'd to Torments without measure:
 Which is a little hard in my sense,
 To fry thus for *Poetick Licence*.

'Tis not for sin of *thought* or *deed*;
 But for bare *sounds* and *words* we bleed:
 While the Cur *Cerberus* lies growling,
 In consort with our *Catterwowing*.

So soon as he had done; there is not in the World (said I) a more ridiculous frensie, than yours, to be *Poetizing* in *Hell*. The humor sticks close sure, or the fire would have fetcht it out. Nay (cried a Devil) these *Versifiers* are a strange generation of *Buffons*. The time that others spend in *Tears* and *Groans* for their *Sins* and *Follies*, these Wretches employ in *Songs* and *Madrigals*; and if they chance to light upon the critical minute, and get a snap at a *Lady*, all is worth nothing, unless the whole Kingdom ring of it, in some miserable Sing-Song, or other, under the name, forsooth, of *Phillis*, *Chloris*, *Silvia*, or the like: And the goodly Idol must be deckt and dress'd up with *Diamond*, *Pearl*, *Rubies*, *Musk*, and *Amber*, and both the *Indies* are too little to furnish *Eies*, *Lips*, and *Teeth* for this *Imaginary Goddess*. And yet after all this magnificence and bounty, it would put the poor Devils credit upon the stretch, to take up an old Petty-Coat in *Longlane*, or a pair of *cast-shoes*, at the next *Coblers*. Beside, we can give no accompaniment either of their *Countrey* or *Religion*. They have *Christian names*, but most *Heretical souls*; they are *Arabians* in their *hearts*, and in their *Language*, *Gentiles*; but to say the truth, they fall short of the right *Pagans* in their manners. If I stay here a little longer (said I to my self) this spiteful Devil will turn me over the Thumbs ere I am aware; for I was half jealous, that he took me already for a piece of a *Poet*.

For fear of being discovered, I went my way, and my next visit was to the *Impertinent Devotes*, whose every *Prayers* are made up of *Impiety* and *Extravagance*. Oh! what sighing was there, and sobbing! groaning, and whining! Their *Tongues* were tied up to a perpetual silence, their *Souls* drooping, and their *Ears* condemned to hear eternally the hideous cries and reproaches of a whearsing Devil, greeting them after this manner. Oh, ye impudent and prophan abusers of Prayer, and holy Duties! that treat the Lord of Heaven and Earth in his own house, with less respect than ye would do a *Merchant* upon the change, sneaking into a Corner with your *Exettable* Petitions, for fear of being over-heard by your Neighbors; and yet without any scruple at all, ye can expose, and offer them up to that *Eternal Purgatory*! Shameless Wretches that ye are! Lord (says one) take the old man, my Father, to thy self, I beseech thee, that I may have his Office and Estate. Oh, that this Uncle of mine would but march off! There is a fat Bishoprick, and a good Deanery, I would the Devil had the Incumbent so I had the Dignity. Now for a lusty Pot of Guineys, or a Lucky Hand at Dice, if it be thy pleasure, and then I would not doubt of good Matches for my Children. Lord, make me His Majesties favorite, and thy servant; that I may get what is convenient, and keep what I have gotten. Grant me this, and I do here engage myself, to entertain six Blew-Coats, and binde them to good Trades; to set up a Lecture for every day of the week; to give one third part of my clear gains to charitables uses; and another, toward the repairing of Pauls; and to pay all honest Debts, so far as may stand with my Private Convenience. Binde and

Ridiculous Madness ! For *Dust and Ashes* thus to *Reason and Condition* with the *Almighty* ! For *Debauchers* to talk of *Giving*, and obtrude their Vain and unprofitable Offerings upon the Inexhaustible Fountain of Riches and Bounty ! To pray for those things as Blessings, which are commonly shewred down upon us for our Confusion and Punishment. And when in Case your Wishes take effect ; what becomes of all the Sacred Vows and Promises ye made, in *Storms*, (perhaps) *Sickness* or *Adversity* ? so soon as ye have gained your Port, recovered your Health, or Patched up a Broken Fortune, you shew yourselves, all of ye, a pack of Cheats : Your Vows, and Promises, are not worth so many *Rushes* : They are forgotten with your Dreams ; and to keep a Promise upon Devotion, that you made out of necessity, is no Article of your Religion. Why do ye not ask for *Peace of Conscience* ? *Increase of Grace* ? *The aid of the Blessed Spirit* ? But you are too much taken up with the things of this world, to attend those Spiritual Advantages and Treasures ; and to consider, That the most acceptable Sacrifices and Obligations you can make to the Almighty, are *Purity of Mind*, an *humble Spirit*, and a *Fervent Charity*. The Almighty takes delight to be often called upon, that he may often pour down his Blessings upon his Petitioners. But such is the Corruption of Humane Nature, that Men seldom think of him, unless under affliction, and therefore it is, that they are often visited ; for by *Adversity*, they are brought to the Knowledge and Exercise of their *Duty*. I would now have you consider, how little *Reason* there is in your Ordinary Demands. Put case you have your asking ; what are you better for the Grant ? since it fails you at last,

because

because you did not ask aright. When you die, your Estate goes to your Children ; and for their parts, you are scarce cold before you are forgotten. You are not to expect they should bestow much upon Works of Charity ; for if nothing went that way while you were living ; they will live after your example when you are dead ; and beside, there is no Merit in the Case. At this word, some of the poor Creatures were about to Reply ; but the Devils had put Barnacles upon their Lips that hindered them.

From thence, I went to the *witches* and *wizards* ; such as pretend to cure Man and Beast by *Charms*, *words*, *Amulets*, *Characters* ; and these were all burning alive. These (says a Devil) are a company of Couzening Rogues ; the most accursed Villains in Nature. If they help one man, they kill another, and onely remove the Disease from a *worse* to a *better* ; and yet there is no great Clamor against them neither ; for if the Patient recover, he is well enough content, and the Doctor gets both Reputation and Reward for his pains. If he dies, his mouth is stoppt, and forty to one, the next Heir does him a good turn for the Dispatch, So that, *Hit* or *Miss*, all is well at last. If you enter into a debate with them about their Remedies, they will tell you, *They learnt the mystery of a certain Jew* ; and there is the *Original* of the *Secret*. Now to hear these *Quacks* give you the History of their Cures, is beyond all the *Plays* and *Farces* in the World. You shall have a fellow tell you of fifteen people that were run clean through the Body, and glad for a matter of three days to carry their Puddings in their Hands ; that in four and twenty hours, he made them as whole as Fishes, and not

so much as a *Scar* for a Remembrance of the *Orifice*. Ask him, *when* and *where*? you will finde it some Twelve hundred Leagues off, in a *Terra Incognita*, by the Token, that at that time he was *Physitian* in *Ordinary* to a great Prince that died about five and twenty years ago.

Come, come; (cried a Devil) make an end of this visit, and you shall see those now, that *Judas* told you were ten times worse then himself. I went along with him, and he brought me to a Passage into a great Hall, where there was a damned smell of *Brimstone*, and a company of *Match makers*, as I thought at first; but they proved afterward to be *Alchymists*, and the Devils examining them upon *Interrogatories*, who were filthily put to it, to understand their *Gibbrish*. Their talk was much of the *Planetary Mettals*; Gold they called *Sol*; Silver, *Luna*; Tin, *Jupiter*; Copper, *Venus*. They had about them their *Furnaces*, *Crucibles*, *Coal*, *Bellows*, *Clay*, *Minerals*, *Dung*, *Mans Blood*, *Powders*, and *Alimbeckes*. Some were *Calcining*, others *Washing*; here *Purifying*, there *Separating*. *Fixing* what was *Volatile*, in one place, and *Rarifying* what was *fix* in another. Some were upon the work of *Transmutation*, and fixing of *Mercury* with *Monstrous Hammers* upon an *Anvile*. And after they had resolved the *Viscons* matter, and sent out the subler part, that they came to the *Coppel*, all went away in *Fume*. Some again were in a hot dispute, what *Fuel* was best, and whether *Raymund Lullius* his fire, and no fire, could be any thing elie then *lime*; or otherwise to be understood of the *Light Effective* of *Heat*, and not of the *Effective Heat* of *Fire*. Others were making their entrance upon the *Great Work*, after the

Hermetical

Hermetical Method. Here they were watching the Progress of their operations, and making their observations upon *Proportions*, and *Colour*. While all the rest of these blind Oracles lay waiting for the Recovery of the *Materia Prima*: till they brought themselves to the last Cast both of their Lives and Fortunes: and instead of turning Base Mettals and Materials into Gold, as they pretended; they made the Contrary Inversion, and were glad at length to take up with *Beggary Fools*, and *False-Coiners*. What a stir was there, with crying out, ever and anon! *Look ye, look ye! The old Father is got up again; Down with him, down with him; What Glo-ri-ous, and Commenting upon the old Chymical Text, that says, Blessed be Heaven, that has ordered the most Excellent thing in Nature out of the Vilest.* If so, (quoth one) let's try, if we can fetch the *Philosophers Stone* out of a *Common Strumpet*, which is of all Creatures undoubtedly the Vilest. And the Word was no sooner out, but a matter of three and twenty Whores went to Pot, but the Flesh was so Cursedly Mawmish and Rotten, that they soon gave over the Thought of that Projection. And then they entred upon a fresh Consultation, and concluded, *Nemini Contradicente*, that the *Mathematicians*, by that rule, were the only fit matter to work upon; as being most damnably dry, (to say nothing of their Divisions, among, and against themselves) so that with one Voice, they call'd for a parcel of *Mathematicians*, to the Furnace, to begin the Experiment. But a Devil came in just in the *God-speed*, and told them; *Gentlemen, Philosophers*, (sayshe) if you would know the Wretched'st, and most contemptible thing in the World; it is an *Alchymist*: and

and we are of Opinion, that you'l make as Good *Philosophers Stones*, as the *Mathematicians*. However for Curiosity's sake, wee'l try for once; and so he shrew them all together into a great *Caldron*; and to say the Truth, the poor Snakes suffer'd very contentedly; out of a desire I suppose to help on toward the perfecting of the operation.

On the other side, were a Knot of *Astrologers*, and one among the rest that had studied *Chiromancy*, or *Palmestry*; who took all the Damned by the hands one after another. One he told, that it was as plain as the Nose on his Face, that he was to go to the Devil, for he perceiv'd it by the *Mount of Saturn*. You (says he to another) have been a *Swinging Whoremaster* in your dayes; I see that by the *Mount of Venus* here, and by her *Girdle*; and in short; every Man's Destiny he read in his *Fist*. After him advanced another, Creeping upon all four; with a pair of *Compasses* betwixt his Teeth; his *Spheres* and *Globes* about him; his *Jacob's staff* before him; and his *Eyes* upon the *Stars*, as if he were taking a Height, or making an *Observation*. When he had gazed a while, up he starts of a sudden, and wringing his Hands, Good Lord (sayes he) what an unlucky Day was I! If I had come into the world but one half quarter of an hour sooner, I had been saved; for just then *Saturn* shifted, and *Mars* was lodg'd in the house of Life. One that followed him, bad his Tormentors be sure he was Dead, for (sayes he) I am a little doubtful of it my self; in regard that I had *Jupiter* for my *Ascendent*, and *Venus* in the *House of Life*, and no *Malevolent Aspect* to cross me. So that by the Rules of *Astrology*, I was to live, precisely, a hundred years and one & two Months, six dayes, four hours

and three minutes. The next that came up was a Geomancer; one that reduced all his Skill to certain little points, and by them would tell you, as well things past, as to come: These points he bestow'd at a Venture, among several unequal lines; some long, others shorter, like the fingers of a mans hand: and then with a certain Ribble Rabble of *Azysterion* words, he proceeds to his Calculation, upon Even, or Odd, and challenges the whole world to follow him the most Learned, and Infallible of the Trade.

There were divers great Masters of the Science that follow'd him. As, *Haly, Gerard, Bart'lemew of Parma*, and one *Toudin*, a Familiar Friend and Companion of the Great *Cornelius Agrippa*, the famous Conjuror: who though he had but one Soul, was yet burning in four Bodies. (I mean the four Damnable Books he left behind him.) There was *Trithemius* too, with his *Polygraphy*, and *Stenography*: that had Devils now his belly full, though in his Life time his Complaint was, that he could never have enough of their Company. Over against him was *Cardan*, but they could not set their horses together, because of an old Quarrel; whether was the more impudent of the Two. And there I saw *Misaldus*, tearing his Beard, in Rage, to find himself pumpt dry, and that he could not fool on, to the End of the Chapter. *Theophrastus* was there too, bewailing himself for the Time he had spent at the *Alchymists Bellows*. There was also the Unknown Author of *Clavicula Solomonis*, and *The Hundred Kings of Spirits*: with the Composer of the Book, *Adversus Omnia pericula standi*. *Taysternus* too, with his Book of *Physiognomy*, and *Chiromancy*: and he was doubly pumpt,

first for the *Fool* he was, and then for *those* he had made. Though, to give the Man his Due, he knew himself to be a Chear, and that he that gives a judgement upon the Lines of a Face, takes but a very uncertain aim. There were *Magicians, Necromancers, Sorcerers, and Enchanters*, innumerable, beside diverse *Private Boxes* that were kept for Lords and Ladies, and other Personages of great Quality, that put their trust in these Disciples of the Devil, and go to *Strand-Bridge or Billeter Lane*, for resolution in cases of *Death, Love, or Marriage*, and now and then to recover a *Gold Watch*, or a *Pearl Neck-lace*.

Not far from these, were a Company of handsome *women*, that were tormented in the quality of *Witches*; which griev'd my very heart to see it; but to comfort me, What? (says a Devil) Have you so soon forgot the roguery of these Carrions? Have you not had trial enough yet of them? they are the very poison of life, and the only dangerous *Magicians* that corrupt all our senses, and disturb the faculties of your soul; these are they that couzen your *Eyes* with *false appearances*, and set up your *wills* in opposition to your *Understanding* and *Reason*. 'Tis right, said I, and now you mind me of it, I do very well remember, that I have found them so; but let's go on and see the rest.

I was scarce gone three steps further, but I was got into so hideous a dark place, that it was e'en a mercy we knew where we were. There was first at the entrance, *Divine Justice*, which was most dreadful to behold; and a little beyond stood *Vice*, with a countenance of the highest pride and insolence imaginable. There was *Ingratitude, Malice, Ignorance, obstinate and incorrigible Infidelity*, bristling and

head-strong Disobedience, rash and imperious Blasphemy, with Garments dipt in *Bloud*, *Eyes sparkling*, and a hundred pair of Chops barking at Providence, and vomiting rage and poison. I went in (I confess) with fear and trembling, and there I saw all the Sects of Idolaters and Hereticks, that ever yet appeared upon the Stage of the Universe: And at their feet, in a glorious array, was lascivious *Barbara*, second Wife to the Emperour *Sigismund*, and the *Queen of Harlots*: one that agreed with *Messalina* in this, That *Virginity* was both a *burden*, and a *folly*: and that in her whole life she was never either *wearied* or *satisfied*; but wherein she went beyond her, in that she held the *mortality* as well of the *Soul* as of the *Body*; but she was now better instructed, and burnt like a bundle of *Matches*.

Passing forward still, I spy'd a fellow in a corner, all alone, with the flames about his ears, gnashing his teeth, and blaspheming through fury and despair, I askt him what he was, and he told me he was *Mahomet*. Why then (said I) thou art the damn'dst Rebel in Hell, and hast brought more Wretches hither than half the World beside: and *Lucifer* has done well to allor thee a Quarter here by thy self, for certainly thou hast well deserved the first place in his Dominions. But since every man chuses to talk of what he loves, I prethee good *Impostor* tell me, What's the reason that thou hast forbidden wine to all thy *Disciples*? Oh (sayes he) I have made them so drunk with my *Alchoran*, they need no *Tippary*. But why hast thou forbidden them *Swines-flesh*? (said I,) because (sayes he) I would not affront the *Jambon*; for *water* upon *Gammon* would be false *alchemy*. And beside, I never lov'd my people

well enough to afford them the pleasure, either of the *Grape* or the *Spare-Rib*. Nay, and for fear they should chance to grope out the way to Heaven, have establish'd my power and my Dominion by force of Arms; without subjecting my Laws to disputes and discourses of Reason. Indeed there is little of *Reason* in my *Precepts*, and I would have as little in their *Obedience*. A world of Disciples I have, but I think they follow me more out of *Ambition* than *Religion*, or for the *Miracles* I work. I allow them *Liberty of Conscience*; they have as many women as they please, and they do what they list, provided they meddle not with the Government. But look about ye now, and you'll find there are more *Knaves* than *Mahomet*.

I did so, and found my self presently surrounded with a Ring of *Hereticks*, and their *Adherents*, many of which were ready to tear out the Throats of their *Leaders*. One among the rest was beset with a brace of Devils, and either of them a pair of Belchings, puffing into each ear *Fire* instead of *Air*, which made him a little *hot-headed*. There was another, though as I was told, was a kind of a *Symoniac*, and had taken up his seat in a *Pestilential Chair*; but it was so dark I could not well discern whether it was a *Pope* or a *Presbyter*.

By this time I had enough of Hell, and began to withdraw my self out again; but as I was looking about for a Retreat, I stumbled upon a *Long Gallery*, where I was aware: and there I saw *Lucifer* himself with all his *Nobility* about him, male and female. (For let *marry'd men* say their pleasure, there are *single Devils* too) I should have been at a damn'd loss what to do, or how to behave my self among

many strange faces; if one of the *ushers* had not come to me, and told me, that being a stranger, it was his Majesties pleasure, I should enter and have free liberty of seeing what was there to be seen. We exchanged a couple or two of Complements, and then I began to look about me, but never did I see a Palace so furnish'd, nor indeed comparable to it.

Our Furniture at the best is but a choice collection of dead and dumb Statues or Paintings, without Life, Use, or motion: But there, all the pieces were animated, and no trash in the whole Inventory, There was hardly any thing to be seen, but *Emperours* and *Princes*, with some few (perhaps) of their holcest Nobility and *Privados*. The first *Banque* was taken up by the *Ottoman Family*; and after them the *Roman Emperours*, in their order; and the *Roman Kings* down to *Tarquin* the proud; beside *Highnesses* and *Graces*, *Lords Spiritual* and *Temporal* innumerable. My *Lungs* began now to call for a little fresh air, and I desired my Guide to shew me the way out again. Yes, yes, with all my heart (says he) follow me then: and so he carryed me away by a back passage into *Lucifer's House of Office*, where there was I know not how many *Tun* of Sir *Reverence*, and Bales of *Flattering Panegy-icks*, not to be numbred; all of them *Licens'd*, and *Inter'd according to Order*. I could not but smile at this provision of *Tail-timber*, and my Guide took notice of it; who was a good kind of a *damn'd* *Wall*. But I call'd still to be gone, and at length he led me to a little hole like the vent of a Vault, and crept through it as nimbly as if the Devil himself had given me a lift at the *Crupper*; when to my

great wonder, I found my self in the *Park* again where I begun my story : not without an odd medly of Passions, partly reflecting upon what others endur'd, and in part, upon my own condition of ease and happiness, that had deserved, perhaps, the contrary as well as they. This thought put me upon a resolution of leading such a course of life for the future, that I might not come to feel the Torments in *Reality*, which I had now only seen in *Vision*.

And I must here intreat the Reader to follow my example, without making any further Experiment, and likewise not to cast an *ill construction* upon a *fair meaning*. My design is, to discredit and discountenance the works of Darknes, without scandalizing of Persons; and since I speak only of *Damns*, I'm sure no honest man alive will receive this discourse a *Satyre*.

The end of the Sixth Vision.

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THE SEVENTH VISION OF HELL REFORM'D.

Here happened lately so terrible an uproar and disorder in Hell, that (though it be a place of perpetual outrage and confusion) the oldest Devil there, never knew the fellow of it; and the Inhabitants expected nothing less than an absolute topsie-turvy and dissolution of their Empire. The Devils fell upon the damned, and the damned fell upon the Devils, without knowing one from the other; and all running heer-skelter, to and again, like mad: For in fine, was no other than a general Revolt. This Hurly-burly lasted a good while, before any Mortal could imagine the meaning of it; but at length there came certain intelligence of a Monstrous Talker, a Pragmatical, Medling Undertaker, and an old Band of Gouvernante, that had knockt off their Shackles, and made all this Havock. which may give the reader to understand, what kinde of Cattle these are, that could make Hell it self more dangerous, and quiet.

Lucifer, in the mean times, went Yelping up and down, and Bawling, for Chains, Hand-Cuffs, Bolts, Manacles, Shackles, Fetters, to tie up his prisoners in; when, in the middle of his carriere, he and a Babler, or Talker, I told ye of, met full-bred

and after a little staring one another in the face, upon the encounter the *Babler* opened. Prince mine (says he) you have a pack of *Lazy, Droaning Devils* in your *Dominions*, that look after nothing, but sit with their Arms and Legs across, and leave all your affairs at *Six and Seven*. And you have divers abroad too, upon *Commission*, that have staid out their time, and yet give you no accompt of their employment. The *Gouvernante*, who had been blowing the *Coal*, and whispering *Sedition* from one to another, chanced to pass by in the *interim*, and stopping short, addressed herself to *Lucifer*: Look to your self (she cried) there is a *desperate Plot* upon your *Diabolical Crown and Dignity*. There are two *Tyrants* in it, three *Parasites*, a world of *Physicians*, and whole *Legions of Lawyers, and Attorneys*. One word more in your ear: There is among them, a *Mumpter Priest* (a kinde of a *Lay-Elder*) that will go near to sit upon your skirts, if you have not a care of him.

At the very name of *Priest*, and *Lay-Elder*, *Lucifer* looked as pale as Death, stood stone-still, mute as a Fish; and in his very looks, discovered his apprehensions. After a little pause, he roused himself, as out of a Trance. *A Priest doe say? a Lay Elder? Tyrants? Lawyers? Physicians? A commission to poyson all the Devils in Hell, and purge the very Guts out.* With that, away he went to visit the *Avenues*, and set his *Guards*, and who should be next, but the *Medler*, in a monstrous haste, and hurry. Nay then (says he) here is the fore-runner of ill luck. But, what is the matter? The matter, cried the *Medler*; and then with a huge deal of tedious, and impertinent circumstance, he up and told him, That

A great many of the Damned had contrived an *Escapes* and that there was a design to call in *four or five Regiments* of *Hypocrites* and *Usurers*, under colour, forsooth, of establishing a better *Intelligence* betwixt *Earth* and *Hell*, with a Hundred other Fopperies; and had gone on till this time, if *Lucifer* would have found Ears. But he had other fish to fry; for neck and all was now at stake; and so he went about his business of putting all in a posture, and strengthening his Guards. And for the further security of his Royal Person, he entertained into his own immediate *Regiment*, several *Reformadoes* of the *Society*, that he particularly knew to be no Flinchers.

He began his Survey in the *Vault* and *Dungeons*, among his *Jaylers* and *Prisoners*. The *Make-Bait Babler* marched in the *Van*, breathing an Air that kindled and enflamed wherever he past, without giving any light (setting people together by the ears, they know not why.) In the second place, the *Governante*, as full of *News* and *Tittle-Tattle*, as she could hold, and telling her tale all the way she went. In the Breech of her followed the *Medler*, leaning as he past along, first on one side, then on the other, without ever moving his head, and making fair with every Soul he saw in his way. He gave one a bow, the other a kiss; your most humble Servant to a third; can I serve you Sir, to a fourth. But every Complement was worse to the poor Creature, than the Fire it self. Ah Traytor! says one; for pities sake, away with this new Tormenter! cries another. This Fellow is Hell upon Hell, says a third. As he trudged on, there was a Rabble of Rascals got together, and in the middle of the Crowd, a

M 2

most

most eminent Knight of the Post, (a great Master of his Trade) that was reading a Lecture to that Venerable Assembly, of the Noble Mystery of Swearing and Lying; and would have taught any man in one quarter of an hour; to prove any thing upon Oath, that he never saw, nor heard of in his life. This Doctor had no sooner cast his eye upon the Intermedler, but up he started in a fright. How now? says he; *Is that Devil here?* I came hither on purpose to avoid him; and if I could but have dreamed, he would have been in Hell beyond all dispute, I would have gone my self to Paradise.

As he was speaking, we heard a great, and a confused noise of Arms, Blows, and Out cries; and presently we discovered several persons falling one upon another like lightning; and in short, with such a Fury, that it is not for any Tongue or Pen to describe the battle. One of them appeared to be an Emperor, for he was crowned with *Lawrel*, and surrounded with a grave sort of people, that looked like Counsellors or Senators; and had all the *Old Statutes* and *Records* at their fingers end; by which they endeavored to make it out, *That a King might be killed in his Personal capacity, and his Politick capacity never the worse for it.* And upon this point, were they at Daggers drawn with the Emperor. *Lucifer* came then roundly up to him, and with a voice that made Hell quake: What are you Sir, (says he) that take upon you thus in my Dominions? I am the Great *Julius Caesar* (quoth he) that in this general tumult, thought to have revenged my self upon *Brutus* and *Cassius*, for murdering me in the Senate, under colour (forsooth) of asserting the *Common Liberty*; whereas these Traytors did it meerly out of *Envy*, *Avarice*, and *Ambition*.

It was the Emperor, not the Empire they hated. They pretended to destroy me, for introducing a *Monarchy*; but did they overthrow the *Monarchy* it self? No: but on the contrary, they confirmed it, and did more mischief, in taking away my Life, than I did in dissolving their Republick. However, I died an Emperor, and these villains carried onely the infamy, and brand of Regicides to their Graves, and the world has ever since, adored my Memory, and abhorred theirs. Tell me (quoth he) ye cursed Blood-Hounds; (turning toward them) whether was your Government better think ye? in the hands of your Senators; a company of talking Gown-men, that knew not how to keep it; or in the hands of a Soldier, that won it by his merit? It is not the drawing of a charge, or making of a fine Oration, that fits people for Government: Nor will a Crown sit well upon the Head of a Pedant; but let him wear it, that deserves it. He is the true Patriot that advances the glory of his Country, by actions of Bravery and Honor. which has more right to rule, think ye, he that onely knows the Laws, or he that maintains them? The one onely studies the Government; the other Protects it. Wretched Republick! Thou calledst it Freedom, to obey a divided multitude, and slavery, to serve a single person; and when a company of covetous little Fellows are got together, they must be stiled Fathers of their Countrey, forsooth; and shall one generous person take up with the name of Tyrant? Oh! how much better had it been for Rome, to have preserved that one Son that made her Mistress of the world, than that multitude of Fathers, who by so many Intestine wars, rendered her but a step-mother to her own children. Barbarous and cruel that you are! So much as to mention the name of a

Commonwealth, considering that since the people tasted of Monarchy, they have preferred even the worst of Princes, as Nero, Tiberius, Caligula, Heliogabalus, &c. before your Tribe of Senators.

This discourse of *Casars* struck *Brutus* with exceeding Shame and Confusion; but at length with a feeble and trembling voice, he delivered himself to this effect. ‘Gentlemen of the Senate (*says he*) do ye not hear *Cesar*? or will ye add sin to sin, and suffer all the blame to be cast upon the *Instruments*, when you your selves were the Contrivers of the Villany? Why do ye not answer? for *Cesar* speaks to you, as well as to us. *Cassius* and my Self were but your *Bravos*, and governed by your persuasions and advice, little dreaming of that insatiable ambition that lay lurking under the gravity of your long Beards and Robes. But it is the practice of you all, to arraign that Tyranny in the Prince, which you would exercise your selves: In effect, when you have gotten power, and the colour of Authority in your hands, it is more dangerous for a Prince not to comply with you, than for a Vassal to rebel against his Prince. To what end served your perfidious and ungrateful Treason? Make answer to *Cesar*. But for our parts, in the Conscience of our Sin, we feel the Severitie of our Punishment.

At these words a *Hollow-eyed, Supercilious Senator* (that had been of the Conspiracy, and was then blazing like a Pitched Barrell) raised himself, and with a faint voice, asked *Cesar* what reason he had to complain? ‘For Prince (*says he*) if King *Ptolomy* murdered *Pompey the Great*, upon whose score he held his Kingdom: Why might not the Senate as

‘well

'well Kill you, to recover what you had taken from
 'them? And in the case betwixt *Cæsar* and *Pompey*,
 'let the Devils themselves be Judges. As for *Achilles*
 '(who was one of the Murderers) what he did, was
 'by *Ptolomeys* command, and then he was but a Free-
 'booter neither, a fellow that got his living by Rapine
 'and Spoil; but *Cæsar* was undoubtedly the more in-
 'famous of the two. It is true, you wept at the sight
 'of *Pompeys* Head, but such Tears as were more trea-
 'cherous than the Steel that killed him. Ah cruel
 'compassion and revengeful piety! That made thee a
 'more barbarous Enemy to *Pompey*, dead than living.
 'O that ever two Hypocrite Eyes should creep into
 'the first Head of the World! To conclude, the
 'Death of *Cæsar* had been the *Recovery* of our Repub-
 'lick, if the multitude had not called in others of his
 'Race to the Government, which rendered thy fall,
 'the very *Hydra* of the Empire.

We had had another skirmish upon these words, If
Lucifer had not commanded *Cæsar* to his Cell again,
 upon pain of Death; and there to abide such correcti-
 on as belonged to him, for slighting the warnings he
 had of his Disaster. *Brutus* and *Cassius* too were
 turned over to the Politick Fools; and the *Senators*
 were dispatched away to *Minos* and *Rhadamanthus*,
 and to sit as *Assistants* in the *Devils*
Bench.

After this I heard a murmuring noise, as of peo-
 ple talking at a distance, and by degrees I made it
 out that they were wrangling and disputing still louder
 and louder, till at length it was but a word and a blow,
 and the nearer I came, the greater was the clamor.
 This made me mend my pace; but before I could
 reach them, they were all together by the ears in a

bloody fray; they were persons of great quality all of them, as *Emperors, Magistrates, Generals of Armies, Lucifer*, to take up the quarrel, commanded them *Peace and Silence*, and they all obeyed, but it vexed them to the hearts to be so taken off in the full carriere of their *Fury and Revenge*. The first that opened his mouth, was a fellow so martyred with Wounds and Scars, that I took him at first for an *Indigent Officer*; but it proved to be *clitus* (as he said himself) and one at his Elbow told him, he was a saucy Companion, for presuming to speak before his time; and so desired Audience of *Lucifer, For the high and mighty Alexander, the Son of Jupiter, and the Emperor and Terror of the world*: He was going on with his *Qualities and Titles*; but an Officer gave the word, *Silence*, and bad *clitus* begin: Which he took very kindly, and told his story.

‘If it may please Your Majesty (*says he*) I was the first Favorite of this Emperor; who was then Lord of all the known World; bare the Title of the *King of Kings*, and boasted himself for the Son of *Jupiter Hammon*; and yet after all this Glory, and Conquest, he was himself a Slave to his Passions: He was rash, and cruel, and consequently, incapable either of Counsel, or Friendship. While I lived, I was near him, and served him faithfully; but it seems, he did not entertain me, so much for my Fidelity, as to augment the number of his Flatterers: But I found my self too honest for a base office: And still as he ran into any foul excesses, I took a freedom with all possible modesty, to shew him his Mistakes. One day, as he was talking slightly of his father *Philip* (that brave

‘Prince,

Prince, from whom he receiv'd as well his Honour, as his Being) I told him frankly what I thought of that Ingratitude and Vanity, and desired him to treat his dead Father, with more Reverence, as a Prince worthy Eternal Honour and Respect. This commendation of Philip so enflam'd him, that presently he took a Partisan and struck me Dead in the place with his own hand. After this, pray'e where was his Divinity, when he gave Abdolominus, (a poor Garden-weeder) the Kingdom of Sidenia: which was not, as the World would have it, out of any Consideration of his Virtue, but to mortifie and take down the Pride, and Insolence of the Persians. Meeting him here just now in Hell, I askt him what was become of his Father Jupiter now; that he lay so long by't; and whether he were not yet convinc'd that all his Flatterers were a Company of Rascals, who with their Incense and Altars would perswade him that he was of Divine Extraction, and Heir apparent to the Throne and Thunder of Jupiter. This now was the Ground of our Quarrel. But Invectives apart; who but a Tyrant would have put a Loyal Subject to Death, only for his Affection, and Regards to the Memory of his Dead Father? how barbarously did he treat his Favourites, Parmenio, Philotas, Calisthenes, Amintas, &c. so that good or bad is all a case, for 'tis crime enough to be the Favourite of a Tyrant: As in the course of humane life, every man dies because he is mortal, and the disease is rather the pretext of his death, than the cause of it. You find now (sayes Satan) that Tyrants will shew their people many a Dog-trick, when the humour takes them. The good, they hate, for not being wick-

wicked; and the bad, because they are no worse. How many *Favorites* have you ever seen come to a fair and timely end? Remember the *Emblem* of the *Sponge*, and that's the use that *Princes* make of their *Favourites*: they let them suck and fill, and then squeeze them for their own profit.

At that word there was heard a lamentable cry, and at the same time a venerable old man, as pale as if he had no blood in his veins, came up to *Lucifer*, and told him, that his *Emblem* of the *Sponge* came very pat to his *Case*; for (says he) *I was a great Favorite, and a great holder of Treasure: a Spaniard by Birth, the Tutor and Confident of Nero, and my name is Seneca. Indeed his bounties were to excess, he gave me without asking, and in taking I was never covetous but obedient. It is in the nature of Princes, and it befits their quality, to be liberal where they take a liking, both of Honour and Fortunes; and 'tis hard for a Subject to refuse, without some reflection upon the generosity or discretion of his Master. For 'tis not the merit, or modesty of the Vassal, but the glory of the Prince that is in question: and he is the best subject, that contributes the most to the splendor and reputation of his Sovereign. Nero indeed gave me as much as such a Prince could bestow; and I manag'd his Liberalities with all the moderation imaginable: yet all too little to preserve me from the strokes of envious and malicious tongues, which would have it, that my philosophizing upon the contempt of the world, was nothing else but meer imposture, that with less danger and notice, might feed and entertain my avarice, and with the fewer Competitors. Finding my credit with my Master declining, it stood me upon to provide some way*

or other for my quiet, and to withdraw my self from being the *mark* of a *publick* *envy*. So I went directly to *Nero*, and with all possible respect and humility made him a *Present* back again of his *own* *bounties*. The truth is, I had so great a *Passion* for his *service*, that neither the *severity* of his *Nature*, nor the *debauchery* of his *Manners*, could ever deter me from exhorting him to nobler courses, and paying him all the duties of a *Loyal Subject*. Especially in cases of *cruslty* and *bloud*, I laid it perpetually home to his conscience, but all to little purpose; for he put his *father* to death, laid the *City* of *Rome* in *ashes*, and indeed depopulated the *Empire* of *honest* *men*. And this drew on *Piso's* *Conspiracy*, which was better laid than executed: for upon the discovery, the prime instruments lost their lives; and by *Divine Providence* this Prince was preserv'd, in order (as one would have thought) to his *Repentance* and *Change* of life. But upon the issue, the *Conspiracy* was prevented, and *Nero* never the better. At the same time he put *Lucan* to death, only for being a better *Poet* than himself. And if he gave me my choice what death to die, it was rather *cruelty* than *pity*: for in the very deliberation which death to chuse, I suffer'd all even in the *terror* and *apprehension* that made me refuse the rest. The election I made, was to be led to death in a *bath*, and I finisht my own *dispatches* hither; where to my further affliction, I have again encountred this *Infamous Prince*, studying new *Cruelties*, and instructing the very *Devils* themselves in the *Art* of tormenting.

At that word *Nero* advanc'd, with his *ill-favour'd* face, and *shrill voice*. 'It is very well (says he) for a *Princes* *Favourite*, or *Tutor* to be wiser than his

'his Master; but let him manage that advantage
 'then with respect, and not like a rash and insolent
 'Fool make Proclamation presently to the world
 'that he's the wiser of the two. While *Seneca* kept
 'himself within those bounds, I lodg'd him in my
 'bosom, and the love I had for that man was the
 'glory of my Government; but when he came to
 'publish once (what he should have dissembled
 'or conceal'd) that it was not *Nero* but *Seneca*
 'that rul'd the Empire, nothing less than his
 'blood could make satisfaction for so intolerable
 'scandal, and from that hour I resolv'd his ruin
 'ine. And I had rather suffer what I do a hun-
 'dred times over, than entertain a Favorite that
 'should raise his credit upon my dishonour. Whether
 'I have reason on my side or no, I appeal to all
 'this Princely Assembly. Draw near, I beseech ye
 'as many as are here, and speak freely, my Royal
 'Brethren; Did ye ever suffer any Favorite to scape
 'unpunisht, that had the impudence to write [*and my King*]
 'to make a *Stale of Majesty*, and
 'to publish himself a *better States-man* than his Ma-
 'jesty? No, no, (they cry'd out all with one voice)
 'it never was, and never shall be endured, while the
 'world lasts; For we have left our Successors under
 'an Oath, to have a care on't. 'Tis true, a wise Coun-
 'sellor at a Princes Elbow, is a Treasure, and ought
 'to be so esteem'd, while he makes it his business to
 'cry up the abilities and justice of his Sovereign; but
 'in the instant, that his vanity, transports him to the
 'contrary; away with him to the dogs, and down with
 'him, for there's no enduring of it.

'All this (*cry'd Sejanus*) does not yet concern
 me; for though I had indeed more brains than

Tiberius, yet I so order'd it, that he had the credit in publick of all my private Advices. And so sensible he was of my services, that he made me his Partner and Companion in the Empire: he caus'd my Statues to be erected, and invest'd them with sacred Priviledges. *Let Sejanus Live*, was the daily cry of the People; and in truth, my well-being was the joy of the Empire; and far and near there were publick Prayers and Vows offer'd up for my health. But what was the end of all? when I thought my self surest in my Master's Arms and Favour, he let me fall, nay he threw me down, caus'd me to be cut in pieces, delivering me up to the fury of a barbarous and enraged Multitude, that drag'd me along the Streets, and happy was he that could get a piece of my flesh, to carry upon a Javelins point in triumph. And it had been well if this inhumane Cruelty had stopt here; but it extended to my poor *Children*, who, though unconcern'd in my *Crimes*, were yet to partake in my fate. A Daughter I had, whom the very Law exempted from the stroke of *Justice*, because of her *Virginity*; but to clear that scruple, she was condemn'd first to be *ravisht* by the *Hangman*, and then to be *beheaded*, and treated as her Father. My first failing was upon temerity and pride: I would out-run my *Destiny*; defie *Fortune*: and for *Divine Providence*, I lookt upon it as a *ridiculous thing*. When I was once out of the way, I thought doing worse was somewhat in order to being better; and then I began to fortifie my self by violence, against craft and malice. Some were put to *death*, others *banisht*, till in fine, all the Powers of Heaven and Earth declar'd themselves against me.

'I had recourse to all sorts of ill people, and made
 'I had my *Physician* for *poysoning*, my *Assassin*
 'for *revenge*; I had my *false witnesses* and *corrupt*
 'Judges; and in truth, what Instruments of wicked-
 'ness had I not? And all this not upon choice or in-
 'clination; but purely out of the necessity of my
 'condition. Whenever I should come to fall, I was
 'sure to be forsaken both of good and bad; and
 'therefore I shun'd the *better sort*, as those things
 'would only serve to accuse me; but the *low and*
 '*vicious* I frequented, to encrease the number of my
 'Complices, and make my party the *stronger*. But
 'after all: if *Tiberius* was a *Tyrant*, I'll swear he
 'was never so by my advice: But on the contrary
 'I have suffer'd more from him for *plain dealing* and
 'disswading him, than the very subjects of his serv-
 'rity have commonly suffer'd by him. I know, re-
 'charg'd upon me, that I stirr'd him up to *cruelty*,
 'to render him *odious*, and to ingratiate my self to
 'the people. But who was his Adviser I pray'e, in
 'this butcherly proceeding against me? Oh *Lucifer*!
 '*Lucifer*! you know very well that 'tis the practice
 'of Tyrants, when they do amiss themselves, and see
 'their people a grumbling, to lay all the blame (and
 'punishment too) upon the Instrument; and hang
 'up the Minister for the Masters fault. This is the
 'end of all Favourites *cries out*; Not a half-penny
 'matter if they were all serv'd so, *says another*.
 'And every *Historian* has his saying upon this *Cata-*
 '*strophe*, and sets up a *Buoy* to warn after-ages
 'the *Rock of Court-Favours*. The greatness of a
 'favorite, I must confess, proclaims the greatness of
 'his Maker; and the Prince that maintains what he
 'has once rais'd, does but justify the prudence of

his own Choice: and whenever he comes to undo what he has done, publishes himself to be light and unconstant, and does as good as declare himself (even against himself) of the Enemies party.

Ulp steps Plantian then, (Severus his Favorite) that was toss'd out of a Garret window to make the people sport. *My condition in the World* (says he) *was perfectly like that of a Rocket, or Fire-work, was carry'd up to a Prodigious Height in a Moment, and all peoples eyes were upon me, as a Star of the first Magnitude; but my Glory was very short-lived, and down I fell into Obscurity and Ashes.* After him appear'd a number of other Favorites; and of them hearkning to *Bellisarius* the Favorite of *Justinian*: who Blind as he was, had already knockt twice with his staff, and shaking his Head, with a weak and complaining Voice, desir'd Audience; which was at length granted him, *Silence* commanded: And he said, as follows.

'Princes (said he) before they destroy the Creatures they have rais'd, and chosen, should do well to Consider, that *Cruelty* and *Inconstancy* is much a greater Infamy to a Prince, than the Worst Effects of it can be to a Favorite. For my own part, I serv'd an Emperour, that was both a *Christian*, and a great Lover, and Promoter of *Justice*. And yet after all the services I had done him, in several *Battles* and *Adventures*, (insomuch that he was effectually my Debtor, for the very glory of his Empire) My Reward in the End, was to have my Eyes put out, and (with a Dog and a Bell) to be turn'd begging from Door to Door. Thus was That *Bellisarius* treated, whose very Name formerly

was

'was worth an Army, and he was the Soul of his
 'Friends, as well as the Terror of his Enemies. But
 'a Prince's Favour is like Quick-silver, Restless and
 'Slippery, never to be fixed; never secured. Forc'd
 'it, and it spends it self in Fumes: Sublime it, and
 'it is a Mortal Poyson. Handle it only, and it works it
 'self into the very Bones; and all that have to do with
 'it, Live and Dye Pale, and Trembling.

At these Words, the whole Band of Favorites set
 up a Hideous, and a Heavy Groan, trembling like
 Aspen-leaves, and at the same time, reciting several
 passages out of the Prophet *Habbakkuk*, against
 Careless and wicked Governours. By which Threat-
 nings is given to understand, that the Almighty, when
 he has a mind to destroy a wicked Ruler, does not al-
 ways punish one Potentate by Another, and bring his
 Ends about by a Tryal of Arms, or the Event of a
 Battel: but many times makes use of things the most
 Abject and Vile, to Confound the Vanity and Arrogance
 of the Mighty; and makes even Worms, Flies,
 Caterpillars, and Lice; to serve him as the Ministers
 of his terrible Justice: Nay, the Stone in the Wall,
 and the Beam in the house, shall rise in Judgment
 against them.

This Discourse might have gone further, but the
 the Company presently parted, to know the meaning
 of a sudden Noise and Clatter they heard, that had
 deafned the Auditory. And what was it at last? but
 a scuffle between the Gown-men and the Brothers of
 the Blade; And there were Persons of great Honour
 and Learning, Young and Old, engag'd in the Fray.
 The Men of War were at it dashing with their
 Swords, and the Gentlemen of the Long Robe, fencing
 some with *Tostars*, others with huge *Pandects*, the

with their old *wainscot Covers*, were as good as *Bucklers*; and would now and then give the Foe a heavy Rebuke; over and above. The *Combat* had certainly been very *Bloudy*, if one of *Lucifer's* *Comables* had not commanded them in the *Kings Name* to keep the Peace; which made it a Drawn Battel. And with that, one of the *Combatants*, with the best face he had, said aloud; If ye knew (Gentlemen) either *Vs* or our *Quarrel*, you'd say we had reason, and perhaps side with us. At that instant, there appear'd *Domitian*, *Commodus*, *Caracalla*, *Phalaris*, *Heliogabalus*, *Alcetes*, *Andronicus*, *Busiris*, and *Old Oliver*, with a World of great Personages more; which when *Lucifer* saw, he dispos'd himself to treat that Majestical Appearance, as much to their satisfaction as was possible. And then came up a grave *Ancient man*, with a great *Train* at his Heels, that were all *Bloudy*, and full of the Marks they had received under the Persecution of these *Tyrants*.

'You have here before ye (quoth the Old Man) *Solon*; and these are the *Seven Sages*, *Native* of *Greece*; but renown'd throughout the *Universe*. He there in the *Mortar* is that *Anaxarchus* that was pounded to Death by Command of *Nicocreon*. He with the *Flat Nose*, is *Socrates*; The little *Crump-shoulder'd wretch*, was the Famous *Aristotle*: and t'other there, the *Divine Plato*. Those in the *Corner*, are all of the same Profession too; Grave and Learned *Philosophers*; that have displeas'd *Tyrants* with their *writings*: and in fine, the world is stor'd with their *works*, and Hell with the *Authors*. To come to the point, (most mighty *Lucifer*) we are all of us Dealers in *Politicks*; Great *Writers*, and *Deep-read men* in the *Maxims* of

' *State and Government.* We have digested *Policy*
 ' into a *Method*, and laid down certain *Rules*, by
 ' which *Princes* may make themselves *Great*, and
 ' *Belov'd*. We have advis'd them, Impartially to
 ' administer *Justice*; To reward *Virtue*, as well
 ' *Military* as *Civil*; to Employ *able men*; Banish
 ' *Flatterers*; To put men of *wisdom and Integrity*
 ' in Places of *Trust*. To reward, or punish, without
 ' *Passion*; and according to the *Merits* of the
 ' Cause, as *God's Vice-Gerents*. And This now is
 ' our offence. We name no body, we design no bo-
 ' dy; but 'tis *Crime enough to wish well to the way,*
 ' *and to the Lovers of Virtue*. With that, turning to-
 ' wards the *Tyrants*. Oh most unjust *Princes*; (said
 ' he) Those glorious *Kings and Emperours* from whom
 ' we took the *Model* of our *Laws and Instructions*, are
 ' now in a state of *Rest and Comfort*, while you are
 ' tormented. *Numa* is now a *Star* in the *Firmament*,
 ' and *Tarquin* a *Fire-brand* in *Hell*. And the *Me-*
 ' *mory* of *Augustus* and *Trajan* is still fresh and fra-
 ' grant, when the *Names* of *Nero*, and *Sardanapalus*
 ' are more *putrid and odious* than their *Bodies*.

When *Dionysius* the *Tyrant* heard this, (with his
 Companions about him) *Flesh and Bloud* could hold no
 longer; and he cry'd out in a *Rage*, 'That *Roguy*
 ' *Philosopher* has told a thousand *Lies*. *Legislators*, with
 ' a *Pox*? Yes, yes, they are sweet *Legislators*, and *Prin-*
 ' *ces* have many a fair *Obligation* to them. No, no, Sir-
 ' rah, (says he to *Solon*) You are all of you a *Compa-*
 ' *ny* of *Quacks*; Ye prate, and speculate of things ye
 ' don't understand; and with your *damn'd moralities*
 ' set the *People* agog upon *Liberty*; cry up the *Dodrine*
 ' of *Free-born Subjects*, and then our *Portion* is *per-*
 ' *secution* in one world, and *Infamy* in another.

'We shall have a fine time on't, my most Gracious
 'Prince, (cry'd *Julian the Apostate, staring Lucifer,*
 'in the face) when these *Dunghil Pedants*; a Com-
 'pany of *Cock brain'd, Ridiculous, Mortified, Ill-*
 '*bred, Beggarily Tatterdemallions*, shall come to e-
 'rect a *Committee for Polsticks*, and pass Sentence
 'upon *Governours and Governments*; stiling them-
 'selves (forsooth) the *Supporters* of both; without
 'any more skill than my Horse in what belongs to
 'eicher. Tell me (says he) if a *Brave Prince* had
 'not better be *Damn'd*, than subject himself to
 'hear one of these *Turdy-Facy-Paty-Nasty-Lowfie-*
 '*Fartical Rascals*, with a *Scabbed Head*, and a *Plan-*
 '*tation of Lice* in his *Beard*; and his *Eyes* crept into
 'the *Nape* of his *Neck*, pronouncing for an *Apho-*
 '*risme*; That *A Prince that looks only to One, is*
 '*a Tyrant*; and that *a True King is the Shepherd,*
 'and *Servant of his People*. Ah, *Rash*, and besor-
 'ted *Coxcombs*! If a *King looks only to others, who*
 '*shall look to him?* As if *Princes* had not *Ene-*
 '*mies* enough abroad; without being so to them-
 'selves too. But you may write your *Hearts* out;
 'and never the nearer. Where's our *Sovereignty*?
 'if we have not our *Subjects Lives*, and *Estates*
 'at our *Mercy*. And where's our *Absolute Pow-*
 'er? if we submit to the *Counsels* of our *Vas-*
 '*sals*. If we have not to satisfy our *Appetites*, *A-*
 '*varice*, and *Revenge*, we want power to discharge
 'the *Noblest Ends* of *Government*. These *Con-*
 '*templative Ideats*, would have us make choice of
 '*Good Officers*, to keep the *Bad* in *Order*; which
 'were a *Madness* in our *Condition*. Let them be
 '*Complaisant*, and no Matter for any other *Me-*
 '*rit* or *Virtue*, *A Parcel of Good Offices* hand-
 'some-

Somely dispos'd among a Pack of Cheats, and Atheists, will make us a party another Day ; whereas all is lost that's bestow'd upon honest men ; for they're our Enemies ; Speak Truth then all of ye, and shame the Devil : for the Butcher fats his Sheep only for the Shambles.

I have said enough, I suppose, to stop your Mouths, but here's an Orator will read you another-gates Lecture of *Politicks*, than any you have had yet, if you'll give him the hearing. *Photinus* advance (said *Julian*) and speak your Mind ; whereupon there appeared a *Brazen-fac'd fellow*, with a *hanging-look*, and twenty other marks of a *Desperate Villain*: who with a *Hellish yell*, and *three or four wry mouths* for a *Prologue*, brake into his Discourse.

The Wicked Advice of one of Ptolomy's Courtiers, about the Killing of Pompey : taken out of Lucan's Pharsalia. Lib. 8.

MEthinks, under Favour, (most Renowned *Ptolomy*) we are now slipt into a debate, a little beside the business. The question is, *whether Pompey should be deliver'd up to Cæsar, or no*. That is to say, whether, *in reason of State*, it ought to be done ; and we are formalizing the matter, whether in point of *equity and justice* it may be done. *Bodies Politick have no Souls ; and never did any great Prince turn a Council of State into a Court of Conscience, but he repented it*. Kingdoms are to be govern'd by *Politicians*, not by *Casuists* ; and there is nothing more contrary to the true interest of *Crowns and Empires*, than in *publick Cases*, to make a scruple of *private duties*. The Argument is this

Pom

'*Pompey* is in distress: and *Ptolomy* under an *Ob-*
ligation; so that it were a violation of *Faith* and
Hospitality, not to relieve him. Now give me leave
to reason in the other way. *Pompey* is forsaken, and
persecuted by the *Gods*; *Cesar* upon the *Heels* of
him, with *Victory* and *Success*. Shall *Ptolomy* now
ruine himself to protect a *Fugitive*, against both
Heaven and *Cesar*! I must confess, where *honesty*
and *profit* are both of a side, 'tis well; but where
they disagree, the Prince that does not quit his
Religion for his *convenience*, falls into a direct con-
spiracy against himself. He shall lose the *Hearts* of his
Souldiery, and the *reputation* of his *power*. Where-
as on the contrary, the most hateful Tyrant in the
world shall be able to keep his head above water,
let him but give a general License to commit all sorts
of *Wickedness*: you'll say 'tis *Impious*: but I say, what
if it be? who shall call you to account? These delibe-
rations are only for *Subjects*, that are under com-
mand; and not for *Sovereign Princes*, whose will is
a Law.

Exeat Aula

Qui volet esse pius.

He was never cut out

For a Court, that's devout.

'In fine, since either *Pompey* or *Ptolomy* must suffer,
I am absolutely for the saving of *Ptolomy*, and the
presenting of *Pompey's head* without any more ado,
to *Cesar*. *A Dead Dog will never Bite*.

Photinus had no sooner made an end, but *Domi-*
tan appear'd in a monstrous *Rage*, and lugging of
poor *Suetonius* after him, like a *Bear* to the *stake*.
There is not in nature, says he, so damn'd a *Generati-*
on of *Scribbling Rogues* as these *Historians*. We can

'neither be quiet for them *Living*, nor *Dead*: for
 'they haunt us in our very *Graves*; and when they
 'have vented the *Humour*, and *Caprice* of their own
 'Brains, that forsooth must be call'd, *The Life of such*
 'an *Emperour*. And for instance, I'll shew y^e what
 'this *Impertinent Chronicler* says of *my self*. He
 'had squander'd away his *Treasure* (saies he) in
 'expensive *Buildings*, *Comedies*, and *Donatives* to the
 'Souldiers.

Now I would fain know which way it could have been better employ'd.

• 'In another place, he says, that *Domitian* had
 'some thoughts of *Easing himself* in his *Military char-*
 'ges, by reducing the number; but that he durst not
 'do, for fear some of his *Neighbours* should put an
 'affront upon him. So that to lick himself whole, he
 'fell to raking and scraping whatever he could get,
 'either from *Dead*, or *Living*; and any *Rascals Testi-*
 'mony was proof enough for a *Confiscation*: for there
 'needed no more to undo an honest man, than to tell a
 'Tale at Court, that such a one had spoken ill of
 'the Prince.

'Is this the way of treating *Majesty*? what could
 'this impudent *Pedant* have said worse, if he had been
 'speaking of a *Pick pocket* or a *Pirate*? But *Princes*
 'and *Thieves* are all one to them.

'He saies further, that *Domitian* made seizure of
 'several *Estates*, without any sort of right whatsoever;
 'and there went no more to his *Title*, than for a false
 'witness to depose, that he heard the *Defunct* declare,
 'before he dyed, that he made *Cæsar* his Heir. He set
 'such a *Tax* upon the *Jews*, that many of them denyed
 'their *Religion* to avoid it; and I remember, that when
 'I was a young fellow, I saw an old man of fourscore

'and ten taken upon suspicion by one of Domitian's
'spies, and turn'd up in a publick Assembly, to see if
'he were circumcised.

'Be ye now Judges, *Gentlemen of the black Guard*,
'if this be not a most intolerable indignity. Am I
'to answer for the actions of my inferiour Officers?
'it amazes me, that my Successors should ever en-
'dure these scandalous reports to be published, espe-
'cially against a Prince that had laid out so much
'Money in repairing the Libraries that were
'burnt.

It is very true (said *Suetonius*, in a doleful tone)
and I have not forgotten to make mention of it to
your Honour. But what will you say, if I shew you
in a Warrant under your hand, this execrable and im-
pious Blasphemy? It is the command of your Lord
and God. And in fine, if I speak nothing but truth,
where's your cause of Complaint? I have written the
Lives too of the Great *Julius Caesar*, and the Divine
Augustus, and the World will not say but I have
done them right. But for your self, and such as you,
that are effectually but so many incarnate and crown-
ed Plagues, which fault I have committed in setting
before your eyes those Tyrannies, which Heaven
and Earth cannot but look upon with Dread and
Horror?

This discourse of *Suetonius* was interrupted by
the jabler, or Bontefeu, that rounded *Lucifer* in
the Ear, and told him, 'Look ye Sir, (says he, point-
'ing with his finger) that limping Devil there, that
'looks as if he were surbated with beating the Hoof,
'has been abroad in the World this twenty year,
'and is but just now come back again. Come
hither, Sirrah, cries *Lucifer*; and so the poor Cur

went wrigling and glotting up toward his Prince.
 ' You are a fine Rogue to be sent of an Errand, are
 ' ye not? (says *Lucifer*) to stay twenty year out,
 ' and come back again e'en as wise as ye went? What
 ' souls have ye brought now? or what news from the
 ' other world? *Ha!* Your Highness (quoth the De-
 ' vil) has too much honour and justice to condemn
 me unheard. Wherefore be pleased to remember, that
 at my going out, you gave me charge of a certain
 Merchant; *It cost me the first ten year of my time to*
make him a Thief, and ten more to keep him from
turning honest again, and restoring what he had stoln.
 A fine fetch for a Devil this, is it not? cryed *Lucifer*,
 But *Hell is no more the Hell it was when I knew it first,*
then Chalk is Cheese: And the Devils now adays are
 so damnedly insipid and dry, they are hardly worth
 the roasting, A senseless Puppy to come back to me
 with a story of *Waltham's Calf, that went nine mile*
to suck a Bull. But he is not Master of his Trade yet
 and with that *Lucifer* bad one of his Officers take him
 away and put him to School again; for I perceive he
 is a Rascal, says he, and *he has e'en been roguing*
at a Play-house, when he should have been at
Church.

In that instant, from behind a little hill, a great
 many men came running as hard as they could drive
 after a company of Women: the Men crying out,
 Stop, Stop; and the Women crying for Help. *Lucifer*
 commanded them all to be seized, and askt what was
 the matter. Alas; alas! (cried one of the men, quite
 out of breath) *These carrions have made us Fathers,*
though we never had Children. Govern, your Tongue
 Sirrah (cryed a Devil of Honour, out of respect to the
 Ladies) and speak truth: for 'tis utterly impossible you
 should

should be *Fathers* without *Children*. Pardon me, said the Fellow, we were *married men*, and *honest men*, and *good house-keepers*, and have born Offices in the *Parish*, and have *Children* that call us *Fathers*; But 'tis a strange thing, we have been *abroad* some of us by the *seven year together*; Others, as long *Bed-ridden*; and so impotent, that the *Civilians* would have put us *inter frigidos & maleficiatos*: and yet our *Wives* have brought us every year a *Child*, which we were such Fools as to keep and bring up, and give our selves to the Devil at last to get them Estates; out of a charitable perswasion (forsooth) they might yet be our own, though for a Twelve-month together (perhaps) we never so much as examined whether our *Wives* were *Fish* or *Flesh*. But now since the *Mothers* are *Dead*, and the *children grown up*, we have found the Tools that made them, One has the *Coachmans Nose*; another the *Gentleman-Wishers Legs*; a third a *Cousin Germans Eyes*. And some we are to presume, conceived purely by strength of *imagination*, or else by the *Ears* like *Weazels*.

Thereupon appeared a little Remnant of a man; a dapper *Spaniard*, with a kind of a *Beasome-Beard*, and a *Voice* not unlike the *rapping* of a *foysting-Car*. As he came neer the Company, he set up his Throat, and called out: Ah Jade! says he, I shall now take ye to task, ye Whore you, for making me *Father* my *Negro's Bastard*, and for the *Estate* I settled upon him. I did ever misdoubt foul play, but should never have dreamt of *That ugly Taad*, when there was such choice of *handsome, lusty young Fellows* about us; but it may be we had them too. I curse the *Monks* many and many a time, I remember, to the Pit of Hell, *Heaven* forgive me for it: for the *Strumpet* would

would be perpetually gadding abroad, under colour of going to Confession, and in sooth, I was never any great Friend to *Penance* and *Mortification*. And then would I be easing my mind ever and anon to this *curst Moor*. I cannot imagine (said I) where this Mistress of thine should commit all the sins that she goes every hour of the day to *confess* at yonder *Monastery*. And then would this *Dog-Moor* answer me. Alas, good Lady! I would e'en venture my Soul with hers with all my heart; she spends all her time you see in holy Duties. I was at that time so innocent, that I suspected nothing more, than a pure Respect and Civility to my wife; but I have learnt better since, and that effectually his Soul and hers were commonly ventur'd in the same Bottom; yes, and their Bodies too, as I perceive by their *Mag-pye Issue*, for the *Bastards* take after both *Father* and *Mother*.

So that at this rate, cry'd the *adopted Fathers*, the *Husband* of a *Whore* has a pleasant time on't. First, he's subje'ted to all the *Pukings*, *Longings*, and *peevish importunities*, that a *breeding Woman* gives those about her, till she's *Laid*; and then comes the *squaling* of the *Child*, and the *Twittle-twattle-Gossipings* of the *Nurse* and *Midwife*, that must be well treated too, well lodg'd, and well paid. A *sweet Baby*, says one (to the *Jade* the *Mother* on't) 'tis e'en as like the *Father*, as if he had spit it out on's mouth. It has the very *Lips*, the very *Eyes* of him, when 'tis no more like him, than an *Apple* is like an *Oyster*. And in conclusion, when we have born all this, and twenty times more in t'other World, with a *Christi-an* *Patience*, we are hurried away to Hell, and here we lie a *Company* of damn'd *Cuckolds* of us; and here

here we are like to lie, for ought I see in *Sacra Saeculorum*: which is very hard, and in truth out of all reason.

I cut this Visit short, to see what news in a deep Vault near at hand, where we heard a great *bustle* and *contest* betwixt divers *Souls* and the *Devils*. There were the *Presumptuous*, the *Revengeful*, and the *Envious*, gaping and crying out as they would break their hearts. *Oh, that I could be but born again!* says one; *Oh, that I might back into the World again!* says another; *Oh, that I were but to dye once more!* cries a third. Insomuch that they put the Devils out of all patience, with their impertinent and unprofitable Wishes and Exclamations. Hang your selves, cry'd they, for a pack of consening, bawling Rascals: *You live again? and be born again?* and what if you might do't a thousand times over? You would only dye at last a thousand times greater Villains, than now you are, and there would be no clearing Hell of you with a Dog-whip. However, to try you, and make you know your selves, we have a Commission to let you *Live again*, and *Return*. Up then ye Varlets, go, be born again: Get ye into the world again. Away, cry'd the Devils, with a lusty lash at every word, and thrust hard to have got them out. But the poor rogues hung an Arse, and were struck with such a Terror to hear of *Living again*, and *Returning*, that they slunk into a Corner, and lay as quiet upon't, as Lambs.

At length, one of the Company that seem'd to have somewhat more Brain, and Resolution than his Fellows, enter'd very gravely upon the Debate, whether they should go out or no. If I should now, says he, at my Second Birth, come into the world a Bastard,

' *Star'd* ; the *shame* would be *mine*, though my *Pa-*
 ' *rents* committed the *Fault* ; and I should carry the
 ' *Scandal* and *Infamy* of it to my *Grave*. Now put
 ' case, my *Mother* should be honest, (for that's not
 ' Impossible) and that I came into the World *Legiti-*
 ' *mate* ; how many *Follies*, *Vices*, and *Diseases* are
 ' there that run in a *Bloud* ! who knows but I should
 ' be *Mad*, or *Simple* ? *Swear*, *Lye*, *Cheat*, *whore* ;
 ' Nay if I came off with a little *Mortification* of my
 ' *Carcass*, as the *Stone*, the *Scurvy*, or the *Noble Pox*,
 ' I were a happy Man. But oh the *Lodging*, the *Di-*
 ' *et*, and the *Cockery* I am to expect for a mat-
 ' ter of *Nine Months* in my *Mothers Belly* : and
 ' then the *Bitter* and *Beer* that must be spent to sweet-
 ' en me when I change my *Quarter*. I must come
 ' *Crying* into the *world*, and live in ignorance even
 ' of what *Life* is, till I *dye* ; and then as ignorant of
 ' *Death* too, till 'tis past. I phansie my *Swadling-*
 ' *Clouts* and *Blankets* to be worse than my *winding-*
 ' *sheet* ; My *Cradle* represents my *Tomb*. And then
 ' who knows whether my *Nurse* shall be *sound* or no ?
 ' Shee'l over-lay me perhaps ; leave me some four
 ' and twenty hours, it may be, without *Clean Clouts*,
 ' and a *Pin* or two all the while perchance, up to the
 ' *Hilts* in my *Back-side*. And then follows *Breeding*
 ' of *Teeth*, and *worms* ; with all the *Gripes* and
 ' *Disorders* that are caus'd by *unwholsome Milk*.
 ' These *Miseries* are *Certain* ; and why should I run
 ' them over again ?

' If it happen that I pass the state of *Infancy* with-
 ' out the *Pox* or *Meazils* : I must be then packt away
 ' to *School*, to get the *Itch*, a *Scal'd head*, or a pair
 ' of *Kib'd heels*. In *Winter*, 'tis ten to one you
 ' find me with a *Snotty Nose* ; and perpetually un-

Under the Lash, if I either miss my Lesson, or go late to School. So that *Hang him for my part that would be born again*; for any thing I see yet.

'When I come up toward *Man*; the women will have me *as sure as a Gun*, for they have a thousand Ginns, and Devices to catch Wood-cocks; and if ever I come to set eye upon a Lass that understands *Dress* and *Raillery*, I'm gone, if there were no more Lads in *Christendom*. But for my part, I am as sick as a Dog of *Powdering*, *Curling*, and playing the *Lady Bird*. I would not for all the world be in the *Shoomakers* stocks, and Choak my self over again in a *streight Doublet*; only to have the Ladies say, *Look, what a delicate shape and Foot that Gentleman has*. And I would take as little pleasure to spend six hours of the four and twenty, in picking Gray hairs out of my Head, or Beard, or turning White into Black. To stand half ravish'd in the contemplation of my own shadow: To dress fine, and go to Church only to see handsome Ladies: To correct the midnight Air, with ardent sighs and Ejaculations; and to keep company with Owls and Bitts, like a Bird of *Evil Omen*: To walk the round of a *Mistress Lodging*, and play at *Bo peep* at the corner of every street: to adore her imperfections, (or as the Song says, --- *for her Vglinefs, and for her want of Coin*) To make Bracelets of her Locks, and truck a Pearl Neck-lace for a Shoomstring. At this rate, I say, Cursed again and again be he, for my part, that would live over again so Wretched a Life.

'Being come now to write *full Man*, if I have an estate, how many *Cares*, *Suits*, and *wrangles* go along with it! If I have *None*, what *Murmuring*, and

'Re-

'Regret, at my *Misfortunes* ! By this Time, the Sins
 'of my Youth are gotten into my Bones ; I grow
 'Soure and Melancholy ; Nothing pleases me ; I curse
 'old Age to ten thousand Devils, and the Youth
 'which I can never recover in my *Veins*, I endeavour
 'to fetch out of the *Barber's Shops*, from *Perruques*,
 'Razors, and Patches, to conceal, or at least disguise
 'all the marks and evidences of Nature, in her Decay.
 'Nay, when I shall have never an Eye to see with, nor
 'a Tooth left in my Head, Gowty Legs, Wind-mills
 'in my Crown, my Nose running like a Tap, and
 'Gravel in my Reins by the Bushel ; then must I make
 'Oath that all this is nothing but meer Accident, got-
 'ten by Lying in the Field, or the like, and out-face
 'the Truth in the very Teeth of so many undeniable
 'Witnesses. *There is no Plague Comparable to this*
 '*Hypocrisie of the Members*. To have an Old Fop shake
 'his Heels, when he is ready to fall to pieces ; and
 'cry, *These Legs would make a shift yet to play with*
 '*the best Legs in the Company* ; and then, with a lusty
 'Thump on's Breast, fetch ye up a *Hem*, and cry,
 '*Sound at Heart Boy*, and a thousand other Fooleries
 'of the like Nature. But all this is Nothing to the
 'Misery of an Old Fellow in Love ; especially if he
 'be put to Gallant it against a Company of Young
 'Gamesters. On the inward shame and Vexation, to
 'see himself scarce so much as Neglected. It happens
 'sometimes that a Jolly Ladie, for want of better En-
 'ertainment, may content her self with one of these
 'Reverend Fornicators, instead of a Whetstone ; but
 'alack, alack ! the poor man is weak though willing
 'and after a whole Night spent, in cold, and frivolous
 'pretences, and Excuses, away he goes with Torments
 'of Age and Confusion about him, not to be express'd ;
 'and

'and many a heavy Curse is sent after him, for keep-
'ing a poor Lady from her Natural Rest, on so little
'purpose. How often must I be put to the Blush too,
'when every old Toast shall be calling me *Old Ac-*
'quaintance, and telling me, *Oh Sir, 'tis many a fair*
'day since you and I knew one another first. I think
'twas in the four and thirtieth of the Queen, that
'we were School-fellows: How the world's alter'd
'since I &c. And then must my head be turn'd to a
'*Memento Mori*: My flesh dissolv'd into Rheums;
'My Skin wither'd and wrinkled; with a staff in my
'hand, knocking the Earth at every trembling step,
'as if I call'd upon my Grave to receive me: walking
'like a *Moving Phantome*: my Life little more than
'a *Dream*; My Reins and Bladder turn'd into a Per-
'fect *Quarry*; and the *Urinal*, or *Piss-pot* my whole
'Study. My next heir watching every Minute, for
'the long-lookt-for, and happy hour of my Departure;
'and in the mean time, I'm become the *Physicians*
'*Revenue*, and the *Surgeons Practice*, with an *Apo-*
'*thecaries Shop* in my Guts; and every old Jade
'calling me *Gransire*. No no; I'll no more Li-
'ving again, I thank ye: *One Hell* rather than two
'*Mothers*.

'Let us now consider the Comforts of Life: The
'*Humours*, and the *Manners*. He that would be
'*Rich*, must play the *Thief* or the *Cheat*; He that
'would rise in the world, must turn *Parasite*, *Infor-*
'*mer*, or *Projecter*. He that *Marries*, Ventures fair
'for the *Horn*, either before or after. There is no
'*Valour*, without *Swearing*, *Quarrelling*, or *Hector-*
'*ing*. If ye are poor, *No body owns ye*. If *Rich*, you'll
'know no body. If you dye young, what pity it was
'(they'll say) that he should be cut off thus in his Prime.

' If Old, He was e'en past his best, there's no great
 ' Miss of Him. If you are Religious, and frequent
 ' the Church, and the Sacrament, you're an Hypo-
 ' crite; and without this, you're an Atheist or an
 ' Heretick. If you are Gay and pleasant, you pass
 ' presently for a Buffon: and if Pensive and reserv'd,
 ' you are taken to be soure and censorious. Courtesy
 ' is call'd colloquing, and Carrying of Favour: Down-
 ' right honesty and Plain-Dealing, is interpreted to be
 ' Pride and ill manners. This is the World; and for
 ' all that's in't, I would not have it to go over again.
 ' If any of ye, My Masters (said he to his Camerades)
 ' be of another Opinion, hold up your hands. No, no,
 ' (they cry'd all unanimously) No more Generation-
 ' work, I beseech ye; Better the Devils than the Mid-
 ' wives.

After this, came a Testator, cursing and Raving like a
 Bedlam, that he had made his last will and Testament.
 ' Ah Villein! (said he) for a Man to murder himself, as
 ' I have done! If I had not Seal'd, I had not dy'd. Of
 ' all things, next a Physician, Deliver me from a Testa-
 ' ment. It has kill'd more than the Pestilence. Oh mis-
 ' erable Mortals; let the Living take warning by the
 ' Dead, and make no Testaments. It was my hard luck,
 ' first to put my Life into the Physicians power, and then
 ' by making my will, to sign the Sentence of Death
 ' upon my self, and my own Execution. Put your Soul
 ' and your Estate in Order, (says the Doctor) for there's
 ' no hope of Life; And the word was no sooner out,
 ' but I was so wise and devout (forsooth) as to fall im-
 ' mediately upon the Prologue of my Will, with an
 ' In Nomine Domini, Amen, &c. And when I came to
 ' dispose of my Goods and Chattels, I pronounced
 ' these Bloudy Words (I would I had been Tongue-tye'd)

when I did it) I make and constitute my Son, my sole
 Executor. *Items*, To my Dear Wife, I give and be-
 queath all my *Plays* and *Romances*, and all the Fur-
 niture in the Rooms upon the Second Story. To my
 very good friend T. B. my large *Tankard* for a re-
 membrance. To my Foot-boy *Robin*, Five pound to
 binde him Prentice. To *Betty*, that tended me in my
 sickness, my little Caudle-Cup. To Mr. *Doctor*, my
 fair Table-Diamond, for his care of me in my ill-
 ness. After Signing and Sealing, the Ink was scarce
 dry upon the Paper, but methought the Earth open-
 ed, as if it had been hungry to devour me. My Son
 and my Legatees were presently casting it up, how
 many hours I might yet hold out. If I called for
 the *Cordial Julep*, or a little of Dr. *Gilberts* Water;
 my Son was taking possession of my Estate, my Wife
 so busie about the Beds and Hangings, that she
 could not intend it. The Boy, and the Wench could
 understand nothing; but about their Legacies. My
 very good Friends minde was wholly upon his
 Tankard. My kinde Doctor, I must confels, took
 occasion now and then, to handle my *Pulse*, and
 see whether the Diamond were of the right Black
 Water; or no. If I asked him, what I might eat, his
 answer was, *Anything, anything; even what you*
please your self. At every groan I fetcht, they were
 calling for their Legacies; which they could not have,
 till I was dead.

But if I were to begin the World again, I think I
 should make another kinde of Testament. I would
 say, *A curse upon him that shall have my Estate*
when I am dead; and may the first bit of Bread he
eat out on it, choke him. The Devil in Hell take
what I cannot carry away, and him too, that straggles

'for it, if he can catch him. If I die, let my son
 'Robin have the Strappado, three hours a day, to be
 'duly paid him during life. Let my Wife die of the
 'Pip, or the Mother; (not a half penny matter which)
 'but let her first live long enough to Plague the damned
 'Doctor, and indite him for poisoning her poor Hu-
 'band. To speak sincerely, I can never forgive that
 Dog-Leech. Was it not enough to make me sick, when
 I was well, without making me dead, when I was sick?
 And not to rest there neither, but to persecute me in
 my Grave too. But to say the truth, this is onely
 Neighbors-fare; for all those fools that trust in
 them, are served with the same sauce. A Vomit, or
 a Purge is as good a Pass-port into the other World,
 as a man would wish. And then when our heads are
 laid, it is never to be endured, the Scandals they
 cast upon our Bodies, and Memories! Heaven visit
 his Soul (cries one) he killed himself with a De-
 bauch. How is it possible (says another) to cure a man
 that keeps no Diet? He was a mad-man, (cries a
 third) a meer sot, and would not be governed by his
 Physitian. His Body was as rotten as a Pear; he had
 as many diseases as a Horse; and it was not in the power
 of man to save him. And truly, it was well that his
 hour was come, for he had better a great deal die well,
 then live on as he did. Thieves and Murtherers that
 ye are; You your selves are that hour ye talk of. The
 Physitian is onely Death in a disguise, and brings his
 Patients hour along with him. Cruel People! Is it
 not enough to take away a mans life; and like com-
 mon Hangman to be paid for it when ye have done;
 but you must blast the honor too of those you have
 dispatcht, to excuse your ignorance? Let but the li-
 ving follow my counsel, and write their Testaments

after

after this copy, they shall live long and happy, and not go out of the World at last, like a Rat with a straw in his Arse (as a Learned Author has it) or be cut off in the flower of their days, by these *counterfeit Doctors* of the faculty of the *close stool*.

The *Dead Man* plied his Discourse with so much gravity and earnestness, that *Lucifer* began to believe what he said. But because all *Truths* are not to be spoken, especially among the *Devils*, where hardly any are admitted; and for fear of mischief, if the *Doctors* should come to hear what had been said, *Lucifer* presently ordered the fellow to be gagged, or put in security for his good behavior.

His mouth was no sooner stop'd, but another was opened; and one of the damned came running cross the company, and so up and down, back and forward (like a Cur that had lost his Master) bawling, as if he had been out of his wits, and crying out, 'Oh! Where am I? where am I? I am abused, I am choused: What is the meaning of all this? Here are damning Devils, tempting Devils, and tormenting Devils; but the Devil a Devil can I finde of the Devils that brought me hither: They have gotten away my Devils; where are they? Give me my Devils again.'

It might well make the company stare, to see a fellow hunting for Devils in Hell, where they swarm in legions. But as he was in this *Harry*, a *Governante* caught him by the arm, and gave him a half turn, and stop't him. Old *Luckey-bird* (says she) if thou want'st Devils here, where doest expect to finde them? He knew her as soon as he saw her. And 'Art thou here old *Beelzebub* in a Petticoat? (said he) the very Picture of *Satan*; the coupler of Male and Female!

Female; the Buckle and Thong of Leachery; the
 Multiplier of Sin; and the Guide of Sinners; the
 Seasoner of Rotten Mutton; the Interpreter betwixt
 Whores and Knaves; the Preface to the Remedy of
Love, and the Prologue to the Critical Minute. *Speak, and without more ado, tell me*;
 Where are the Devils, and their Dams, that brought
 me hither? These are none of them. *No, no*: I am
 not such an Awf, as to be trepanned, and spirited
 away by Devils with Tails, Horns, Bristles, Wings,
 that smell as if they had been smoaked in a Chimney
 Corner. The Devils that I look for, are worse
 than these. Where are the Mothers that play the
 Bawds to their own Daughters? and the Aunts
 that do as much for their Nieces, and make them
 caper and sparkle like Wilde-fire? The black-eyed
 Girls, that carry fire in their eyes, and strike as sure
 as a Lance from the Rest of a Cavalier? Where
 are the Blatterers, that speak nothing but pleasing
 things? The Make-bates and Incendiaries, that are
 the very Canker of Humane Society? Where are the
 Story-mongers? The Masters of the Faculty of *Ly-*
ing? That report more than they hear, affirm more
 than they know, and swear more than they believe.
 Those slanderous Bickbiters, that like Vultures prey
 onely upon Carrion? Where are the Hypocrites that
 turn Devotion into Interest, and make a Revenue of
 a Commandment? That pretend Extasie, when they
 are drunk, and utter the Fumes and Dreams of
 their *Luxury*, and Tipple for Revelations? That
 make Chappels of their Parlors; Preachments of
 the r Ordinary Entertainments; and every thing
 they do, is a Miracle. They can Divine all that is
 told them; and raise people to life again, that

counterfeit sick, when they should work ; and give an honest man to the Devil with a *Deo gratias*. These are the Devils I would be at ; these are they that have damned me ; look them out, and finde them for me, ye impudent Hag, or I shall be so bold, as to search your French Hood for them. And with that word, he fell on upon the poor Governante, tore off her Head-Geer, and laid about him so furiously, that there would have been no getting him off, if *Lucifer* had not made use of his *Absolute Authority* to quiet him.

Immediately upon the composing of this Eray, we heard the shooting of Bars and Bolts, the opening of Doors and Hinges that creaked for want of Grease, and a strange humming of a great number of People. The first that appeared, were a company of *Bold, Talkative, and Painted Old women* ; but as bonny and gamesome, tickling and toying with one another, as if they had never seen *Thirteen* ; and carrying it out with an Air of much satisfaction and content. The *Babler* was somewhat scandalized at their Behavior ; and told them, how ill they did to be merry in *Hell* ; and several others admired it as much, and asked them the reason of it, considering their condition. With that, one of the gang, that was wretchedly thin and pale, and raised upon a pair of heels, that made her Legs longer than her Body, told *Lucifer*, with great respect ; that at their first coming, they were as sad as it was possible for a company of damned old Ladies to be. But (says she) we were a little comforted, when we heard of no other punishments here, than weeping, and Gnashing of Teeth ; and in some hope to come off upon reasonable terms ; for we have not among us all, so much as a Drop of

moisture in our Bodies, nor a Tooth in our Heads. Search them presently (cried the Intermedler) squeeze the Balls of their Eyes, and let their Gums be examined, you will finde Snags, Stumps, or Roots, or enough of somewhat or other there to spoil the jest. Upon the Scrutiny, they were found so dry, that they were good for nothing in the World, but to serve for Tinder or Matches, and so they were disposed of into the Devils Tinder-Boxes.

While they were casing up the Old women, there came on a number of people of several sorts and qualities; that called out to the first they saw: *Pray ye Gentlemen* (said they) *before we go any further, will ye direct us to the Court of Rewards?* How is that (cried one of the company) I was afraid we had been in *Hell*, but since you talk of *Rewards*, I hope it is but *Purgatory*. Good, good, (said the whole multitude) you will quickly finde where you are: *Purgatory*! (cried the Intermedler) you have left that up the Hill there, upon the right hand. This is *Hell*, and a place of punishment: Here is no *Registry* of *Rewards*. Then we are mistaken (said he that spake first,) How so? (cried the Intermedler) you shall hear (said the other) we were in the other world intituled to the *Order of the Squires of the Pad*; and borrowed now and then a small sum upon the *Kings High-way*. We understood somewhat too of the *Cross-bite*, and the use of the *Frail Dy*. Some of our conscientious and charitable friends would fain have drawn us off from the course we were in; and to give them their due, bestowed a great deal of good counsel upon us to very little purpose; for we were in a pretty way of thriving, and had gotten a habit, and could not leave it. We asked them, *what would you have us do?* *Money we have*

none, and without it there is no living: Should we stay till it were brought, or came alone? How would ye have a poor Individuum Vagum to live? that has neither Estate, Office, Master, nor Friend to maintain him; and is quite out of his Element, unless he be either in a Tavern, a Bawdy-house, or a Gaming Ordinary. Now, that is the man that Providence has appointed to live by his wits. Our Advisers saw there was no good to be done, and went their way, telling us, *That in the other World we should meet with our Reward.*

They would tell us sometime, how base a thing it was to defame the House, and abuse the Bed of a Friend. Our answer was ready; 'Well! and had we not better do it there, where the House is open to us, the Master and Lady kinde, the occasion fair and easie; than to run a Catterwawling into a family where every servant in the House is a Spie, and (perhaps) a fellow behinde every door in the House with a Dagger or Pistol in his hand to entertain us. Upon this, our *Grave Counsellors* finding us so resolute, even gave us over, and told us as before; that, *In the other world we should meet with our Reward.* Now taking this to be the other World, these honest men told us of, we are inquiring after the Rewards they promised us.

Abominable Scoundrels! said an *Officer of Justice*, there at hand: How many of your reprobated Companions have squandred away their Fortunes upon *whores* and *Dice*, exposing not onely their *wives* and *Children*, but many a *Noble Family* to a shameful and irreparable ruine: And let any man put in a word of wholesome advice, their answer is, 'Tush, tush, our *Wives* and *Children* are in the hands of *Providence*;

and let him provide for the *Rooks*, that feeds the *Ravens*. Then was it told ye, *You should finde your reward in the other world*; and the time is now come, wherein ye shall receive it: *Up, up then ye cursed Spirits, and away with them*. At which word, a Legion of Devils fell on upon the miserable Caitiff, with *Whips and Fire brands*, and gave them their long expected Reward; And at every lath, a voice was heard to say, *In the other world you shall receive your Reward*. These Wretches in the mean while, *Damning and sinking themselves to the Pit of Hell*, still, as if they had been upon Earth, and vomiting their *Customary and Execrable Blasphemies*.

Just as this storm blew over, there drew near a multitude of *Bailiffs, Serjeants, Catchpoles, and other Officers of Prey*, with the *Thieves Devil*, bound hand and foot, and a foul *Accusation* against him. Whereupon *Lucifer* with a fell countenance, took his seat in a flaming Chair, and called his Officers about him. So soon as the Prince had taken his place, a certain Officer began his Report. 'Here is before thee (quoth he) a Devil (most mighty *Lucifer*) that stands charged with Ignorance in his Trade; and the shame of his Quality and Profession, instead of damning men, he has made it his business to save them. The word *save*, put the Court in such a rage, that they bit their Lips, till the blood stung, and the fire sparkled at their Eyes; and *Lucifer*, turning about to his *Attorney*: *who would ever have imagined*, said he, *that so treacherous a Rascal could have been harbored in my Dominions?* It is most certain, my Gracious Lord, replied the *Attorney*, that this Devil has been very diligent in
 drawing

drawing people into *Thefts* and *Pilferies*, and
 then when they come to be discover'd, they are
 clapt up and hang'd, or some mischief or other. But
 still before *Execution*, the *Ordinary* calls them to
 shrift; and many times the toy takes them in the
 head, to *confess* and *repent*, and so they are *saved*.
 Now this silly Devil thinks, that when he has brought
 them to *Steal*, *Murder*, *Coin*, and the like, he has
 done his part, and so he leaves them: whereas he
 should stick close to them in the Prison, and be
 tempting of them to despair, and make away them-
 selves. But when they are once left to the *Priest*, he
 commonly brings them to a sight of their sins, and
 they scape. Now this simple Devil was not aware,
 it seems, that many a soul goes to Heaven from the
Gallows, the *Wheel*, and the *faggot*: and this failing
 has lost your Highness many a fair Purchase. Here is
 enough (cry'd the *President*) and there needs no
 more Charge against him. The poor Devil thought
 it was high time to speak now, when they were just
 upon the point of passing his Sentence; and so he
 cry'd out, My Lord (said he) I beseech you hear me;
 for though they say the Devil is deaf, it is not meant
 of your Greatness: so there was a general silence,
 and thus he proceeded.

'I cannot deny (my Lord) but *Tyburn* is the way
 to *Paradise*, and many a man goes to Heaven from the
Gallows. But if you will set those that are damn'd for
 condemning others, against those that are sav'd from
 the *Gallows*, Hell will be found no Loser by me at
 the foot of the Accompt. How many *Marshals*-
men, *Turn-Keys*, and *Keepers* have I sent ye for let-
 ting a *Coiner* give them the slip now and then, with
 his false money (always provided they leave better
 Me-

Money instead on't) How many *False witnesses*, and
 Knights of the Post, that would set their Consciences
 like *clocks*, to go faster or slower, according as
 they had more or less *weight*, and swear *ex tempore*,
 at all *Rates* and *Prices*! How many *Solicitors*, *At-*
turnies and *Clerks*, that would draw ye up a *Decla-*
ration or an *Inditement* so sily, that I my self could
 hardly discover any *Error* in't; and yet when it
 came to the *Test*, it was as plain as the *Nose* on a
 Mans face (that is to say again, Provided they
 were well paid for the *Fashion*) How many *Faylers*
 that would wink at an *Escape* for a *Lusty Bribe*?
 And how many *Attornies* that would give ye *dis-*
patch or *delay* thereafter as they were greas'd! Now
 after all this, what does it signifie, if one *Thief* of a
 thousand comes to the *Gallows*? he only suffers be-
 cause he was *poor*, that there may be the better trading
 for the *rich*, and without any design in the world
 to suppress stealing. Nay, It often falls out, that they
 that bring the *Malefactor* to the *Gibbet*, are the worse
Criminals of the two. But they are never lookt af-
 ter; or if they should be, they have tricks and fetch-
 es enough to bring themselves off; so that it fares
 in this case, as it did with him that had his house
 troubled with *Rats*, and would needs take in a
 company of *Cats* to destroy them: The *Rats*
 would be nibbling at his *Cheese*, his *Bacon*, a *Crust*
 of *bread*, and now and then a *Candles End*: But
 when the *Cats* came, down went a *Milk-bowl*, a-
 way goes a *Brace* of *Partridges*, or a *Couple* of
Pidgeons, and the poor man must content him-
 self to go supperless to Bed. In the conclusion,
 the *Rats* were *Troublesome*, but the *Cats* were
 intollerable. And then theres this in't, sup-
 pose

pose one poor fellow hangs, and goes to Heaven; I do but give him in truck for two hundred at least, that deserve to be hang'd, but 'scape, and go to Hell at last. Beside, a Thief upon a Gibbet, is as good as a Roasted Dig in a Pigeon house; for ye shall immediately have two or three thousand Witches about him, for snips of his Halter, an Eye-Tooth, or a Collop of his Fat, which is of some veraign use in some of their Charms. But in fine, let me do what I will, my services are not understood. My Successor, it may be, will discharge his Duty Better, and indeed I am very well content to lay down my Commission; for (to say the truth) I am in Years, and would gladly have a Little Rest now, in my old age, which I rather propose to my self in the Service of some Pretender, than where I am.

Lucifer heard him with great Patience, and in the end, gave him all the satisfaction imaginable; strictly charging the Evil Spirits that had abused him, to do so no more, upon hazard of Pains Corporal and Spiritual: And they desired him too, that he would not lay down his Employment, for he was strong enough yet to do very good service in it. But to think of Easing himself, by going to a Pretender, he'd find himself mistaken, for 'twas a Duty he'd never be able to endure. Well! (sayes he) e'en what your Highness pleases. But truly I thought a Devil might have liv'd very Comfortably in that Condition: for he has no more to do, that I can see, than to keep his ears open, and learn his trade. For put case it should be some Pretender to a Good Office, or a fat Bishoprick (though the Fathers and Councils are against

against Pretenders in This Case) I phantasie to my self, all the Pleasure, and Divertisement that may be. It is as good as going to School, for *these people teach the Devils their A.B.C.* And all that we have to do, is to sit still and learn.

The Vision that follow'd this, was the *Demon of Tabacca*, which I must confess did not a little surprize me. I have indeed, often said to my self; *Certainly these Smokers are possesst*; but I could never swear it till now. I have (said the Devil) by bringing this *Weed into Spain*, reveng'd the *Indians* upon the *Spaniards*, for all the *Massacres* and *Butcheries* they committed there, and done Them more Mischief, than ever *Colon*, *Cortes*, *Almero*, *Pizarro*, did in the *Indies*; By how much is it more honourable to dye upon a *Swords point*, by *Gunshot*, or at the *Mouth of a Cannon*; than for a man to *Snivel*, and *Sneeze* himself into another world; or to go away in a *Meningrim*, or a *Spotted-Feaver*, perchance; which is the *Ordinary effect of this poysonous Tabacca*. It is with *Tobaccoists*, as 'tis with *Demoniacs* under an *Exorcism*; They *Fume* and *Vapor*, but the *Devil sticks to them still*. Many there are that make a very *Idol* of it, they admire, they adore it, tempting and persecuting all people to take it, and the bare mention of it, puts them into an *Extase*. In the *Smoke* it is a *Probation for Hell*, where another day they must endure *Smoking*; Taken in *Powder* at the *Nose*, it draws upon *Youth* the *Incommodities* of old age, in the perpetual *Annoyance of Rheum and Drivel*.

The Devil of *Subordination* came next, which was a good complexion'd, and a well timber'd Devil; To my great Amazement I must acknowledge, for I had never seen any Devils till now, but what were Ex-

treme

treame Ugly. The Air of his Face was so familiar to me, that methought I had seen it in a thousand several places; sometime under a Veil, sometime open; now under one shape, and then under another. One while he call'd himself *Child's play*; another while, *Kind Entertainment*; Here, *Payment*; there *Restitution*; and in a third place *Almes*: but in fine, I could never learn his Right Name. I remember in some places I have heard him call'd *Inheritance*, *Profit*, *Good Cheap*, *Patrimony*, *Gratitude*. Here he was call'd *Doctor*, there *Batchelor*. With the *Lawyers*, *Sollicitors*, and *Attorneys*, he past under the Name of *Right*; and the *Confessors* call'd him *Charity*.

He was well accompany'd, and stil'd himself *Satan's Lieutenant*: but there was a *Devil of Consequence* that oppos'd him might and main: and made This Proclamation of himself. *Be it known, (says he) that I am the Great Embroyler, and Politick Entangler of Affairs. The Deluder of Princes, The Pretext of the unworthy, and the Excuse of Tyrants. I can make black, white; and give what Colour I please to the foulest Actions in Nature. If I had a mind to overturn the world, and put all in a general Confusion, I could do it; for I have it in my Power, to Banish Order and Reason out of it: To turn Sauciness and Importunity into Merit; Example into Necessity; To give Law to Success; Authority to Infamy; and Credit to Insolence. I have the Tongues of all Counsellors at my Girdle, and they shall speak neither more nor less than just as I please. In short, That's Easie to me which others account Impossible, and while I live, ye need never fear either Virtue, Justice, or Good Government in the World. This Devil of Subornation that talks of*
his

his *Lieutenancy*, what could he ever have done without me? He's a Rascal that no person of Quality would admit into his Company, if I did not fit him with *Vizors* and *Disguizes*. Let him hold his Tongue then, and know himself; and let me hear no more of those Disputes about the *Lieutenancy* of *Hell*, for I have *Lucifer's Broad Seal* to shew for my Title to't.

For my part (cry'd another Mutinous Spirit) I am one of those *humble-minded Devils* that can content my self to *hold the door*, upon a good occasion; or *knock under the Table*, and play at *small Game* rather than stand out. But few words among Friends are best, and when I have spoken three or four, let him come up that lists. I am then (says he) *the Devil Interpreter*, and my business is to *Gloss* upon the Text; in which Case, the *cuckolds* are exceedingly beholden to me; for I have much to say for the Honour of the *Horn*. How should a poor fellow that has a handsome Wench to his wife, and never a penny to live on, hold up his Head in the World, if it were not for that Quality? I have a pretty faculty in doing good Offices for Distressed Ladies, at a time of Need, and I make the whole Sex sensible how great a Folly and Madness it is to neglect those sweet Opportunities. Among other Secrets, I have found out a way to establish an Office for Thievery, where the Officers shall be Thieves and Justifie it when they have done. Here he stop'd.

There was a short Silence, and then there appear'd another Devil, of about a foot and a half long. I am (says he) a Devil but of a small size, and perhaps one of the least in Hell; and yet the Door opens to me as well as to another; for I never come Empty handed. Why, what have you brought them (says the

the *Intermedler*) and came up to him ; *what have I brought :* (quoth he) *I have brought an Eternal Talker, and a Finical Flatterer : They are two pieces that were in high esteem in the Cabinets of two great Princes : and I have brought them for a Present to Lucifer.* With that *Lucifer* cast his Eye upon them, and with a *Damn'd Verjuice-face*, as if he had bitten a crab, *You do well* (says he) *to say you had them at Court,* and I think you should do well to carry them thither again ; for *I had as live have their Room as their Company.*

- After him, follow'd another *Dwarf Devil*, complaining that he had been a matter of six years about so infamous a Rascal, that there was no good to be done with him, for the *Bad* as well as the *Better* sort were Scandaliz'd at his Conversation. *A mighty piece of business*, cry'd the *Governante.* *And could you not have gotten him a handsom Office or employment?* That would have made him good for something, and you might have done his business.

In the mean time the *Tabler* went whispering up and down, and finding faults, till at length he came to a huge bundle of sleeping Devils, in a Corner, that were fagotted up, all mouldy, and full of Cobwebs, which he immediately gave notice of, and they cut the Band to give them Air. With much ado they waked them, and askt *what Devils they were, what they did there, and why they were not upon Duty?* They fell a yawning, and said, that they were the *Devils of Luxury* : but since the women have taken a phansie to prefer *Guinies* and *Jacobusses* before their *Modesty* and *Honour*, there has been no need of a Devil in the Case to tempt them : for 'tis but shewing them the merry *Spankers*, they'l stare like

like *Larks*, and fall down before ye, and then ye may e'en do what you will with them, and take them up in a *Purse-net*. *Gold* supplies all imperfections; it makes an *Angel* of a *crocodile*; turns a *Fool* into a *Philosopher*; and a *Dressing-Box* well lin'd is worth twenty thousand *Devils*. So that there is no temptation like a *Present*: and take them from *Top to Bottom*, the whole *Race of Woman* is frail, and one *Thred of Pearl* will do more with them than a million of fine stories.

Just as the Devil made an end, we heard another snorting; and 'twas well he did so, for we had trod upon his belly else. He was laid hold of upon suspicion that he slept *Dog-sleep*, or rather the sleep of a contented *Cuckold*, that would spoil no sport where he made none. I am (says he) the *Nuns Devil*, and for want of other employment I have been three dayes asleep here. as you found me. My *Mistresses* are now chusing an *Abbeß*, and alwayes when they are at that work, I make *Holy-day*: For they are all *Devils themselves* then: There is such *Canvassing*, *Flattering*, *Importuning*, *Cajoling*, making of *Parties*; and in a word, so general a *Confusion*, that a Devil among them would do more hurt than good. Nay, the *Ambitious* make it a point of *Honour* upon such an occasion, to shew that they can out-wit the *Devils*. And if ever *Hell* should be in danger of a *Peace*, It is my Advice that you presently call in a *Convention of Nuns* to the Election of an *Abbeß*; which would most certainly reduce it to its ancient state of *Sedition*, *Mutiny*, and *Confusion*, and bring us all in effect to such a pass, that we should hardly know one another.

Lucifer was very well pleas'd with the Advice, and order'd it to be entred upon the *Register*, as a sure

expedient to suppress any disorders that might happen for the future to the disturbance of his *Government*; after which, he commanded the issuing out of a *Summons* to all his *Companies* and *Livery-men*, who forthwith appeared in prodigious multitudes; and *Lucifer* with a hideous yell delivered himself most graciously as follows.

The Decree of Lucifer.

TO our Trusty and Despairing *Legions*, and well-beloved *Subjects*, lying under the condemnation of *perpetual darkness*, that lived *Penfioners* to *Sin*, and had *Death* for their *Pay-Master*, Greeting. This is to let you understand, that there are two Devils; who pretend a claim to the honor of our *Lieutenancy*; but we have absolutely refused to gratifie, either the one or the other, in that point, out of a singular affection and respect to our right trusty and well-beloved *cousin*, a certain *Shr-Devil* that deserves it before all others.

At this the whole *Assembly* fell to whispering and muttering, and staring one upon another; till at last *Lucifer* observing it, bad them never trouble themselves to guess who it might be, but fetch *Good Fortune* to him, known otherwise by the name of *Madam Prosperity*; who presently appeared in the Tail of the *Assembly*, and with a proud and disdainful Air, marched up and planted her self before the degraded *Seraphims*; who looked her wistly in the face, and then he on in the tone he first began.

It is our will, pleasure, and command, that next and immediately under our proper *Person*; you pay all *honor* and *respect* to the *Lady Prosperity*; and obey
P her;

her, as the most mighty and supream Governour of these our Dominions. Which Titles and Qualities, we have conferred upon her, as due to her merit; for she hath damned more *Souls*, than all you together. She it is that makes men cast off all fear of God, and love of their Neighbor. She it is, that makes men place their sovereign good in *Riches*. That engages and entangles mens mindes in *vanity*; strikes them blinde in their pleasures; loads them with treasure, and buries them in sin. Where is the *Tragedy* that she has not played her part in it? where is the *stability* and *wisdom* that she has not staggered? where is the *folly* that she has not improved and augmented? She takes no counsel, and fears no punishment. She it is that furnishes matter for *Scandal*, experience for *Stoory*, that entertains the cruelty of *Tyrants*, and bathes the *Executioners* in innocent blood. How many *Souls*, that lived innocent, while they were poor, have fallen into *impiety* and *reprobation*, so soon as ever they came to drink of the *Enchanted Cup of Prosperity*. Go to then, be obedient to her, we charge ye all, as to our self; and know, That they that stand their ground against *Prosperity*, are none of your *Quarry*. Let them even alone; for it is but time lost to attempt them. Take example from that *Impertinent Devil*, that got leave to tempt *Job*; he persecuted him, bugged him, covered him all over with *Scabs* and *ulcers*. So that he was 1. if he had understood his business, he would have gone another way to work, and begged leave to have multiplied riches upon him; and to have possessed him of *health* and *pleasures*. That is the trial; and how many are there, that when they thrive in the world, turn their backs upon *Heaven*, and never so much as name their *creator*; but in oaths,

oaths, and then too, without thinking on him? Their discourse is all of *Jollities, Banquets, Comedies, Purchases*, and the like. Whereas the poor man has God perpetually both in his mouth and heart. Lord (says he) *be mindful of me, and have mercy upon me, for all my trust is in thee.* Wherefore (says Lucifer, redoubling his accursed clamor) let it be published forthwith throughout all our Territories, that *Calamities, Troubles, and Persecutions* are our mortal enemies; for so we have found them upon experience; they are the *Dispensations of Providence*, the *Blessings of the Almighty*, to fit sinners for himself, and they that suffer them, are inrolled in the *Militia of Heaven*.

Item. For the better administration of our Government, It is our will and pleasure, and we do strictly charge and command, that our Devils give constant attendance in all *Courts of Judicature*; and they are hereby totally discharged from any further care of little *Petty-Foggers, Flatterers, and Envious Persons*, for they are so well acquainted with *Hell Road*, that they will guide one another, without the help of a Devil to bring them hither.

Item. We do ordain and command, That no Devil presume for the future to entertain any *confidence*, but *profit*; for that is the *Harbinger* that provides *Vice* the most commodious *Quarter*, even in the strictest *Consciences*.

Item. We do ordain, as a matter of great importance to the conservation of our Empire, That in what part soever of our Dominions, the *Devil of Money* shall vouchsafe to appear, all other Devils there present, shall rise, and with a low reverence, present him the *Chair*, in token of their submission to his power and authority.

Item, We do most expressly charge and command all our *Officers*, as well *civil* as *Military*, to employ their utmost *Diligence* and *Industry*, for the establishing a *General Peace* throughout the *World*. For that is the time for *wickedness* to thrive, and all sorts of *Vices* to prosper and flourish; as *Luxury*, *Gluttony*, *Idleness*, *Lying*, *Slandering*, *Gaming*, and *whoring*; and in a word, *sin* is upon the increase, and *goodness* in the wane. Whereas in a state of *war*, men are upon the exercise of *Valor* and *Virtue*; calling often upon *Heaven* in the morning, for fear of being knocked on the head after dinner; and *honest men* and *actions* are rewarded.

Item. We do from this time forward discharge all our *Officers* and *Agents* whatsoever, from giving themselves any further trouble of tempting *Men* and *Women* to sins of *incontinence*, for as much as we finde upon experience, that *Adultery* and *Fornication* will never be left, till the old *Woman* scratches the *fool* for her back-side. And though there may be several intervals of *Repentance*, and some faint purposes of giving it over; yet the *humor* returns again with the next tide of *blood*, and *concupiscence* is as loyal a subject to us, as any we have in our *Dominions*.

Item. In consideration of the *Exemption* aforesaid, by which means several poor *Devils* are left without present employment: And for as much as there are many *Merchants* and *Tradesmen* in *London*, *Paris*, *Madrid*, *Amsterdam*, and *elsewhere*, up and down the *world*, that are very charitably disposed to relieve people in want; especially young *Heirs* newly at age, and *Spend-Thrifts*, that come to borrow money of them; but the times being dead, and little *Money* stirring, all they can do, is to furnish them with what the house affords;

affords; and if a hundred pound or two in Commodity will do them any good, 'tis at their service (they say). This the Gallant takes up at an excessive Rate, to sell again immediately for what he can get; and the Merchant has his Friend to take it off under-hand, at a third part of the value (which is the way of helping men in distress.) Now out of a singular Respect to the said Merchants and Tradesmen, and for their better Encouragement; as also, to the end that the Devils aforesaid may not run into lewd Courses for want of business; We Will and Require that a Legion of the said Devils, shall from time to time be continually aiding and assisting to the said Merchants and Tradesmen, in the Quality of Factors, to be reliev'd monthly, by a fresh Legion, or oftner if occasion shall require.

Item; we will and Command that all our Devils of what Degree or Quality soever, do henceforth Entertain a strict Amity and Correspondence with Our Trusty, and well-belov'd, the Usurers, the Revengeful, the Envious, and all Pretenders to great Places, and Dignities: and above all others, with the Hypocrites, who are the most Powerful Impostors in Nature, and so excellently skill'd in their Trade, that they steal away Peoples Hearts and Souls at the Eyes and Ears insensibly, and draw to themselves Adoration and Reward.

Item; We do further Order and Command, that all Care possible be taken for the maintaining of Blabs, Informers, Incendiaries, and Parasites in all Courts and Palaces, for thence comes Our Harvest.

Item; That the Bablers, Tale-bearers, Make-bates, and Instruments of Divorces and Quarrels, be no longer call'd Fannes, but Bellows; in regard that they draw and

and Inflame, without giving any Allay, or Refreshment.

Item; That the Intermedlers be hereafter called; and reputed the Devils Body-lice, because they fetch Bloud of those that feed and nourish them.

Lucifer then casting a Soure Look over his Shoulder, and spying the Governante: I'm of his Mind (quoth he) that said, Let God dispose of the Douegna's (or Governantes) as he pleases; for I'm in no little Trouble, how to dispose of these Confounded Carrions. Whereupon the Damned cryed out with one Voice: Oh! Lucifer, let it never be said, that it rain'd Douegnas in thy Dominions. Are we not miserable enough without this new Plague of being baited by Hags? Ah! cursed Lucifer (cry'd every one to himself) stow them any where, so they come not near me. And with that, they clapt their Tails between their Legs, and drew in their Horns, for fear of this new Torment. Lucifer, finding how the Dread of the old women wrought upon the Devils, contented himself, at the present, to let it pass only in Terrorem; but withall, he swore, by the Honour of his Imperial Crown, and as he hop'd to be sav'd; that what Devil, Devils Damme, or Reprobate soever, should in time to come be found wanting to his Duty; and in the least Degree disobedient to his Laws and Ordinances: All, and every the said Devil or Devils, their Dams, and Reprobates so offending, should be deliver'd up to the Torture of the Douegna; and ry'd Muzzle to Muzzle, so to remain in Secula Seculorum, without Relief or Appeal; or any Law, Statute, or Usage to the Contrary: Notwithstanding. But in the Mean time, Cast them into

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that *Dry Ditch*, (says he) that they may be ready for use upon any Occasion.

Immediately, upon the Pronouncing of this *Solemn Decree*, *Lucifer* retir'd to his *Cell*; The *Weather* clear'd up; and the *Company* disperst in a *fright*, at so horrible a *Menace*, and so went about their *Business*: When a Voice was heard out of the *Clouds*, as the Voice of an *Angel* saying, *He that rightly comprehends the Morality of this Discourse, shall never repent the Reading of it.*

T H E E N D.

Jude H Bathurst

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